

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXV., No. 4 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. APR., 1899

### Paris Next Year

One of the most noteworthy facts about the year 1900 will be the great exhibition in Paris. Work upon it is well under way at the present time, and at the appointed moments its gates will be thrown open, ready to accommodate an influx and outgo of not less than 65,000 persons every hour. Thus far the United States and France have alternately carried off the honors in the art of holding these great congresses of international skill and workmanship. While Paris had the advantage of a long lead, the Centennial at Philadelphia, and the Chicago World's Fair have met with a success little short of that attained in the earlier Paris shows. The French metropolis, owing to its pivotal position with relation to all the great nations of the world, has an advantage which the United States can hardly hope to attain in our day. We can draw exhibits and exhibitors in abundance across the Atlantic, but we cannot count upon any large body of visitors from these fields. Our exhibitions are bound, therefore, to appeal to our own hemisphere; but Paris can not alone count upon all the thickly populated countries within easy reach of her, but can stimulate an incredible amount of interest among people whose homes are as distant as the antipodes. It may therefore be taken for granted that the display which will be made next year will be one of the most gigantic affairs ever held in the history of the world. No such gathering of people has ever before been lured to assemble in one spot, and nothing short of the miraculous developments of modern civilization could be a magnet of sufficient power to draw them to one spot. The millions who go there must be entertained, housed and fed; the railways and street conveyances must be able to transport them to and from the exhibition. Even the resources of Paris itself are likely to be taxed to the uttermost, while the great passenger routes over the ocean and across the continent of Europe are planning now to meet the heavy responsibility which will be placed on them. In spite of the monumental character of the occasion, there is as yet little indication that the exhibition will attain the success, in one respect, which the World's Fair attained in Chicago. Some fortunate series of circumstances gave that event an artistic character which made it quite unique among the sights of the modern world. It was more like a magic city, beautiful in the purity and simplicity of its conception than anything that had gone before, or, we fear, that may again follow it. To have seen its transient terraces and columned porticoes rising from artificial lagunes, was like a glimpse of some dreamland city. Unlike anything that ever went before, it seemed more like a forecast of what the

distant future holds in store for some of the prosaic cities that we live in. While the French are highly artistic, they are chronically given to over-emphasis in artistic matters, and are hardly equal to the attainment of a conception so thoroughly restrained as was the Chicago event. The gayety of the French nature must crop out in plastic ebullitions or the people at home will vote the thing a failure. On the other hand, the Frenchman's pride is now at stake, and though he fails to reproduce for us anything as successful architecturally as the Chicago Fair, he will electrify the world by the endless brilliancy of the spectacle which he is now bending all his energies to bring about. At such times even international wars, revolutions and diplomatic wiles are relegated to the obscurest background.

### Penny Postage

The penny post was on last Christmas day extended to all parts of the British Empire, except the Cape and the Australasian colonies. The United Kingdom has had a penny post since 1840. In 1837 Sir Roland Hill set forth in a pamphlet the deplorable condition of the postal service. He showed that the postal revenue instead of increasing with the growth of the population was decreasing. This he attributed to the extortionate rate which encouraged letter-smuggling, and to the pernicious system of franking, which had grown to such proportions that a piano was franked by parcel post. Nine years after the introduction of a uniform penny post smuggling had been suppressed and the letters delivered—exclusive of Government correspondence—had increased from seventy-five to three hundred and twenty-nine millions. In the seventeenth century the rate for sending a single letter 80 miles and under was 2 pence; for a double letter, 4 pence, or 8 pence an ounce; above 80 miles, 3 pence, 6 pence and 12 pence. The rate was several times changed. At the end of the eighteenth century to send a single letter not more than 15 miles, the rate was 3 pence; double, 6 pence; treble, 9 pence; an ounce, 12 pence. Exceeding 30 miles, but not 60, 5 pence, 15 pence, 20 pence. It is nearly impossible to determine the real cost of sending a letter in the seventeenth century, for no authorized cross-posts existed in England until 1696. Letters had therefore to pay many miles of unnecessary carriage.

The worst feature of the old post system was the single, double and treble-sheet discrimination. For whether a letter contained one, two or three sheets could only be determined by prying. It was also illegal for two people to join in writing one letter unless it was paid as double. To discover that this

had been done the letter had, of course, to be opened.

London merchants at one time, to save postage, combined to write foreign orders on one sheet. The Postmaster-General objected; the question was carried into court and decided against the merchants.

How very lightly a letter was held is strikingly illustrated by two penalties. For stealing a pocket-handkerchief the penalty was death, while for opening and embezzling the contents of a letter the heaviest punishment which could be imposed was a fine of £20. This disregard for the sacredness of a letter sprang from the conception of the post as a means of policing a kingdom. Early postal history must be read in the light of this conception; for had the crown not held the post to belong to the police system of a kingdom it would not, for so many centuries, have denied the people its free use. Nor have we entirely done away with that conception. In time of war or social peril, Governments still open the letters of suspects. Sir William Harcourt in 1882 said of this power in the House of Commons: "It is a power which is given for purposes of state, and the very essence of the power is that no account of its exercise can be rendered."

Until the fifteenth century the post was the property of the ruler. A subject of the realm had no right to use the horses at the relay stations unless he had a passport. So rigorously was this rule enforced in Rome that Pertinax, afterward Emperor, on receiving from Marcus Aurelius an appointment as pro-consul of a distant territory, left the capital hastily, thinking his appointment sufficient passport. But a governor, through whose province he had to pass, refused to let him use the imperial post without a passport. Pertinax was therefore obliged to walk.

Louis IX. of France issued an order to his masters of the post that they were to furnish horses to couriers and to no others on pain of death.

So long as the post was royal property its value depended on the character of the particular ruler. Whenever the Government was centralized and powerful some post courier system existed. But if, for any reason, the Government was weakened or a particular ruler held the post in light esteem, the institution fell into desuetude. Persia's post communication was well developed. Herodotus tells of couriers hastening on horseback from one relay station to another. Lequien de Laneufville, writing on the origin of the post, says that this relay system was supplanted by a series of high towers. Criers stationed in these towers shouted the message from one to the other. Charles VIII. of France took great interest in the system, and insisted that every letter should be marked with the hour of forwarding and the hour of receipt. In case of delay the messenger had to give good cause or suffer.

Whenever the blood of a nation was in good circulation attempts were made to destroy or evade the royal post prerogative. In Rome, when the post was disorganized, certain soldiers and sailors formed themselves into a messenger service. Having been permitted for some time to perform this

work unmolested several of their number petitioned the Emperor Vespasian to allow them foot covering. The Emperor not content with refusing the petition ordered that thereafter they perform the service of messenger barefoot.

With the beginning of the modern period the difficulty of maintaining the royal prerogative constantly increased. In France a curious circumstance finally brought the privilege to an end. The creation of the University of Paris necessitated the establishment of some means of communication between parents and students. To meet the need university messengers were appointed. They were soon made use of by the general public, and the repeated efforts of the crown to confine them to their authorized service were so utterly futile that Henry IV. finally legalized the public use of the royal post.

In England the royal prerogative was ignored, and the post horses stolen, while the individualistic tendencies of the English people led to private undertakings, which could only be suppressed by a Government monopoly. In the beginning of the seventeenth century the King followed the example of his French cousin, and declared the post a public institution. From this time to the reforms of this century the post, though remaining a public institution, suffered many vicissitudes. Now and again it sank almost into non-existence, then a capable postmaster would be appointed, or it would be farmed to some energetic man, who would bring it to a high degree of usefulness and make it sufficiently remunerative to excite the covetousness of the crown, and thus bring about his displacement. In a very short time the post would have returned to a state of torpor.

#### *The New Laureate*

Hardly ever has the progress of a fatal disease been watched with more eager or widespread interest than in the case of Rudyard Kipling. Had he been an old man, like Gladstone, one could hardly have wondered, but for a young author, not yet arrived at the prime of life, the interest could scarce have been more intense or more widely scattered. Kipling has been more than any living writer identified with the Anglo-Saxon movement, rather than with the merely British or British colonial. His life in India placed him in touch with the more distant colonies of the eastern hemisphere, his birth and education bound him to the British Isles, while his marriage and home life have identified him with the United States.

Apropos of the variety and fertility of his genius, it is interesting to know that, however young he may be, Kipling has been a most prolific writer. A bibliography recently published in the New York Times cites not less than fifty-three items in a list of his original and reprinted works. The last of these is a collected edition of his writings, twelve volumes in all, while the first is the *School Boy Lyrics*, no copy of which was ever sold publicly.

If Alfred Austin occupies, by appointment, a laureateship of Great Britain, Kipling is the laureate of a people whose empire is still more extensive than that over which the Queen holds sway. He is the chosen poet of the great English-speaking world, for there is no part of it where he is



not among loyal friends. As a literary product he is almost the first-born of that compact which has lately thrown England and the United States into relations of greater accord. He is a new type of cosmopolitanism which we have hardly known before, and links the progress of the Far East and Far West together through the mother-link of Old England.

#### *Modern Plays*

Recently the great laxity in the morality of stage productions in New York have suggested to some one at Albany the desirability of introducing a bill to establish a theatrical censor, who could pass upon all plays and shows before they are given to the public. There is certainly a very marked change in the character of the entertainments which appear on the stage to-day over those which public opinion was satisfied with a dozen years or more ago. It is not outside of the scope of the memory of those who are still young to recall the time when a stage ballet was considered highly improper. This was before the day of the music hall. Since then something has operated a vast change in public sentiment, and to-day it is almost an exception to find a popular play which does not somewhere descend to the apparent necessity of alluring applause by means of offensive interpolations of some kind or other. Attention has been called to the fact in public journals that a censor of our plays would, in the end, only prove another club in the hands of politicians with which to levy tribute upon the citizen, while establishing a custom which experience has shown, in other countries, to be wholly ineffective. The worst plays which we have come from countries where an active censorship exists, and yet it is generally found necessary to modify even these performances before they reach American audiences. There is no doubt that the stage is to-day in a diseased condition. While the prices of admission are high, and have never been higher, a character of play is in vogue which is in need of immediate correction. Such plays are also found to be patronized by people of apparent cultivation, and one cannot but wonder whether they fully understand the license which they are encouraging. While a censorship would help to correct such an evil, it ought not to be any more of a necessity in this country than is a standing army. If the stage reflects a condition so bad that it needs repression of this kind, it is because public opinion has not expressed itself strongly enough in condemnation of the liberties which managers take in the selection of their wares.

#### *There is No Wild West*

There is no portion of our national story more thrilling in adventure, more interesting in its record of heroic endurance and indomitable effort than that which records the advance of civil life from the slopes of the Alleghenies to the coast line of the Pacific. Only the self-reliance, the high privilege to conceive and execute which is inspired in the citizen by the spirit of our institutions, could have accomplished such magnificent results as now appear in the proud domain known as the "Great West." Less than fifty years ago this was a wilderness extending from the Lakes to the Pacific, un-

surveyed and almost unexplored. The Sioux and Apache and other hostile tribes disputed with savage bravery all advances of peaceful or industrial life.

Within almost a generation this broad area has become an empire of active industry and great commercial prosperity. There is no record that portrays to a greater degree such a courage of manhood, such faith in power to accomplish, such a wealth of patriotism as has been here manifested in the subjection of nature, such a triumph of the arts, such a development of national civilization and social advancement.

The magnitude of these splendid results will be better appreciated when it is understood that this domain of our Republic lying west of the Mississippi embraces seventy per cent., or over two-thirds of the area of the United States, not including Alaska. All of this territory has been and is being brought to a higher, better and purer civilization than could have been dreamed of by our wisest statesmen. Such have been the conquests of peace by the inspiring spirit of our institutions and American manhood.

It will be remembered in contemplating the advancement of the arts of peace to the westward developing a wonderful industry and commercial enterprise in the great area west of the Mississippi, that in 1840 Chicago, now the great metropolis, had but 4,500 inhabitants. There was not a bridge over the Mississippi nor any of the great rivers west to the Pacific. The buffalo roamed from the Rio Grande to the Red River of the North. The treasures of California had not been discovered. The munificent resources of mines, of plains and forests were conjectured, but not known. The wealth of this domain of valleys and mountain ranges, of forests and fields, that stretched out in loneliness but beauty towards the setting suns, was not alone in these inexhaustible resources so prodigally provided, but in the courage, self-reliance, hardy manhood and unfaltering faith of the sturdy pioneers, who crossed the Mississippi and Missouri and those who followed immediately in their footsteps. They were the "avant couriers" of this splendid civil life now existing. Those magnificent results now before and around us have been mainly accomplished since the close of the civil war. Now five great trans-continental lines of railroad traverse the great plains, pierce the Rockies and the Sierras, and bind the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific with bands of steel. The frontiers have vanished. The great plains of Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas have been transformed into immense fields of grain that undulate in the summer breeze like the waves of the sea. Through those the Missouri peacefully pursues its tortuous course to its confluent, the Mississippi, like a thread of silver in a cloth of gold. The same spirit of freedom and adventure that landed at Plymouth Rock and Jamestown was inherited by the sons of the Puritan and Cavalier, and has in the century inspired those who crossed the continent and have brought the wealth of gold and silver from the hills of Colorado and California that excel the fabled stories of Ophir and Tarshish.

The evidences of this social and material civilization with such wonderfully transforming power

over the area beyond the Mississippi are manifest and many. In this area are nineteen States and four great Territories, containing 2,117,920 square miles, with a population in 1890 of 12,463,366, and now estimated at 16,000,000. There are 164 cities, having each a population in excess of 5,000; 80 cities in excess of 10,000; 36 cities exceeding 20,000 each; and eight cities each in excess of 100,000. Here are 83,329 miles of railroads not only traversing this great domain from east to west, but north and south from Manitoba to the Gulf and to Old Mexico, form a vast network of transportation lines upon which an immense internal traffic is conducted that represents a wonderful exchange of domestic commodities that in value exceeds the wealth of the Indies.

The harbors of the Pacific are crowded with ships of the Orient, and isles of the sea laden with the teas of China and Japan, the silks of India, the coffees and spices of South America and the isles of the Pacific bring their rich contributions to the great volume of traffic that daily moves from the west to the east over the trans-continental lines. These are the rich compensations that have been returned for the lavish investment of energy, industry, intelligence and manhood that flowed from east to west in such recent years.

While the Great West has contributed an immense volume to the wealth of the republic, and that contribution is yearly increased, they who have lavishly furnished the energy and measured their manhood with the forces of nature have received liberal rewards. The people of the West are growing richer; questionable as it may seem, nevertheless it is true they are growing rich more rapidly than they of the East.

The wealth of those who dwell west of the Mississippi in real and personal property in 1890 aggregated the sum of \$20,744,925,947, less than one-fifth of the population with nearly one-third of the wealth of the nation. The per capita wealth was \$1,622. All of this has been acquired within about a generation. This much excels the per capita wealth of any State or section of the Union east of the Mississippi. In the light of this fact how unwarranted the statement of some that the West is poor and growing poorer. Let a few comparisons be made. The per capita wealth of Kansas is \$1,261; Nebraska, \$1,205; Maine, \$740; New Hampshire, \$863; in North Dakota, \$1,844; South Dakota, \$1,293; in New York, \$1,430; Pennsylvania, \$1,177; Ohio, \$1,076; Montana, \$3,429; Wyoming, \$2,797; and California, \$2,097; Connecticut, \$1,119; Massachusetts, \$1,252; New Jersey, \$1,117; and Delaware, \$1,043; and the per capita wealth of all the people in the United States was \$1,036. It will be seen the per capita wealth of the West was \$560 above the general average.

More ample have been the almost fabulous returns from the farms of Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska and Dakotas, and the fields, orchards and vineyards of California; from the wide ranges of Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico, the fields, fisheries and forests of Washington and Oregon. In California the value of the wheat crop alone from 1868 to 1890 was \$228,879,467 greater than all the gold and silver taken from

the mines in that time. The total value of the wheat crop for these years was \$628,040,810. The wheat crop of the States and Territories west of the Mississippi in 1897 was worth at home \$250,000,000, or nearly three times the value of all the gold and silver mined in the United States, Alaska included. Is this not a splendid tribute to the resources of soil and climate and the industry of the people of the Great West?

The West has become the granary of the world. But the political pessimist will reply to this exhibit of production and wealth: "Yes; but look at the mortgages and indebtedness." This is largely another popular delusion. Although a new country requiring vast investments for public improvements and private enterprise, yet, surprising as it may seem, the public and private debt is comparatively less than in the older States. In 1890, as appears from the census report, the per capita mortgage indebtedness of Kansas was \$170; Nebraska, \$126; Missouri, \$80; Iowa, \$104; Minnesota, \$152. Take the same number of States on the eastern border, and we have Connecticut, \$107; Massachusetts, \$144; New York, \$268; New Jersey, \$161; Pennsylvania, \$117.

If we consider the combined national, State and local bonded debt, the burden is much heavier in the East than in the West. The per capita interest charge of this combined debt in the West was 48 cents; in the New England States, including New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania it was in 1890 \$1.78.

It may reasonably be inquired: "How is the civilization of the West manifest in educational results?" With commendable pride it may be answered that the pioneers and immigrants who have built up homes and sought fortunes toward the setting sun have not been thoughtless of the welfare of their children. They have remembered that the public schools are the safeguards of our institutions. The schoolhouse and the church adorn the hilltops and grace the valleys from the majestic Mississippi to the glistening waves of the Pacific. From official records we learn about 6,000,000 of pupils in this wide domain are in the public schools under 130,134 teachers, and in 1897 the expenditures on account of these schools amounted to \$50,470,671. With these are schools of higher instructions, academies, normal schools, colleges and universities in every State and Territory, liberally sustained and endowed.

The "Wild West" is being educated, and the comparisons in the census report are most gratifying. The average per cent. of illiteracy in the New England States and including New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, nine States, in 1890 was 5.9 per cent. The average illiteracy of the nine most Western States farthest removed from the refined and cultivated East, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California was 3.9 per cent. of the population. The percentage of illiteracy in Ohio was 4.7 per cent.; Indiana, 5.8; Illinois, 4.9. In Iowa it was 3.5; Kansas, 2.9; and in Nebraska, 2.8. It will be observed, and it is the glory of our whole country, civilization is marching on, until now, in the light of the wonderful events that have recently



taken place, the prophesy of Thomas Benton is fulfilled: "The way to the East is from the West." The Occident is bringing freedom and knowledge to the Orient.

True, the older States have bestowed upon the West a priceless baptismal gift, its fruits of knowledge, skill, industry, capital and manhood. This heritage has been gratefully received and cherished and now the valleys of the Mississippi, Missouri, the Rio Grande, Columbia, Sacramento and San Joaquin bloom like the famous vales of Cashmere. There is no longer any "Wild West." It is a memory!

#### *Submarine Cables*

Stupendous as have been the political results of the Spanish war, they bid fair to be rivaled in magnitude by the economic and industrial. To dig a canal from ocean to ocean, to build a fleet of merchant vessels that will put us once more in our rightful place as a leading maritime nation, to hold the position we are already winning of primacy in the world's commerce, are inseparable concomitants in the sudden and great transformation of our foreign relations and policy. Whether the price that the people are to pay for all this is, or is not, disproportionately large; whether the aggrandizement of the nation will work harm or good to the individual, time only can prove, and we shall not attempt here to prophesy. Matters must be faced as they are, and are likely to be for some time to come. Money, time, labor, thought, must be lavished upon the new works to which the nation has set her hand.

Among those works one of the most urgent is the establishment of cable communication between all the American possessions. If Hawaii and Luzon are to be controlled from Washington, they must be joined thereto by direct lines of intelligence, just as the several human limbs, if they are to be of use to the body, must be in immediate nerve connection with the brain. The transmission of messages from Manila to New York across thousands of miles of foreign lands may answer very well while we are on terms of at least outward amity with their rulers, but the bursting of a very small war cloud over the wrong spot would leave our Asiatic colonies as effectually shut off from us as if buried under the ice cap of the South Pole.

The political argument in favor of a trans-Pacific cable is perhaps secondary to the economic one, which can graphically be presented in a few figures. While the trade of the countries commercially adjacent to the Philippines now amounts to more than \$2,000,000,000 annually, \$1,200,000,000 of this consisting of imports, the United States, notwithstanding the wares she offers are largely of the kinds in demand, receives not six per cent. of the total amount. The volume of business awaiting diversion to our shores is therefore enormous. That direct cable connection, a canal through Nicaragua, and a larger fleet of merchant vessels would do much to turn the Far Eastern commerce in this direction, is almost axiomatic.

The United States Government is keenly alive to these facts. Although the appropriation for a cable to Hawaii, which is to constitute the first link in a chain reaching westward to the Far East, failed

in the late Congress, there is little doubt that the money will be voted at an early session in the future. The first trans-Pacific telegraph, which has lagged for more than forty years behind the first trans-Atlantic one, will soon reach the goal of existence.

Submarine telegraphic lines of the world are made a subject of much special information in the January number of the Monthly Summary of Commerce and Finance, just published by the Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department. It is shown how these cable lines from a network over almost the entire world. They skirt coastwise from port to port, engirdling even the whole of Africa and almost all of South America. They cross and recross every body of water between inhabited lands, except the Pacific Ocean. Submarine telegraphs of the world number 1,500, are 170,000 miles in total length of lines, have cost \$250,000,000, and convey 6,000,000 messages a year. In laying cables nearly fifty thoroughly equipped steam vessels are now engaged.

Since the early days of trans-Atlantic telegraphy this mode of communication has been wonderfully facilitated. There are now nearly twenty cable lines from the Old World to America, thirteen of these entering the United States. At first messages cost \$100 each, now twenty-five cents a word. Three words per minute was the original speed, and one had to wait several hours for a response. Now, more than fifty words can be sent in a minute, and even with this the carrying capacity of the wires can be doubled by the duplex system. A message was once transmitted from Congress to Parliament and a reply received in thirteen and one-half seconds. Communication was had from the White House to the Santiago battlefield and back again within twelve minutes.

A prominent scientist has given an illustration of the sensitiveness of the instruments employed for receiving submarine telegraphic messages, in the fact that an electric battery composed of a piece of zinc wire dipped in a drop of acidulated water in a copper gun-cap will generate sufficient current to be transmitted across the Atlantic and detected on the other side. At the same time it is true that the employment of single lengths of cable exceeding 3,000 miles is found impracticable. This has been a prominent reason why no Pacific cable has hitherto been laid, for no one Government has controlled the requisite series of intermediate landing places. Such the United States now possesses. The successive stages between San Francisco and the Philippines are Hawaii, Wake Island and Guam.

The question has perhaps not yet arisen of what metal the conducting wire, or wires, of the new cable will be composed. Two months ago there could have been but one answer to this—copper. Since that time, however, the copper market has advanced so much that to-day a wire of definite conductivity will cost considerably less if made of aluminum. Assuming that the relative price of the two materials remains as it is at present, it will be surprising if at least an attempt is not made to obtain an introduction for the more modern and sensational metal.



## CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

*Oranje Boven\*.....John Williamson Palmer.....Literature*

Said the Sea to the Dutchman, "Ho, make way!  
For the march of the Flood is mine.  
Shall the bar of thine arm my coursers stay  
In the charge of my whelming brine?"  
To the Sea said the Dutchman, "Ho, stand back!  
I bide for the dole and fee,  
To the hands that serve and the loins that lack,  
And a hail to the Strong and Free.  
In the might of the Lord of the Deep I stand, and I set  
His bounds to thee.

"A bound in the Dyke, and a mete in the Dune,  
And a stay 'n the stout Sea-wall.  
In the swing of my spade is the eagle's rune,  
Tho' the Norland ravens squall,  
And the silt shall flow and the clod shall grow,  
From Zeeland to Zuyder Zee;  
And a man shall a freeman's foothold know,  
Where the arm of a man is free—  
For the lord of the Dutchman's land, the lord of the  
Dutchman's love shall be.

"Flambeau and falchion, shackle and rack,  
In the lust of a 'Holy' hate  
No glut of carnage, rapine and sack,  
Nor a Thousand Fears can sate.  
No tear for ruth, and no shudder for shame,  
No Christ for the brand and pike;  
Only the rage of the 'Beggar's' claim,  
And the roar of the cloven dyke—  
Only the arm of the Lord upheaved, and the sword of  
the Lord to strike."

Said the Sea, "O, Nederland! Alone,  
You battle against the stars.  
For Brill's hoarse cry and Alkmaar's groan  
I storm at your stubborn bars.  
In Heiliger Lee your Rachels weep,  
In Leyden your children die;  
Death unto Life, Deep unto Deep!  
And my tides leap at the cry.  
Set wide your gates to my hosts, and sound your peal-  
ing trumpets high!"

"Oranje Boven!"—Fate is mute,  
And the Silent soul is lord.  
"Oranje Boven!"—Trump and lute  
Wait on the grim, dumb sword.  
When the brand is cold, and the blade is rust,  
And the gyve and the rack are shows,  
When the bones of the Brave enrich the dust  
Where a Leyden garden grows—  
Then the organ swell of the Sea shall tell how Neder-  
land uprose.

On Yssel's flanks, with thrifty sails,  
The windmills churn the air,  
Where erst a Viking's galley rails  
Their bossed shields laid bare.  
I dream that the high-beaked triremes sweep  
A path for the hordes of Rome,

\*"Up with Orange," the war cry of William the Silent, Dr. Palmer's ballad of Holland was written at the instance of a prominent member of the Holand Society of New York, and a copy sent through the Governor of Over-  
yssel on the occasion of her birthday and coronation to Queen Wilhemina, from whom the author received a most gracious response.

As I rock in a fisher's boat, asleep,  
In the lee of a hedger's home—  
While the bells are chiming a psalm of Rest from storied  
tower and dome.

And Thou, O fairest flower of Peace,  
Child of a happy star!  
Glories, and guerdons of increase  
Wreathe thy ancestral Lar.  
White Righteousness in thine array,  
And on thy shield Renown,  
Honor shall celebrate thy day,  
And Law salute thy crown,  
While grass shall grow and water flow, and the ships  
sail up and down.

*The Old Time Hero.....Arthur Grissom.....Munsey's*

Swashbuckler to the core was he,  
His highway was the universe;  
With equal grace and gallantry  
He snatched a kiss or cut a purse;  
That day was lost to him, in truth,  
In which he failed to break a lance;  
A merry gentleman, forsooth—  
The picaroon of old romance!

How well we know his jerkin's cut,  
Or color of his gay cockade!  
His lusty bluster and his strut,  
And eke the glitter of his blade!  
And how we've loved his splatterdash—  
Aye, every one of us that reads!—  
And joyed to see him cut and slash,  
And gloried in his gory deeds!

Ah, there's the hero to our mind!  
No languid airs for him, parlay!  
A damsel in distress to find  
Hot foot he'd travel night and day;  
And when he found her, as was sure,  
Ods daggers! there was sport for him.  
The rogues who thought themselves secure—  
Were not their chances mighty slim?

A tankard of good ale, mine host,  
Or shandygaff—the best ye can!  
Come, one and all! We'll drink a toast  
To our enchanting gentleman!  
A prodigy of valor he,  
The very prince of all gallants,  
Whose like we ne'er again shall see—  
The picaroon of old romance!

*The Sharpshooter.....Minna Irving.....New England Magazine*

A soldier went riding away to the war,  
With a sword and a sash and a jacket of blue;  
The notes of the bugle were sweet on the air,  
And the drummer was beating a merry tattoo.  
But his sweetheart was left in the dawn and the dew,  
With the tears of love and of fear on her face,  
While the cluster of roses she wore at her breast  
Was broken and crushed by his parting embrace.

The soldier came riding home from the war,  
To the cheers and the music that welcome the brave.  
The ivy had hidden the latch of her door,  
And green were the grasses that covered her grave.  
For the sharpshooter Death through the trenches had  
passed,  
And left him unharmed in the tempest of lead—  
To stop at the little white house in the North,  
And take for his target a pretty brown head.

*The Derelict.....Herbert Bashford.....Songs from Puget Sea\**

I am rolled and swung, I am rocked and flung,  
I am hammered and heaved and hurled;  
I am tossed and wheeled, I am blown and reeled,  
And battered about the world.

On the pushing tide I ride and ride,  
Or loiter and loaf at ease  
With never a care, though foul or fair  
I follow the foamy seas.

Men come not nigh when they pass me by,  
For they fear me, everyone,  
As I cleave the gray of the dawning day,  
Or drowse in the summer sun.

Past unknown isles, for miles and miles,  
I wander away to where  
The iceberg lifts and the salt spray drifts  
In the freezing arctic air.

I steal by the bars when the flame-winged stars  
Have swarmed in the upper blue,  
And the glow and shine of the drenching brine  
Like white fire burns me through.

I haunt as a ghost the rock-girt coast  
Where the bell-buoy loudly rings,  
And the breakers leap to the mighty sweep  
Of the night wind's sable wings.

I shake and moan, I creak and groan,  
In the wrathful tempest when  
The old sea raves and digs deep graves  
For the jolly sailor men.

What matters time or what the clime  
To a vagrant of the sea?  
To live or die, oh, naught care I,  
There is no port for me.

*The Galloping Squire.....G. J. Whyte Melville.....Windsor Magazine*

Come, I'll show you a country that none can surpass,  
For a flyer to cross like a bird on the wing.  
We have acres of woodland and oceans of grass,  
We have game in the autumn and cubs in the spring;  
We have scores of good fellows hang out in the shire,  
But the best of them all is the Galloping Squire.

The Galloping Squire to the saddle has got,  
While the dewdrop is melting in gems on the thorn,  
From the kennel he's drafted the pick of his lot.  
How they swarm to his cheer! How they fly to his horn!

Like harriers turning or chasing like fire,  
"I can trust 'em, each hound!" says the Galloping Squire.

One wave of his arm, to the covert they throng;  
"Yoi! wind him! and rouse him! By Jove! he's away!"  
Through a gap in the oaks see them speeding along  
O'er the open like pigeons: "They mean it to-day!  
You may jump till you're sick—you may spur till you tire!  
For it's catch 'em who can!" says the Galloping Squire.

Then he takes the old horse by the head, and he sails  
In the wake of his darlings, all ear and all eye,  
As they come in his line, o'er banks, fences and rails,  
The cramped ones to creep, and the fair ones to fly.  
It's a very queer place that will put in the mire  
Such a rare one to ride as the Galloping Squire.

\*The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco.

But a fallow has brought to their noses the pack,  
And the pasture beyond is with cattle-stains spread;  
One wave of his arm, and the Squire in a crack  
Has lifted and thrown in the beauties at head.  
"On a morning like this, it's small help you require,  
But he's forward, I'll swear!" says the Galloping Squire.

So forty fair minutes they run and they race,  
'Tis a heaven to some! 'tis a lifetime to all;  
Though the horses we ride are such gluttons for pace,  
There are stout ones that stop, they are safe ones that fall.

But the names of the vanquished need never transpire,  
For they're all in the rear of the Galloping Squire.

Till the gamest old varmint that ever drew breath,  
All stiffened and draggled, held high for a throw,  
O'er the Squire's jolly visage is grinning in death,  
Ere he dashes him down to be eaten below;  
While the daws flutter out from a neighboring spire  
At the thrilling who-whoop of the Galloping Squire.

And the laborer at work, and the lord in his hall,  
Have a jest or a smile when they hear of the sport;  
In ale or in claret he's toasted by all,  
For they never expect to see more of the sort.  
And long may it be ere he's forced to retire  
For we breed very few like the Galloping Squire.

*The Vision.....Ingram Crockett.....Beneath Blue Skies and Gray\**

The moon, a slender silver horn,  
Gleams on the rosy-baldriced morn,  
And, milky white, the mists below  
From frosty fields are rising slow,  
And with a rapture as of Spring  
The thrushes in the treetops sing.

The waiting world is very still  
Before that vision on the hill,  
That vision that is never old,  
Of Morning with her bow of gold,  
And in a golden leash the Sun  
Leaping with eagerness to run.

Oh, hark! the silver horn is blown,  
Its witchery is round me thrown;  
I saw it touch the Morning's lips  
Held in her rosy finger-tips,  
The world is very still to hear  
That fairy music faint and clear.

*The Difference.....Rebecca Epping.....Overland Monthly*

When a woman defies the world for her love,  
With unthinking courage she throws down her glove.  
Her sword-blade dazzles her enemies' eyes—  
The scabbard?—Behind her, forgotten it lies.

But a man—when challenged in love's court to tilt—  
May loosen the sword-blade, may grasp at the hilt,  
And though willing to shield whatever he loves,  
In encountering the world, does his fighting—with gloves.

*Twilight.....John B. Tabb.....Cosmopolitan*

Like Ruth, she follows when the reaper, Day,  
Lets fall the slender shadows in her way;  
Then—winnowing the darkness—home again,  
She counts her golden grain.

*Epitaph.....William Knox Johnson.....Eclectic Magazine*

Thou hast regained that calm august and free  
The communal mother keeps, who bids us roam  
And play awhile at Personality,  
And, wearied of the play, recalls us home.

\*R. H. Russell, New York.

## VESPERTINA COGNITIO: THE HOUR OF GHOSTS\*

BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

I doubt if there be any other form of terror that even approaches the fear of the supernatural—and more especially the fear of the supernatural in dreams. Children know this fear both by night and by day; but the adult is not likely to suffer from it, except in slumber, or under the most abnormal conditions of mind produced by illness. Reason, in our healthy waking hours, keeps the play of ideas far above those deep-lying regions of inherited emotion where dwell the primitive forms of terror. But even as known to the adult in dreams only, there is no waking fear comparable to this fear—none so deep and yet so vague—none so unutterable. The indefiniteness of the horror renders verbal expression of it impossible, yet the suffering is so intense that if prolonged beyond a certain term of seconds it will kill. And the reason is that such fear is not of the individual life, it is infinitely more massive than any personal experience could account for—it is prenatal, ancestral fear. Dim it necessarily is, because compounded of countless blurred millions of inherited fears. But for the same reason, its depth is abysmal.

The training of the mind under civilization has been directed toward the conquest of fear in general, and—excepting that ethical quality of the feeling which belongs to religion—of the supernatural in particular. Potentially in most of us this fear exists; but its sources are well-guarded, and outside of sleep it can scarcely perturb any vigorous mind except in the presence of facts so foreign to all relative experience that the imagination is clutched before the reason can grapple with the surprise.

Once only, after the period of childhood, I knew this emotion in a strong form. It was remarkable as representing the vivid projection of a dream-fear into waking consciousness, and the experience was peculiarly tropical. In tropical countries, owing to atmospheric conditions, the oppression of dreams is a more serious suffering than with us, and is perhaps most common during the siesta. All who can afford it pass their nights in the country; but for obvious reasons the majority of colonists must be content to take their siesta and its consequences in town.

The West Indian siesta does not refresh like that dreamless midday nap which we enjoy in Northern summers. It is a stupefaction rather than a sleep—beginning with a miserable feeling of weight at the base of the brain; it is a helpless surrender of the whole mental and physical being to the overpressure of light and heat. Often it is haunted by ugly visions, and often broken by violent leaps of the heart. Occasionally it is disturbed also by noises never noticed at other times. When the city lies all naked to the sun, stripped by noon of every shadow and empty of wayfarers, the silence becomes amazing. In that silence the papery rustle of a palm-leaf or the sudden sound of a lazy wavelet on the beach, like the clack of a thirsty tongue, comes immensely

magnified to the ear. And this noon, with its monstrous silence, is for the black people the hour of ghosts. Everything alive is senseless with the intoxication of light, even the woods drowse and droop in their wrapping of lianas—drunk with sun.

Out of the siesta I used to be most often startled, not by sounds, but by something which I can describe only as a sudden shock of thought. This would follow upon a peculiar internal commotion caused, I believe, by some abnormal effect of heat upon the lungs. A slow, suffocating sensation would struggle up into the twilight region between half-consciousness and real sleep, and there bestir the ghastliest imaginings—fancies and fears of living burial. These would be accompanied by a voice, or rather the idea of a voice, mocking and reproaching: "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." . . . Outside it is day—tropical day—primeval day! And you sleep. . . . 'Though a man live many years and rejoice in them all, yet—' . . . Sleep on—all this splendor will be the same when your eyes are dust. . . . 'Yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many.'"

How often, with the phantom crescendo in my ears, have I leaped in terror from the hot couch, to peer through the slatted shutters at the enormous light without—silencing, mesmerizing; then dashed cold water over my head, and staggered back to the scorching mattress, again to drowse, again to be awakened by the same voice, or by the trickling of my own perspiration—a feeling not always to be distinguished from that caused by the running of a centipede! And how I used to long for the night, with its Cross of the South! Not because the night ever brought coolness to the city, but because it brought relief from the weight of that merciless sunfire. For the feeling of such light is the feeling of a deluge of something ponderable—something that drowns and dazzles and burns and numbs all at the same time, and suggests the idea of liquified electricity.

There are times, however, when the tropical heat seems only to thicken after sunset. On the mountains the nights are, as a rule, delightful the whole year round. They are even more delightful on the coast facing the trade-winds; and you may sleep there in a seaward chamber, caressed by a warm, strong breeze—a breeze that plays upon you not by gusts or whiffs, but with a steady ceaseless blowing—the great fanning wind-current of the world's whirling. But in the towns of the other coast—nearly all situated at the base of wooded ranges cutting off the trade-breeze—the humid atmosphere occasionally becomes at night something nameless—something worse than the air of an overheated conservatory. Sleep in such a medium is apt to be visited by nightmare of the most atrocious kind.

My personal experience was as follows:

I was making a tour of the island with a half-breed guide, and we had to stop for one night in a small leeward coast settlement, where we found accommodation at a sort of lodging house kept by an

\*From *Exotics and Retrospectives*. By Lafcadio Hearn (Little, Brown & Co.).



aged widow. There were seven persons only in the house that night—the old lady, her two daughters, two colored female servants, myself and my guide. We were given a single-windowed room upstairs, rather small, otherwise a typical Creole bedroom, with bare, clean floor, some heavy furniture of antique pattern, and a few rocking-chairs. There was in one corner a bracket supporting a sort of household shrine—what the Creoles call a *chappelle*. The shrine contained a white image of the Virgin, before which a tiny light was floating in a cup of oil. By colonial custom your servant, while traveling with you, sleeps either in the same room, or before the threshold; and my man simply lay down on a mat beside the huge four-pillared couch assigned to me, and almost immediately began to snore. Before getting into bed, I satisfied myself that the door was securely fastened.

The night stifled;—the air seemed to be coagulating. The single large window, overlooking a garden, had been left open, but there was no movement in that atmosphere. Bats—very large bats—flew soundlessly in and out; one actually fanning my face with its wings as it circled over the bed. Heavy scent of ripe fruit—nauseously sweet—rose from the garden, where palms and plantains stood still as if made of metal. From the woods above the town stormed the usual night chorus of tree frogs, insects and nocturnal birds—a tumult not to be accurately described by any simile, but suggesting, through numberless sharp tinkling tones, the fancy of a wide slow cataract of broken glass. I tossed and turned on my hot, hard bed, vainly trying to find one spot a little cooler than the rest. Then I rose, drew a rocking-chair to the window and lighted a cigar. The smoke hung motionless. After each puff I had to blow it away. My man had ceased to snore. The bronze of his naked breast—shining with moisture under the faint light of the shrine-lamp,—showed no movement of respiration. He might have been a corpse. The heavy heat seemed always to become heavier. At last, utterly exhausted, I went back to bed and slept.

It must have been well after midnight when I felt the first vague uneasiness,—the suspicion,—that precedes a nightmare. I was half-conscious, dream-conscious of the actual—knew myself in that very room,—wanted to get up. Immediately the uneasiness grew into terror, because I found that I could not move. Something unutterable in the air was mastering will. I tried to cry out, and my utmost effort resulted only in a whisper too low for any one to hear. Simultaneously I became aware of a Step ascending the stair, a muffled heaviness, and the real nightmare began, the horror of the ghastly magnetism that held voice and limb, the hopeless will-struggle against dumbness and impotence. The stealthy Step approached, but with lentor malevolently measured,—slowly, slowly, as if the stairs were miles deep. It gained the threshold—waited. Gradually then, and without sound, the locked door opened; and the Thing entered, bending as it came—a thing robed, feminine, reaching to the roof—not to be looked at! A floor-plank creaked as it neared the bed; and then, with a frantic effort, I woke, bathed in sweat; my heart beating as if it were going to burst. The shrine-light had died: in the

blackness I could see nothing; but I thought I heard that Step retreating. I certainly heard the plank creak again. With the panic still upon me I was actually unable to stir. The wisdom of striking a match occurred to me, but I dared not yet rise. Presently, as I held my breath to listen, a new wave of black fear passed through me, for I heard moanings—long nightmare moanings—moanings that seemed to be answering each other from two different rooms below. And then, close to me, my guide began to moan, hoarsely, hideously. I cried to him:

"Louis! Louis!"

We both sat up at once. I heard him panting, and I knew that he was fumbling for his cutlass in the dark. Then, in a voice husky with fear, he asked:

"Missié, ess ou tanne?" ("Monsieur, est-ce que vous entendez?")

The moaners continued to moan—always in crescendo:—then there were sudden screams: "Madame!" "Manzell!" and running of bare feet, and sounds of lamps being lighted, and at last, a general clamor of frightened voices. I rose, and groped for the matches. The moans and the clamor ceased.

"Missié," my man asked again, "ess ou té oué y?" ("Monsieur, est-ce que vous l'avez vue?")

"Ca ou le di?" ("Qu'est-ce que vous voulez dire?") I responded in bewilderment, as my fingers closed on the matchbox.

"Fenn-la?" he answered. . . . That woman?

The question shocked me into absolute immobility. Then I wondered if I could have understood. But he went on in his patois, as if talking to himself.

"Tall, tall—high, like this room,—that Zombi. When she came the floor cracked. I heard—I saw."

After a moment I succeeded in lighting a candle, and I went to the door. It was still locked,—double locked. No human being could have entered through the high window.

"Louis," I said, without believing what I said, "you have been only dreaming."

"Missié," he answered, "it was no dream. She has been in all the rooms—touching people."

I said;—

"That is foolishness! See, the door is double-locked."

Louis did not even look at the door, but responded:

"Door locked, door not locked, Zombi comes and goes. . . . I do not like this house. . . . Missié, leave that candle burning!"

He uttered the last phrase imperatively, without using the respectful "*souplé*," just as a guide speaks at an instant of common danger, and his tone conveyed to me the contagion of his fear. Despite the candle, I knew for one moment the sensation of nightmare outside of sleep! The coincidences stunned reason, and the hideous primitive fancy fitted itself, like a certitude, to the explanation of cause and effect. The similarity of my vision and the vision of Louis, the creaking of the floor heard by us both, the visit of the nightmare to every room in succession—these formed a more than unpleasant combination of evidence. I tried the planking with my foot in the place where I thought I had

seen the figure—it uttered the very same loud creak that I had heard before. “Ca pa ka sam révé,” said Louis. No, that was not like dreaming. I left the candle burning, and went back to bed—not to sleep, but to think. Louis lay down again, with his hand on the hilt of his cutlass.

I thought for a long time. All was now silent below. The heat was at last lifting, and occasionally whiffs of cooler air from the garden announced the wakening of a land-breeze. Louis, in spite of his recent terror, soon began to snore again. Then I was startled by hearing a plank creak—quite loudly,—the same plank that I had tried with my foot. This time Louis did not seem to hear it. There was nothing there. It creaked twice more—and I understood. The intense heat first, and the change of temperature later, had been successively warping and unwarping the wood so as to produce those sounds. In the state of dreaming, which is the state of imperfect sleep, noises may be audible enough to affect imagination strongly, and may startle into motion a long procession of distorted fancies. At the same time it occurred to me that the almost concomitant experiences of nightmare in the different rooms could be quite sufficiently explained by the sickening atmospheric oppression of the hour.

There still remained the ugly similitude of the two dreams to be accounted for, and a natural solution of this riddle also I was able to find after some little reflection. The coincidence had certainly been startling, but the similitude was only partial. That which my guide had seen in his nightmare was a familiar creation of West Indian superstition—probably of African origin. But the shape that I had dreamed about used to vex my sleep in childhood,—a phantom created for me by the impression of a certain horrible Celtic story which ought not to have been told to any child blessed, or cursed, with an imagination.

Musing on this experience led me afterwards to think about the meaning of that fear which we call “the fear of darkness,” and yet is not really fear of darkness. Darkness, as a simple condition, never could have originated the feeling—a feeling that must have preceded any definite idea of ghosts by thousands of ages. The inherited, instinctive fear, as exhibited by children, is not a fear of darkness in itself, but of indefinable danger associated with darkness. Evolutionally explained, this dim but voluminous terror would have for its primal element the impressions created by real experience—experience of something acting in darkness; and the fear of the supernatural would mingle in it only as a much later emotional development. The primeval cavern-gloom lighted by nocturnal eyes; the blackness of forest gaps by river margins, where destruction lay in wait to seize the thirsty; the umbrages of tangled shores concealing horror; the dusk of the python’s lair; the place of hasty refuge echoing the fury of famished brute and desperate man; the place of burial, and the fancied frightful kinship of the buried to the cave-hunters:—all these and countless other impressions of the relation of darkness to death, must have made that ancestral fear of the dark which haunts the imagination of the child, and still betimes seizes the adult as he sleeps in the security of civilization.

Not all the fear of dreams can be the fear of the immemorial. But that strange nightmare-sensation of being held by invisible power exerted from a distance—is it quite sufficiently explained by the simple suspension of will-power during sleep? Or could it be a composite inheritance of numberless memories of having been caught? Perhaps the true explanation would suggest no prenatal experience of monstrous mesmerisms, nor of monstrous webs,—nothing more startling than the evolutionary certainty that man, in the course of his development, has left behind him conditions of terror incomparably worse than any now existing. Yet enough of the psychological riddle of nightmare remains to tempt the question whether human organic memory holds no record of extinct forms of pain—pain related to strange powers once exerted by some ghastly vanished life.

From other essays we quote the following:

Like sight, though perhaps less deeply, do other of our senses reach into the buried past. A single strain of melody, the sweetness of a single voice—what thrill immeasurable will either make in the fathomless sleep of ancestral memory. Again, who does not know that speechless delight bestirred in us on rare bright days by something odorous in the atmosphere,—enchancing, but indefinable? Whatever be the odor, diluted to very ghostliness, that arouses this delight, the delight itself is too weirdly voluminous to be explained by any memory-revival of merely individual experience. More probably it is older even than human life,—reaches deeper into the infinite blind depth of dead pleasure and pain.

“Out of that ghostly abyss also must come the thrill responding within us to a living touch,—touch electrical of man, questioning the heart,—touch magical of woman, invoking memory of caresses given by countless delicate and loving hands long crumbled into dust. Doubt it not;—the touch that makes a thrill within you is a touch that you have felt before,—sense-echo of forgotten intimacies in many unremembered lives.”

“In one sense we are certainly wrong when we say that the loveliness of a scene brings tears to the eyes. The beauty we speak of has no real existence; the emotion of the dead alone makes it seem to be,—the emotion of those long-buried millions of men and women who loved Nature for reasons very much simpler and older than any aesthetic emotion is. To the widows of the house of life their phantoms crowd,—like prisoners toward some vision of bright skies and flying birds, free hills and glimmering streams, beyond the iron of their bars. They behold their desire of other time,—the vast light and space of the world, the wind-swept clearness of azure, the hundred greens of wold and pain, the spectral promise of summits far away. They hear the shrilling and the whirr of happy winged things, the chorus of cicada and bird, the lisping and laughing of water, the undertone of leafage astir. They know the smell of the season—all sharp sweet odors of sap, scents of flower and fruitage. They feel the quickening of the living air,—the thrilling of the great Blue Ghost.

“But all this comes to them, filtered through the bars and veils of their rebirth.”

## CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

*Kipling and the Literature of Action...Edmund Gosse...North American Review*

We have become, in a dozen years, a nation but faintly interested in any subject which does not bear upon the training and development of muscles, individual or politic. England has gone to school under a colossal Sandow, and has no time, for the moment, to think of anything else. However much the philosopher and the dreamer may regret the necessity of this strange obsession in physical strength—and the present writer, himself a useless dreamer, sighs beneath it—no one with a grain of sense can doubt that circumstances point to its being an unavoidable preparation for a crisis in national history by no means far ahead. That being the position, it seems obvious that all that can in any wise direction be done is to try with all the feeble force at our disposition to point readers—who insist, by a healthy instinct, on the literature of action—to books of adventure that encourage the best sides of the Anglo-Saxon temperament.

We have had the signal good fortune to see, at this opportune hour, the development of perhaps the most purely patriotic talent that ever flourished in England. The most powerful and distinguished British author, under thirty-five years of age, is unquestionably Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and his whole literary career is one unflagging appeal to the fighting instincts of the race. We see nothing in the general trend of his genius, if we do not see that it makes directly for the preparedness of the English people in an eventual crisis. Mr. Kipling is not correctly styled a Jingo or a Chauvinist. He does not provoke war, or underestimate its afflictions, but he preaches forever in our ears "Be ready!" He marshals us by land and sea, he brings outlying kinsfolk up into line with us, he questions us incessantly as to the state of our sinews and of our guns. The influence of this one young civilian, without external prestige of any kind to help him, has been simply prodigious. His breath has stirred the veins, not of hundreds of men, nor of thousands, but of a cluster of nations.

The peculiar gravity of Mr. Kipling's appeal to the English-speaking races—for even America is surely not unaffected by his voice—has been met in Great Britain by the inevitable chorus of imitators. Every song writer, every leader writer, every story teller has a little touch of his magic to-day, a little strain of what the Germans might call Kiplingismus. His appearance in our literature at this crisis, with its sweeping away of the graceful, but slightly effeminate, cult of beauty and harmony which preceded it, is one of those extraordinary coincidences which occur in the history of the mind. For who shall say whether athleticism created Mr. Kipling, or whether Mr. Kipling has encouraged athleticism? The two grow side by side, and to what harvest who can tell?

*A Literary Fallacy.....Jennette Barbour Perry.....The Critic*

If there is, in literature to-day, one bugaboo greater than another, it is that one known as "Truth to Fact." Whether disporting itself as historical accuracy or geographical exactness or local color,

its main business in life is to intimidate the children of light. Whoever comes up to the temple of fame is met at the door by a stern question:

"How does your imagination square with the fact? Have you never deviated by a hair's breadth from accuracy? Never said the barn door was on the south of the barn instead of the north? Never placed the gap in the hedge toward the mountain when nature has placed it toward the sea? Could the tourist traverse the ground of your romance Baedeker in hand?"

If the poor young author is rash enough to admit at outset that his story or poem has not a rag of fact to grace itself with, that he wrote it simply to please himself and like foolish folk—if such may be in the world—his chance for fame is wrecked.

"Truth to Fact" has dragged us over some strange ground. Not long since it took us through the dialect belt. We twisted our tongues about impossible roots and puzzled our wits over appalling contortions. We learned patiently to say, "cyant" and "this yere" and "sut'nly" and "Hi there, pardner," and "What t'ell?" in the vain hope that we were somehow coming nearer to the heart of human nature. At present we are in the geographic belt. But there are signs that we are almost through this tract—if tract it may be called. It has covered, first and last, most of the United States, with parts of Europe and Canada. Miss Wilkins, Mr. Garland and Bret Harte have each a claim in it. But we could leave it with equanimity were it not that just ahead of us looms the historic belt, great and gloomy. Victims of *Quo Vadis* lie strewn along its course, ghosts of the Prince of India dance upon its borders. And visions of greater horrors, yet to come, haunt the way.

Shakespeare, it may be remarked in passing, was singularly indifferent to the demands of fact. The creatures of his imagination lived, moved and had their being with scant regard to geography. Their environment was fancy conjured from the depths of space.

Kings three hundred years apart, Bohemia with her long-coveted seaport town, and Ariel flying through the air to do Sir Prospero's bidding, are recorded with the sweet and ignorant serenity that genius gives. There is little doubt that, judged by modern standards, Shakespeare was sadly lacking in historical imagination. The romances of Sir Walter Scott, we are told, are a distinct advance. Eliminate a few flights of fancy, add a few facts, and the *Waverley* novels become authentic history, fit for schoolroom use. But it is in the novels of Georg Ebers that the historical novel finds its most perfect fulfillment. Every event of history, every detail of dress, every turn of speech, the historian assures us, is reproduced in these great romances to the letter. We have attained then the perfection of art, historic exactness. We fold our literary hands. We look complacently down the vista of years to the fame that shall be ours, when suddenly—upon the path a light falls. Across it troop a laughing band—the characters of Homer and Dante, of Shakespeare and Milton and Goethe. Time rolls



away before them. History turns to a fairy tale. And even the charms of local color shrivel and pale in the white light of truth.

*American Literature and American Nationality.....H. W. Mable.....Forum*

Between the magnitude and seriousness of American life and the lightness, grace and touch-and-go quality of a good deal of American writing, there is a great gulf fixed. The distance in depth and power between that life and many of the most charming books written here would be humorous if it were not pathetic. It would seem as if we shrank from any real knowledge of ourselves, and dreaded any hand-to-hand contact with the tremendous actualities of living. Our literature has largely lost the note of discovery, the audacity of spiritual adventure, the courage of great faiths and passions; it is in danger of becoming a resource of polite society, instead of an expression of vital experience and a dominant force in national life. It has struck some deep notes with great clearness and resonant power; but it must continue to strike such notes; and it must put behind the clarity of its vision the vitality and sheer human force of rich and deep experience. The idealism of the American character, which many foreign observers fail to recognize because it has so far taken practical rather than artistic forms of expression, is a prime element in the making of the books that stir the depths; but there must be substance and power as well. What Emerson recognized as "thinness of constitution" is still too much in evidence in American writing. The literature which pleases and refines is wholesome and welcome; but it cannot take the place of the literature which reveals and stimulates. This does not mean, of course, that literature shall become didactic; it does mean that it shall find the springs which feed it neither in culture nor in taste, but in the depths of experience and the hidden sources of motivity. A great deal of the literature of the last two decades would have been admirable as a subsidiary literature; it has been inadequate as a representative literature. It has had grace and refinement and charm; it has lacked depth, force, mass, passion.

We need this lighter literature, but we need still more the substance and power of the literature which is charged with national or racial emotion, and which becomes, by virtue of its representative quality, a veritable revelation of what is in our life. The American people have not yet come to full national self-consciousness. They have come to sectional self-consciousness; and, in New England, for example, that clear realization of ideals and formative tendencies found expression in a literature the beauty and the limitation of which are significant of New England character. But the nation as a nation has not yet reached a clear understanding of itself; it does not know what is in its heart, although it responds with passionate intensity to every appeal to its instincts and ideals. It has found powerful expression of these instincts and ideals on the side of action; it has found only partial and very inadequate expression on the side of art. The time is fast approaching, however, when the man of letters will find his prime opportunity in the ripeness of this vast population for expression; and litera-

ture must find a voice for this great dumb life or utterly and disastrously fail to discharge its function and do its work.

One of the chief uses of literature is to give the inner life clear and commanding expression; for it is only in and through some form of expression that the quality and significance of the inner life are comprehended. Inarticulate life may have reality and depth; it cannot have expansiveness and contagious power. It is essential, therefore, that a nation should understand itself through the disclosure of its instincts and ideals, in order that its spiritual life may dominate and form its material life. It may, for a time, make its way by instinct and feeling; but it cannot develop its full power, nor do its work with adequate force, until it has supplemented instinct and feeling with intelligence.

The American people stand in great need of this adequate expression of their life. They are spread over an immense territory. The industrial and social centres are separated from one another by great distances. The body of the nation is so vast that its safety depends upon a highly organized spiritual life. More than once it has faced the peril of sectional misunderstandings and antagonisms which have been made possible by the extent of ground which it covers. . . . Two things, M. Brunetière declared, stand in the way of the higher civilization in the United States, viz., the great distances between the centres of social and industrial activity, and the spirit of commercialism. And this shrewd generalization of one of the most intelligent foreign observers who have visited the country of late years finds confirmation in the judgment of the best informed Americans. The higher interests of the nation are imperiled by the lack of a co-ordination of intellectual standards and aims, and by the tendency to let the development of the soul of the country wait on the development of its land, its mineral resources and its trade. The magnitude of its material resources makes an intense and a highly organized spiritual life a sovereign necessity in America. It is an open question whether we shall be makers of things or creators of ideas and ideals. If we are to be materialists in the final character of our civilization, we shall fill a great place in the activities of the modern world; but we shall do nothing for its spiritual fortunes; we shall fill pages of statistics in the encyclopædias; but we shall have small space in the history of art, culture, religion. The ingrained idealism of the American nature will probably preserve us from the dismal fate of being rich without being significant or interesting; but that idealism needs constant classification and reinforcement. It needs clear and commanding expression.

And that expression it must find mainly in its literature; for literature, in its greater forms, is both a revelation of national character and a force to form national character. Its influence, though not computable by any external records, is diffused through the atmosphere which a people breathes. It has recently been said, and not without a degree of truth, that the modern movement for expansion, which has made England active and potential at the ends of the earth, did not originate in the mind of a statesman, and was not the result of the scheming

of a shrewd politician like Beaconsfield, but received its most powerful impulse from three writers: Carlyle, Tennyson and Kipling. These men of letters, like many of their predecessors, have not urged definite policies upon their countrymen; but they have given the English spirit and temper the impulse of sharp definition, and of deep and passionate faith. Indeed, the service of English literature as a practical force in English life cannot be overstated. It has done more than any other single force to give the English race clear consciousness of its strength, its aims and its work; it has bound the race together in the consciousness of a rich and enduring community of history and fortune. Shakespeare has done more for England in forming this consciousness than Pitt or Peel or Gladstone.

If this service was needed in a country of such narrow territory, with a population so compact, as England, it is sorely needed in this country, with its immense distances and its widely separated communities. And when one adds to these natural conditions the complexity of races now learning to live together in the Republic, the necessity of a literature that shall develop first a national consciousness and then clarify national spiritual ideals and make them authoritative, becomes even painfully apparent. A literature adequate in its power and vision to the range of life on this continent is a prime necessity for our safety. We need a literature which shall speak to and for the consciousness of the nation as the New England literature spoke to and for the consciousness of New England. The note of nationality was struck with resonant clearness by Emerson, Lowell and Whittier; but the force and depth of conscious national life were not behind these earlier poets as they will be behind their successors. The time was not ripe; but it is fast ripening.

This more inclusive literature will not be written by intention; it must come spontaneously and by the pressure of a wider and richer experience. The way has been prepared by every true man of letters from Irving to Howells. It is being prepared to-day by the widespread activity in the field of history; for the later historians, by making us aware of the stirring and romantic history behind us, are developing a consciousness of our racial resources and of the experience which has made us a nation. It is being prepared by the writers of fiction, whose work in many instances has depth and reality, and is a true revelation of American character. Such a story as Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's *Red Rock* is a contribution of lasting value to our knowledge of our own past; a veritable human document, because it deals in a serious spirit with a significant and tragic experience; a genuine interpretation of the spirit, the vicissitudes and the historical attitude of a great section in one of the shaping crises of its history. A book of this seriousness of temper and artistic insight is to be welcomed, not only for what it brings us of enlightenment and pleasure, but still more for what it predicts in the way of large, conscientious, patient endeavor to make Americans conscious of the shaping forces of their history, and of the deeper ties and fortunes which unite them. In this spiritual history of the New World the novelists have already discovered material of such

depth and richness that a generation of great writers could not exhaust it. One of the highest uses of that material in the forms of art will be the clear development of national self-consciousness.

*Exchanging the Sword for the Pen.....New York Times*

One can draw many lessons from the number of magazine articles that are appearing over the signatures of heroes of the war. The people's suddenly awakened martial taste, the rapidity, thoroughness and exhaustive repetition, from various slightly different points of view, with which modern history is written—these are some of the revelations of this flood of articles. But several of the heroes, grasping pens in hands that once bore swords, are plunging yet further into authorship; and, having acquired a taste for ink as well-paid contributors to the periodicals, are marshaling their ideas for an advance into the bookmart itself, where is waged the thickest of the literary fight, and where many a promising young skirmisher has fallen unnoted among the pen wielders of more experience, skill and higher rank than he. The advance upon the magazines and their capitulation to the champions of gun and sword was to be expected. Even the cordial invitation which was extended to the conquerors by the ingratiating periodicals to come and conquer them was not surprising. But the event has a little literary significance all its own, and one which is made more emphatic by the announcements of books whose recommendations is that soldiers or sailors wrote them.

The phenomenon indicates the spread of education and the common ability to set forth plainly in writing the thoughts that are in one's mind; it means that the possession of the knowledge of talent for doing this is become of less moment than the having of something to say. The old glamor which used to make a little god of the man who had really written books in the days when spelling was a matter of private opinion and handwriting often a mere signing of the name, has now quite passed; and, except in very rare cases, more is thought of what one writes than of how it is written. It is conceivable that the old idea must have been shocked by the lack of reverence with which one nowadays sees the muses wooed, with the obliteration of lines of caste and the frank confession of financial attraction in the "marriages of convenience." Soldiers write on camp tables, and sailors take no pains to get the tar from their hands. There is even a notion that the muses smile more kindly on the lover whose address bears the scent of the powder or the salt sea's breath; and, if it be that his story is told with straightforward simplicity, we are ready to vote him the crown for which painstaking poets labor in vain, and to throw to him the golden purse which "dilettante finesse" has missed. We admire old masters still, but we talk a good deal about the art which conceals art and think less than we once did of literature as a clever game in which clauses must balance nicely, words must be in their proper places, and each move be made with precision. Self-consciousness and stilted phrase are not to be endured any more, and we will give up a deal of manner so long as we have good matter.

## ECHOES OF THE WAR

A SYMPOSIUM FROM THE MAGAZINES.

Perhaps as important as any contribution to the war literature of the month is the paper in the March Harper, by Henry Cabot Lodge, in continuation of his Spanish-American War serial. In this he institutes an interesting comparison between Nelson's splendid performance at Aboukir and the brilliant action of Dewey at Manila, reflecting creditably on the latter, to whom he pays the following tribute:

"The great secret of the victory was the deadly accuracy and rapidity of the American gunners, which has always been characteristic of the American navy, as was shown in the frigate duels of 1812, of which the United States won against England eleven out of thirteen. This great quality was not accidental, but due to skill, practice and national aptitude. In addition to this traditional skill was the genius of the commander, backed by the fighting capacity of his captains and his crews. True to the great principle of Nelson and Farragut, Dewey went straight after his enemy, to fight the hostile fleet wherever found. In the darkness he went boldly into an unfamiliar harbor, past powerful batteries whose strength his best information had magnified, over mine fields the extent and danger of which he did not and could not know. As soon as dawn came he fell upon the Spanish fleet, supported as it was by shore batteries, and utterly destroyed it. The Spanish empire in the East crumbled before his guns, and the great city and harbor of Manila fell helplessly into his hands. All this was done without the loss of a man or serious injury to a ship. The most rigid inspection fails to discover a mistake. There can be nothing better than perfection of workmanship, and this Dewey and his officers and men showed. The completeness of the result, which is the final test, gives Manila a great place in the history of naval battles, and writes the name of George Dewey high up among the greatest of victorious admirals."

Foremost of the war articles in this number of the Century is the first installment of General Francis V. Greene's Capture of Manila, in which he describes crossing the Pacific and landing the troops, characterizing the undertaking—this organization of an army corps composed mainly of volunteers from the Western States, and transporting it across 7,000 nautical miles of ocean, to attack and defeat the Spanish army at Manila, and take possession of the Philippines—as "the most novel and, in some respects, the most interesting enterprise in which United States troops were ever engaged." He refers to the deficiencies of equipment as "shortcomings inseparable from a system of maintaining an army of 25,000 men and attempting to expand it to ten times that number in the space of a few weeks.

"The wonder is," he continues, "not that there were some deficiencies, but that it was possible to accomplish the task at all. Whatever resources there were on the Pacific Coast were fully utilized, and whatever human energy could accomplish was done. Many of the regiments had had little or no

drill or organization before reaching San Francisco, and while awaiting their turn to sail the time was fully occupied in military exercises, as well as in organizing and equipping. Finer material for an army never existed, and what the men lacked in military knowledge was, in a large measure, made up by superb enthusiasm. Every man was keen to go on the first expedition, and such influence, political or other, as was possessed by any one in a regiment, from colonel to drummer-boy, was fully utilized to secure its early departure. Sometimes this enthusiasm was misdirected, as in the case of a dozen men in one regiment who escaped from the contagious hospital, where they were sick with the measles, the night before our departure, and managed to conceal themselves on the ship with their regiment, spreading the disease throughout the ship, and partly throughout the fleet, during the entire voyage."

General Greene also pays his tribute to Admiral Dewey. Speaking of the Admiral's strict control of Manila harbor, and the consequent friction with some of the foreign naval commanders, he says:

"Dewey did not seek to bring on another war, the consequences of which it was impossible to estimate, but he was fully prepared for it, and by being prepared he prevented it. At the same time, by his firmness and tact, he maintained all his rights as commander of the blockading squadron."

In this paper General Greene brings his story only up to the point of General Merritt's arrival at Manila Bay, prior to which the brigades of General Greene and General Anderson had gone into camp on shore, occupying the time in reconnoitering the country and preparing plans of attack.

An interesting paragraph relating to the condition of the troops occurs here:

"Meanwhile, the men made themselves as comfortable as possible in camp. They had nothing but shelter-tents and one set of clothing. It rained on parts or all of every day, and the rain was of infinite variety, from a passing shower to an all-day-and-all-night storm, with a cool wind, and rain falling at the rate of from four to six inches a day. Immediate steps were taken to get the men off the ground by building beds of split bamboo set on posts from eighteen to twenty-four inches above the ground. On top of this the shelter-tent was perched; and while the rain went through the thin cloth of the shelter-tent, and was driven in at the end by the wind, so that the men were never dry during the twenty-four days we remained in this camp, yet they did not sleep on the wet ground. I had caused every bottle of wine and liquor to be removed from all the ships the day before we sailed from San Francisco, so that the officers and men landed with their systems absolutely free from alcohol for thirty-two days. The water for drinking and cooking was obtained from wells sunk a few feet deep on the edge of the camp. It was abundant in quantity and apparently of good quality, but, as a precaution, every drop of it used for cooking or drinking was boiled. This was done in spite of the greatest difficulties, as fire-wood was extremely



scarce, the bamboo poles and green trees in the vicinity of camp not being combustible. The company cook had a discouraging task. To be awakened at half-past three in the morning, in the midst of a drenching rain, at times with three or four inches of water over almost the entire camp site, and told to light a fire, and not only to make coffee and fry bacon, but to boil water for 100 men, was to receive an almost impossible order. Yet it was carried out, and with the utmost cheerfulness. The health of the men under these adverse conditions and extraordinary hardships was surprisingly good—so good that it was hard to account for it. The sick-list was seldom as high as three per cent. during all the time we were in this camp, and none of the sickness was of a serious character. Freedom from alcohol, sleeping above the ground, and boiling the water, were apparently the causes of good health; to which should be added the fine spirits and enthusiasm of the men, confident that in a short time they would take Manila, and proud that they were to have part in the success of so important an event."

In this same magazine (the Century) is an interesting article on the Cable-Cutting at Cienfuegos, by Cameron McR. Winslow, the commander of the boat expedition which undertook to find and cut the ocean telegraph cable landing near Colorados Lighthouse, while the ships Marblehead and Nashville shelled the country and attempted to dislodge the enemy, or silence his fire. From this article we quote a few paragraphs, detailing the difficulties and dangers encountered, and the success of the expedition:

"Owing to the chafing on rocks and other irregularities of the bottom, due to the swaying of the cable with the motion of the waves and tides, it is customary to use very large and heavy-armored cable, specially protected, for the section reaching from the deep water to the shore. This is known as the 'shore end.' From a junction-box below low-water mark the shore end is generally carried through pipes laid underground to the interior of the cable-house, where the test-table, galvanometer block, and terminal board are located. The cable landing at Colorados Point had the usual central conductor, consisting of a strand of seven copper wires insulated by a coating of gutta-percha. These wires, with their gutta-percha insulation, were inclosed in a lead tube, the purpose of the lead tube being to protect the gutta-percha from the attacks of the teredo, a submarine boring animal. Outside this lead tube, and embedded in a fibrous water-excluding substance, were two layers of heavy iron wires, the inner layer consisting of twelve wires, each seven-thirty-seconds of an inch in diameter, and the outer layer of fourteen wires, each five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. Surrounding this outer layer of wires and forming the external surface of the cable was jute braiding. The whole cable thus made up was two inches in diameter, and weighed six pounds to the linear foot. So far as the cutting of the cable was concerned, it was equivalent to cutting through a bar of iron about as thick as a man's wrist. . . .

"The deep water off the coast made futile any ef-

fort to grapple the cables where the bottom could not be seen through the clear water. As we neared the land, a cavalryman on a white horse left the beach and galloped at top speed up a rugged path leading over the ridge. The sharpshooters in the steam-cutters tried to stop him, but, from the uneasily tossing boats, their aim was inaccurate, and he disappeared. This man carried the news of our attack to Cienfuegos, and soon reinforcements were marching to the scene of action. . . . Except a few soldiers about the barracks and lighthouse, no others were seen while the boats were pulling in. They were all under cover, intimidated by the fierce fire from our ships and steam-cutters, or else waiting to see what we in the boats would do.

"As the boats neared the shore, the anxiety due to anticipated fire from the enemy increased. The launches were only a few lengths apart, and every man in the boats was exposed and plainly visible. . . .

"Nearer and nearer the boats approached the land, and it seemed that we should not sight the bottom at all. We were now within about a hundred feet of the shore-line, and with the eastern end of the rifle-pits about fifty feet farther back. Suddenly the dark patches of coral cropping up from the white sand of the bottom were seen through the clear water, thirty or forty feet in depth. The grapnels were at once thrown overboard, and the dragging began. Hardly had the boats moved a length before the grapnels caught under the coral rocks, and it became evident that the cables would have to be sighted before they could be grappled. Then the boats pulled in close, the Nashville's launch nearest the rifle-pits, until the water shoaled to less than twenty feet, the steam-cutters, a couple of hundred yards outside the fire of the rifle-pits, holding the enemy down in the trenches.

"Almost immediately the Marblehead's launch, a hundred yards to the eastward of the Nashville, hooked the cable leading to Santiago. . . . Both boats had now hooked the cable, and thirty strong men were laboriously lifting the dingy object from its bed twenty feet below. The heavy cable, laid taut along the bottom, seemed to weigh tons. As it was dragged to the surface, ropes were passed under it, and with heavers it was gradually worked over one corner of the stern of the boat, and then by sheer force was dragged into the boat and lifted over the rollers on the bow and the stern. . . . Axes and cold-chisels were tried, but the hack-saw, a small hand-saw about nine inches in length used for cutting metals, was found to be the most effective. With this saw, by frequently changing the men using it, the cable was cut through in from twenty minutes to half an hour. . . . The piece taken out was about one hundred and fifty feet in length.

"Up to this time the firing from the enemy had been desultory and ineffective, and no attention whatever had been paid to it by the working parties in the boats.

"After cutting the cable leading eastward to Santiago, and without waiting to rest the men, we proceeded to search for the cable leading westward to Batabano. . . . We were now directly in front of the rifle-pits, and hardly a hundred feet from

them. The ships, realizing the danger of our position, increased their fire until it became a furious cannonade, the shells passing so close over our heads that the crews instinctively ducked as they went by and burst against the rocks beyond. The *Marblehead* was directing her fire particularly close to us, and her excellent gun practice, due to months of hard work before the war, excited our admiration, though our situation was uncomfortable. The shells could hardly have come closer to us without hitting the boats. We realized that we had to take the chance of an accidental hit from our ships or receive the fire of the enemy at pistol-range, and the men worked on in disregard of both.

"We soon located the cable. . . . When finally hooked it was harder to lift than the other, as it was laid even more taut along the bottom, and the rough water knocked the heavy boats together, breaking and almost crushing in their planking. The men were becoming very tired. . . . Out of this cable a piece about one hundred feet in length was taken. . . .

"The enemy's fire was now very hot; the Mauser bullets could be heard making a peculiar snapping noise as they struck the water all about the boats. . . . It was evident that we could do no work under such conditions, and I ordered the men in the launches to cease work and to open with their rifles. As we had accomplished what we had gone in to do, and as the small cable was of little importance, I ordered the steam-cutters to stand by to take the launches in tow, and ordered the crews of the launches to man their oars to pull the boats clear of the breakers. The men were perfectly cool and showed no sign whatever of fear. The men not engaged in getting out the oars continued their fire.

"At twenty minutes past eleven the firing had ceased. . . . The boats went in a little before seven o'clock, and did not return to their ships until 10.13. They were exposed to the fire of the enemy for more than three hours, and were under very hot fire at close range for more than half an hour. It seems remarkable that there should have been so few casualties. One man was killed, one man mortally wounded, six men were severely wounded, and one officer was slightly wounded. The boats were frequently struck inside and out, and the *Nashville* had the marks of bullets from her water-line to the top of her smoke-pipes. The enemy suffered severely, for the bombardment by the ships was terrific."

Lieutenant Winslow, who, when himself wounded during the engagement, gallantly continued firing, tells of the heroism of one of his seamen, who struggled to keep up the fight with "a gaping wound six inches long in his head, two bullet-holes through his body, and a bullet in his shoulder." "This man lived," says Lieutenant Winslow, "and ten days later, while the *Nashville* was at Key West, he ran away from the hospital on shore, came off to the ship in one of our boats, and reported."

Lieutenant Winslow concludes his account of the expedition in the following words:

"That more lives were not lost was due to a protection more potent than that afforded by man—the protection which God gives to those who fight in a righteous cause."

This number of the *Century* contains also the conclusion of Hobson's narrative of the Sinking of the *Merrimac*, and a fourth contribution to war literature in the account of *The Winslow at Cardenas*, by Lieutenant J. B. Bernadou, her commander in the action.

McClure's gives the fourth of Captain Alfred T. Mahan's papers on *The War on the Sea and Its Lessons*, and another interesting article, "germane to the occasion," General Wood at Santiago, by Henry Harrison Lewis. The sub-title of Mr. Lewis' contribution, *Americanizing a Cuban City*, indicates the nature of this article, which is, at the same time, a panegyric on our military governor of Santiago and his efficient service.

"If ever in this world the extraordinary man, the man of destiny, the man of pre-eminent power and resource, was needed, it was in Santiago de Cuba during the latter part of July, 1898," writes Mr. Winslow. "The occasion demanded first a physician, to deal with the tremendous sanitary needs; then a soldier, to suppress turbulence and effect a quick restoration of law and order; and, finally, a statesman, to re-establish and perfect the civil government. In General Wood was found a man who, by nature, education and experience, combined in himself a generous share of the special skill of all these three. By special education and subsequent practice, he was a physician; by practice and incidental education, added to natural bent, he was a soldier and a law-giver."

The conclusion of Mr. Winslow's article reads as follows:

"At the time [of Mr. Winslow's visit] there had been just four months of American rule in Santiago de Cuba. Those four months had effected: The rescue of the population from starvation to a fair satisfaction of all their daily necessities. The conversion of one of the foulest cities on earth to one of the cleanest. The reduction of an average daily death rate of 200 down to ten. A considerable progress in a scheme of street and road improvement that will add immensely to the convenience and beauty of the city. A radical reform in the custom-house service, resulting in increased revenues. A reduction in the municipal expenses. The correction of numerous abuses in the management of jails and hospitals and in the care of the inmates. The liberation of many prisoners held on trivial or no charges. The reformation of the courts, and a strict maintenance of law and order. The freedom of the press. A restoration of business confidence, and a recovery of trade and industry from utter stagnation to healthy activity.

"This unparalleled regeneration had been wrought, not by a host of men native to the locality, exercising offices long established, and enjoying a traditional prestige, but by an American brigadier-general of volunteers, a stranger to the place and the people, embarked in the work on a moment's notice, and having for his immediate aides only a few fellow army officers, some of whom had been out of West Point less than two years, and all of whom were as new to the situation as himself. It was the 'tour de force' of a man of genius; for in the harder, more fundamental, of the tasks that



confronted him here General Leonard Wood had had no previous experience."

In Scribner's Magazine, Governor Theodore Roosevelt continues his serial article on The Rough Riders. In this number he relates a pleasing anecdote of General Wood, his companion in arms, the subject of the foregoing mention. It was during the fight at Las Guasimas.

"I had not seen Wood," writes Governor Roosevelt, "since the beginning of the skirmish, when he hurried forward. When the firing opened some of the men began to curse. 'Don't swear—shoot!' growled Wood, as he strode along the path leading his horse, and every one laughed and became cool again."

Governor Roosevelt's paper is so readable throughout, selection of one paragraph or incident given rather than another seems invidious. On the side of amusement we have the inventory of his impedimenta in camp, the day the army of invasion landed—"I took a light mackintosh and a toothbrush:" on the other hand, the enumeration of the many instances of devoted heroism which came under his observation, and grim or piteous details of suffering and death in and after the fight. Space permits us to quote but these few:

"One of the men shot was Harry Heffner of G Troop, who was mortally wounded through the hips. He fell without uttering a sound, and two of his companions dragged him behind a tree. Here he propped himself up and asked to be given his canteen and his rifle, which I handed to him. He then again began shooting, and continued loading and firing until the line moved forward and we left him alone, dying in the gloomy shade. When we found him again, after the fight, he was dead.

"At one time, as I was out of touch with that part of my wing commanded by Jenkins and O'Neill, I sent Greenway, with Sergeant Russell, a New Yorker, and Trooper Rowland, a New Mexican cow-puncher, down in the valley to find out where they were. To do this the three had to expose themselves to a very severe fire, but they were not men to whom this mattered. Russell was killed; the other two returned and reported to me the position of Jenkins and O'Neill. They then resumed their places on the firing-line. After awhile I noticed blood coming out of Rowland's side and discovered that he had been shot, although he did not seem to be taking any notice of it. He said the wound was only slight, but as I saw he had broken a rib, I told him to go to the rear to the hospital. After some grumbling he went, but fifteen minutes later he was back on the firing-line again and said he could not find the hospital—which I doubted. However, I then let him stay until the end of the fight. . . .

"A very touching incident happened in the improvised open-air hospital after the fight, where the wounded were lying. They did not groan, and made no complaint, trying to help one another. One of them suddenly began to hum, 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee,' and one by one the others joined in the chorus, which swelled out through the tropic woods, where the victors lay in camp beside their dead. . . .

"Those who could walk had walked into where

the little field-hospital of the regiment was established on the trail. We found all our dead and all the badly wounded. Around one of the latter the big, hideous land-crabs had gathered in a grewsome ring, waiting for life to be extinct. One of our own men and most of the Spanish dead had been found by the vultures before we got to them; and their bodies were mangled, the eyes and wounds being torn. The Rough Rider who had been thus treated was in Bucky O'Neill's troop; and as we looked at the body, O'Neill turned to me and asked, 'Colonel, isn't it Whitman who says of the vultures that "they pluck the eyes of princes and tear the flesh of kings"?' I answered that I could not place the quotation. Just a week afterward we were shielding his own body from the birds of prey. . . .

"Among the wounded who walked to the temporary hospital at Siboney was the trooper, Rowland, of whom I spoke before. There the doctors examined him, and decreed that his wound was so serious that he must go back to the States. This was enough for Rowland, who waited until nightfall and then escaped, slipping out of the window and making his way back to camp with his rifle and pack, though his wound must have made all movement very painful to him. After this, we felt that he was entitled to stay, and he never left us for a day, distinguishing himself again in the fight at San Juan. . . .

"We were not given quite the proper amount of food, and what we did get, like most of the clothing issued us, was fitter for the Klondike than for Cuba. We got enough salt pork and hardtack for the men, but not the full ration of coffee and sugar, and nothing else. I organized a couple of expeditions back to the sea coast, taking the strongest and best walkers and also some of the officers' horses and a stray mule or two, and brought back beans and canned tomatoes. One of the men I took with me on one of these trips was Sherman Bell, the former Deputy Marshal of Cripple Creek, and Wells-Fargo Express rider. In coming home with his load, through a blinding storm, he slipped and opened the old rupture. The agony was very great, and one of his comrades took his load. He himself, sometimes walking and sometimes crawling, got back to camp, where Dr. Church fixed him up with a spike bandage, but informed him that he would have to be sent back to the States when an ambulance came along. The ambulance did not come until the next day, which was the day before we marched to San Juan. It arrived after nightfall, and as soon as Bell heard it coming, he crawled out of the hospital tent into the jungle, where he lay all night; and the ambulance went off without him. The men shielded him just as schoolboys would shield a companion, carrying his gun, belt and bedding; while Bell kept out of sight until the column started, and then staggered along behind it. I found him the morning of San Juan fight. He told me that he wanted to die fighting, if die he must, and I hadn't the heart to send him back. He did splendid service that day, and afterward in the trenches, and though the rupture opened twice again, and on each occasion he was within a hair's breadth of death, he escaped, and came back with us to the United States."



## GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

*Kipling as Schoolboy  
and Journalist*

George Arnold Wilkie, who was a classmate of Rudyard Kipling at college, writes to the San Francisco Examiner of the distinguished author as follows:

The first time I saw Rudyard Kipling was at Rottingdean, a quaint, old, but picturesque village among the green hills and gray cliffs on the southern coast of England, a few miles from fashionable Brighton. A throat difficulty had made me a puny, thin fellow, who looked more like one of thirteen years than of sixteen. My father had been in the army in India, and there he had met John Lockwood Kipling, the artistic and semi-military father of Rudyard. When we got to Rottingdean father found the Kipling family, consisting of the parents and a daughter and son, spending the season in a cottage near the beautiful home of the famous artist, now Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Mrs. Kipling, Sr., is a sister of Sir Edward. Naturally my father had me become acquainted soon with the Kipling boy, and as we lived there near each other's houses, we became fast friends in a few days.

If you want to know how Rudyard looked in the early summer of 1879 picture to yourself a chunky, open-faced boy of about fourteen years—for he was born December 27, 1865. He wore heavy gold-bowed spectacles, and his small black eyes and spectacles were the most readily observed facts about him. He was very brown from his residence in India, and he had thick black hair, rather inclined to be curly. His jaw was strong, his teeth large and very white. I remember having heard his fond mother at that time remark to a friend upon Rudyard's fine forehead. She was right in the remark, too. He had a rolling gait, and walked with his fists crammed in the pockets of his coat. He was a fairly good tennis player, and I know he used to grieve at his near-sightedness, which prevented him from excelling in the sport. As a boy Kipling was notably careless in dress, in spite of his prim mother's and sister's frequent whispered appeals to be what they called "circumspect." He would not comb and brush his thick hair carefully, and he had a habit of going with his shoe laces untied. He loved to fish (and he does yet) all by himself, or, at any rate, with only one companion, and he would come home to his immaculate mother and sister with a mass of dock burrs or several varieties of nettles clinging to his clothes in a dozen places, while fish scales stuck to his coat and trousers like postage stamps.

In September, 1879, Rudyard entered the United Service College—a comparatively young institution at North Devon, in the Northern parish. I had been a student a year previous. It was a favorite finishing institution for older sons of men in the military service. It was on my father's representations that Mr. Kipling decided to send his son there. It was several weeks before the retiring and black-eyed fellow became well acquainted at the institution. Meanwhile he and I became faster friends, and I learned his fidelity to friendship.

Kipling since I have known him always had a flow of language when he was sure he was in sym-

pathetic company. The moment an uncongenial spirit entered upon the scene he became personified glumness. I can see him now telling a group of eager boyish listeners in the hallway under the gymnasium at North Devon a story of the East Indian fakirs' penances, perhaps, and of a sudden becoming as silent and grave as the Sphinx the moment some uncongenial boy came in. He would clasp his hands in front of him, shut his lips tight and beam upon us through his glasses. He had a trick of rubbing his chin when the narrative of his stories flagged. Another trick in his youth was that of gesturing with his first finger extended like a bayonet. When he introduced the Hindustani dialect in his stories (and, by the way, he had a very good ear for dialects and brogues), he would gesticulate violently with his forefinger. He would seldom use a word not adapted to his sense of fitness. He would rub his chin with his chubby hand and look up through his glasses until the precise word came to his mind. We chaps, however, who had no idea of diction and sought only to get the plot or the sensation, would grow impatient to have "Giggys" proceed. All the lads of North Devon called him "Giggys," because of his large spectacles, that reminded one of giglamps.

From March, 1882, until June, 1883, Kipling was editor-in-chief of the college periodical, the *Chronicle*. . . . At about the same time he won the gold medal of the college for a prize essay on England and Her African Colonies, in the face of lively competition.

As a student, Rudyard Kipling was not a success. He ranked low in scientific studies, and he had no liking for any mathematical studies, and was once plucked on trigonometry. I remember that in history he ranked well. . . . It is surprising, as I review those days at college, that the foremost literary man of the day should have been so little a reader. A score of boys there were more zealous readers than he was. Like all of us, he had read Dickens, Thackeray, and had devoured Captain Marryat's stories. He had several of Charles Reade's novels in his room, but neither they nor any other books ever kept him from full participation in all the college larks, from going on long tramps along the coast, and from executing any scheme to make life a veritable weariness to the simple, horny-handed peasantry that lived in the country round about North Devon.

At amateur theatricals Kipling was always good in boy parts. Once, when he had removed his spectacles to give him a more boyish look, he ran into a post, thinking he was going off the stage. The audience tittered. That settled it. There was no known power in the parish to induce Kipling to ever perform there again. Later in India I saw him play a young rector's part among the army people with marked skill.

From the United Service College Rudyard went to London for three weeks. He sailed for Calcutta in September, 1883. His father had secured for him a place as a sort of sub-editor and all-round reporter on the *Lahore Journal*. I had preceded Rudyard

to India by about a year. Our former friendship was renewed. From November, 1883, until January, 1889, Kipling remained in Lahore and Calcutta, occasionally going out into the country on some mission in his newspaper work. In 1884 he began to contribute to the Civil and Military Gazette at Lahore. His work there attracted the attention of the army in India, and ere long he began to see the English home newspapers copying the stuff. But Kipling was known by all the whites in India three years before he was known in England. And how Kipling did labor in those days! He became as serious and industrious as he had been jolly and ease-loving before. He worked all day for the Lahore Journal, and then would spend hours at night writing sketches, quips and ballads. No matter what the weather—how the temperature ranged away up among the 120s, or what deadly pestilences were abroad—he worked just the same. His industry was all the more remarkable because no white people do any more labor for months at a time in India than is absolutely necessary. . . .

Kipling's progress in the literary world was helped much by his father, mother and sister, and was most advanced between 1883 and 1887. The family home at Lahore was a sort of literary and artistic conservatory. Every one in it put forth every endeavor and summoned all vitality toward the maximum excellence. Every one there was writing something. Miss Kipling (since Mrs. Fleming) was busy on a book about Shakespearean women, and the mother was aiding in the composition. Miss Kipling, by the way, used to know by heart more lines of Shakespeare than any one I ever knew off the stage. John Lockwood Kipling found his diversion in Browning and in plastic art work. The Kipling children were born with rare minds for art in literature. It only needed the unfolding of these minds to reveal their quality. That is why I have said already that Rudyard Kipling's rise as a famous literary character is but the development of inherited skill and artistic talent.

The work that brought Rudyard Kipling most prominently to the attention of the literary English in India, and particularly the army people there, was his stories in the Christmas number of the Civil and Military Gazette for 1885—when he was exactly twenty years old. There were nine of Rudyard's stories and several ballads there, two or three stories and sketches by his sister, and as many more by his brother, and a page of literary criticism and a few pictures by his father; in fact, the Kipling family occupied about the whole Christmas number. One of these numbers sold in New York in 1897 for five dollars. Among Rudyard's stories in that issue were the Phantom Rickshaw, and Parted. They were enthusiastically received in India. Every white man in Calcutta read them. Several months later we saw them republished in the London periodicals. Thomas Hardy, the English novelist, and even Henry James, wrote commendatory letters to Kipling concerning these brilliant specimens of literary craft. He had dozens of complimentary letters from newspaper and literary men and women all over Great Britain. He never let any one outside the family at Lahore see them. He's

just as reticent about what people say of him to this day. He won't be lionized by any one.

*Octave Thanet*

The work of this writer (from whose latest book, *A Slave to Duty, and Other Women*, we quote on another page) is too well known to require comment here, but a few personal details, contributed to *Current Literature* by E. S. Schaeffer, a friend of Miss French, will be of interest to our readers. Mrs. Schaeffer says:

Miss Alice French (Octave Thanet) was born at Andover, Mass., and was educated at the Abbott Academy at Andover, though at that time living in the West. Her father, the late George Henry French, was for many years a prominent manufacturer in Davenport, Iowa, having gone West for his health. He was a man of wide cultivation and keen appreciation of literature and art, descended from an old New England family, the earliest of whom, William French, was captain of the town of Bilrica, a representative for many years in the Colonial Legislature, and an Indian fighter of renown. A letter from him to a friend in England is still preserved in the Massachusetts Historical archives. On her paternal grandmother's side she is descended from the Richardsons, Danforths, Endicotts, and other historic New England families. Her mother was Frances Wood Morton, a daughter of Marcus Morton, Chief Justice and Governor of Massachusetts, and through the Morton side she is descended from George Morton, the Pilgrim, and from the Mayhews, Tillinghasts, Lathrops, and other makers of New England.

Mr. French died about ten years ago, and Miss French's family now consists of her mother, one sister and three brothers. Her youngest brother, Robert Tillinghast French, died a little over a year ago at the age of twenty-six, and by his untimely death left not only his family but the whole community the poorer. The beauty, the courage, the strength and gentleness of so many generations of the best that New England could produce seemed to have culminated in him. Had he lived his name would have become known. On graduating from Harvard, in order the better to learn how to take charge of his business, he went as a working man into the manufactory of which he was part owner, beginning at the bottom and accepting all the conditions of the working man. He went up, step by step, until at the time of his death, he had served his apprenticeship and was ready to take his place at the head of his special branch of the business. His sister feels that it was to him that she was indebted for much of her knowledge of the character of the working people. Such was his sweetness of nature that when he died—in the Canadian city where he had fallen ill—the very nurses of the hospital wept. More than in most cases did one feel that his death did violence to nature.

Two of the brothers are manufacturers, and building on the foundation laid by their father, present a type of the successful and progressive manufacturers in the smaller towns, who endeavor to share their success with their men. There are never any strikes among the French's employees.

Miss French's education was at first largely on



economic and philosophical lines. She was also much interested in early English literature. The story called *The Dilemma of Sir Guy the Hunter*, in *A Book of True Lovers*, shows this phase.

With a few exceptions the books published by her have been collections of short stories. The list of her publications is as follows:

*Knitters in the Sun*, and *Otto the Knight* (Houghton, Mifflin, Boston); *Stories of a Western Town*, *An Adventure in Photography*, *Expiation*, and *The Heart of Toil* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York); *The Missionary Sheriff* (Harper & Brothers, New York); *A Slave to Duty*, and *Other Women* (Herbert S. Stone, Chicago); *A Book of True Lovers* (Way & Williams, Chicago).

The *Stories of a Western Town*, *Expiation*, and *The Missionary Sheriff* have been translated into French; the *Missionary Sheriff* and the *Stories of a Western Town* have also been translated into German, Italian and Swedish, and the *Stories of a Western Town* into Russian.

Most of these volumes consist of stories which have already been published in the magazines, but in addition to those thus collected other tales have been constantly appearing. To Miss French's friends it is a wonder that she finds time to write at all, for not only is she a person of the most varied interests and activities, but she spends herself constantly in the service of her friends. One does not often find a woman in whom are united the judgment, the energy, the common sense and the wide grasp that belong to the successful man of affairs; the tolerance and the tact that go to the making of a diplomat, and the quick sympathy and responsiveness and tenderness of heart that belong to the best type of woman, with an extraordinary amount of that quality or union of qualities that we call charm, with plenty of feminine fondness for the frills of life, too (perhaps that goes with charm), and with a sense of humor that vividly permeates the whole personality. Whichever quality is called out by the exigency of the moment, humor is never absent.

A person like this makes friends, and Miss French has a genius for friendship. Seeing her in her mother's house in Davenport one wonders when she finds time for writing. It is her pleasure to spend much time with her family, and her little nephews and niece find in her their most admired and trusted comrade. The more distracting interruptions come from outside, and are of all sorts, from the claims of society to the appeals of those who are in trouble. And so one says that it is natural that she should like to spend the greater part of the year on the isolated Arkansas plantation where she and her lifelong friend and companion together own a house. Surely that must be the abode of leisure. A plantation with only two houses, eight miles from the railway, cannot offer many social distractions. But out-of-doors there are the negroes and the animals, and the poorer white tenants always delighted with a little attention; indoors there are certain exigencies of house-keeping. Even in an Arkansas winter the water-pipes sometimes freeze, and the Arkansas house-keeper has found it advisable to know something of several trades. The labors are divided. The partner takes charge of the chickens, from incu-

bator to gridiron, and of the flowers and of house decoration, and numerous other things; but there remains enough to occupy pretty fully the time of an industrious person. Guests delight to come from almost any distance, and wonder, after the eight-mile drive along a road that hardly seems a road, between swamps and forests and cotton fields, to find themselves in a house with all the comforts and adornments of civilization, and to sit down at a table where they are offered the delicacies of the St. Louis market. Decidedly not even an Arkansas plantation offers as much leisure as would appear at first sight. But the habit of being busy, which makes one a prey to any interrupting occupation that comes to hand, must also enable one to do one's own work in spite of the interruptions, and I think it must be admitted that the very interruptions furnish a keenly observant person like Miss French with much of her best material. Miss French varies the Davenport and Arkansas life with journeys that give her the needed glimpses of the world—a world that would gladly keep her. But that with all this she has found time for much strenuous mental application is shown by the record of her literary output and the well-known excellence of its workmanship.

The following romantic account of the inspiration of *Hyperion* is clipped from a recent issue of the *Detroit Free Press*:

About the year 1837 Longfellow, in making a tour of Europe, selected Heidelberg for a winter residence. There his wife died. Some time after there came to Heidelberg a young lady of considerable attractions. In course of time the poet became attached to the beautiful girl of sixteen, but his advances met with no response, and he returned to America. The girl, who was also an American, returned home shortly after. Their residences, it happened, were contiguous, and the poet availed himself of this in prosecuting his attentions, which he did with no better success. Unlike Petrarch, who laid siege to the heart of his sweetheart through the medium of sonnets, Longfellow resolved to write a book which would achieve the double object of gaining fame and at the same time her affections. *Hyperion* was the result. His labor and constancy were not without their reward; the girl gave him her heart as well as her hand, and after the wedding they resided in Cambridge, in the house which Washington made his headquarters while in command of the armies.

Joel Benton contributes to the *New York Times* the following article about *Mother Goose*:

The persistent longevity of a well-told story that, as Josh Billings would say, is distinctly "not so," thoroughly vindicates the happy perception of that proverb-maker who said that Falsehood can travel a day's journey before Truth can put on her boots. The myth that suggests this reflection pops up periodically. It appears in good form at least once in a lustrum, and is, therefore, just now going the rounds of the press again. I believe I have met with it at intervals of not more than five years.



The peripatetic tale to which I refer begins by saying that "it is generally thought that Mother Goose was a name got up to please the young," which, says the talemaker, is not the case. Then the wise fabulist proceeds to tell us what is the case, as follows:

"There was a real Mother Goose, who signallized herself by her literature for the nursery. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. She was born in Charlestown, Mass., where she resided until her marriage with Isaac Goose, when she became a stepmother to ten children. As if that was not a sufficient family to look after, she by and by added six children of her own to the number, making sixteen 'goslings' in all. It was rather a heavy handful, and we do not wonder that she poured out her feelings in the celebrated lines:

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;  
She had so many children she didn't know what to do."

Our narrator says that what she did do was to form a habit of entertaining her little flock by telling them little stories in prose and verse and singing songs, which were highly relished. One of her children, who was named Elizabeth, in due time married a Boston printer, Thomas Fleet, and when Mrs. Goose became a widow she went to live with him and sang her old songs to an infant grandson.

The conclusion of this story is that Fleet, being needy and shrewd, thought to "turn a penny" by noting down the grandmother's nursery songs and issuing them to the public. The good old woman, it is stated, lived until 1757, and died at the advanced age of ninety-two.

Sometimes the tale is told with some variation from these details, but whether the one lately "plated" by a syndicate and sent out to the provincial press is just like the one that recently appeared in a Boston religious weekly, from which I have quoted, I have not taken the trouble to determine. Many years ago a pastor of the church in Boston to which this Mother Goose was said to have belonged, preached an anniversary sermon upon some return of her birthday, to which other exercises were added, all of which was put into a pamphlet, which indicated that the general uncritical, local belief in the Boston legend has now for some time obtained a firm hold.

These conspiring assumptions make a pretty enough story, but the pity of it is, it is not true. There was, to be sure, a Boston printer of the last century named Fleet, and he married into a Vergoose family, and this Vergoose was frequently shortened into Goose. All the other items in the account, however, are false, and nobody, as yet, has been able to produce a copy of Fleet's alleged book. If such an edition of Mother Goose should be found, which it is said was brought out in 1719, there is still an abundance of evidence to show that long before that date the Mother Goose name and the Mother Goose literature were variously exploited.

Their production by the famous publisher John Newbury of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, for whom Oliver Goldsmith wrote, did not occur until 1765. But the name Mother Goose had a further antiquity in France. In 1697 her tales were extremely popular, and were introduced under this veritable title, "*Contes de ma Mère l'Oye*." The

term, says Mr. W. H. Whitmore, to whom I am indebted for the most of these facts, occurred in Laret's "*La Muse Historique*" as long ago as 1650, in this way:

"Mais le cher motif de leur joye,  
Comme un conte de la Mère l'Oye,  
Se trouvant fabuleux et faux,  
Ils deviendront tous bien pénauts."

"Mother Goose," says Mr. Whitmore, "was a popular synonym for fairy stories," and there was also in the French the title of *Peau d'Ane*. The tales told to infants as bedtime stories to hush them to sleep were indifferently styled by either name. Nor are these all the examples of this peculiar title. Our author says: "Some writers connect the legend of Mother Goose with Queen Goosefoot (*Reine Pédance*), said to be the mother of Charlemagne. At all events, it is as clear that she belongs to French folk-lore as that she is not to be found in English tradition."

But, to dismiss all this, does any one suppose that when Oliver Goldsmith, in 1768, was heard frequently singing "An old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon," he was using a song that somebody had imported into England from Boston? Or does any one think that so pungent and impressive a book as the *Mother Goose Melodies*, which, absorbed in childhood, would pass on from generation to generation, could have come out in Boston so early as 1719, without a continuing reference to the pretended Elizabeth Foster Vergoose origin? No document or paragraph, however, of eighteenth century inspiration is anywhere to be found that verifies the Boston claim. And how did Benjamin Franklin live through so much of his early history without ever quoting it or alluding to it? As Mr. Whitmore well says: "If there had been an edition printed in Boston in 1719, we can safely say that Benjamin Franklin would have had a copy. In all Franklin's writings there is nothing that suggests a single one of these melodies, or any of the characters therein."

It was not the era then for light rhymes and jingles of their style. "Boston children" of the seventeenth century time "were fed on Gospel food." And high seriousness was the rule clear down to and through the English Reader era. When we add to all this the fact that the Boston Vergoose claim to the melodies only goes back a little over forty years (1856), that it was started by a descendant of Fleet, Mrs. Vergoose's son-in-law, on a "hearsay" flattering to family pride, there is little need of pursuing the subject further.

But the myth of Mother Goose's Boston origin will for a while go on. Careless editors, who find the tale readable; will copy it and send it broadcast, so hard is it for a romance well stuck to to be headed off. But we can at least see that it is exposed from time to time if the result does seem fruitless, until some day it becomes, like Mother Goose's Betty Winckle's Pig, with Betty Winckle representing Boston:

"Little Betty Winckle she had a pig,  
It was a little pig, not very big;  
When he was alive he lived in clover,  
But now he's dead, he is dead all over."

## AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: R. W. GILDER

By F. M. HOPKINS.

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder was born February 8, 1844, in Bordentown, N. J. He began his literary career as a journalist, became editor of *Hours at Home* in 1869, shortly after assumed the associate editorship of *Scribner's Magazine*, and upon the death of Dr. J. G. Holland, in 1881, succeeded him as editor-in-chief, the name of the magazine having been, in the meantime, changed to *The Century*. In this position his influence upon American literature and art has been second to no man of his times.

Mr. Gilder's first volume of verse, *The New Day*, appeared in 1875, and was followed by *The Celestial Passion*, 1887; *Lyrics*, 1885 and 1887; *Two Worlds and Other Poems*, 1891; *The Great Remembrance, and Other Poems*, 1893. The contents of these five volumes were gathered into one volume, under the title, *Five Books of Song*, and published by the Century Company in 1894. He has since published *For the Country*, 1887, and *In Palestine* last year, both by the Century Company.

Mr. Gilder holds a distinct and honorable position among American poets. His first volume, written under the influence of Italian studies, contained lyrics of much imaginative beauty. Its fine quality and promise were quickly recognized, and his verse since has been warmly received. In later years his work has shown a wide range of themes—a broadening vision and a deepening purpose. As has been well said, however, "He remains nevertheless essentially a lyrist, a maker of songs; a thorough artist, who has seriousness, dignity and charm. His is an earnest nature, sensitive alike to vital contemporaneous problems and to the honey-sweet voice of the Ideal."

In looking over the files of *Current Literature* we find that many of Mr. Gilder's best poems have been promptly reprinted upon their appearance in periodicals and his collections. We have avoided duplicating these in the selections following this note. Of these poems, *The Anger of Christ*, *The Poet's Day*, and *Helen Keller*, are taken from *In Palestine*; the others from his collected edition, *Five Books of Song*—all by the poet's and his publisher's permission.

## ANGER OF CHRIST.

On the day that Christ ascended  
To Jerusalem,  
Singing multitudes attended,  
And the very heavens were rended  
With the shout of them.

Chanted they a sacred ditty,  
Every heart elate;  
But He wept in brooding pity,  
Then went in the holy city  
By the Golden Gate.

In the temple, lo! what lightning  
Makes unseemly rout!  
He in anger, sudden, frightening,  
Drives with scorn and scourge the whitening  
Honey-changers out.

By the way that Christ descended  
From Mount Olivet,  
I, a lonely pilgrim, wended,  
On the day his entry splendid  
Is remembered yet.

And I thought: If He, returning  
On this festival,  
Here should haste with love and yearning,  
Where would now his fearful, burning  
Anger flash and fall?

In the very house they builded  
To His saving name,  
'Mid their altars, gemmed and gilded,  
Would His scourge and scorn be wielded,  
His fierce lightning flame.

Once again, O Man of Wonder,  
Let thy voice be heard!  
Speak as with a sound of thunder;  
Drive the false thy roof from under;  
Teach thy priests thy word.

## "THE POET'S DAY."

The poet's day is different from another,  
Though he doth count each man his own heart's brother.  
So crystal-clear the air that he looks through,  
It gives each color an intenser hue;  
Each bush doth burn, and every flower flame;  
The stars are sighing; silence breathes a name.  
The world wherein he wanders, dreams, and sings  
Thrills with the beating of invisible wings;  
And all day long he hears from hidden birds  
The low, melodious pour of musicked words.

OF ONE WHO NEITHER SEES NOR HEARS.  
(Helen Keller.)

## I.

She lives in light, not shadow;  
Not silence, but the sound  
Which thrills the stars of heaven  
And trembles from the ground.

## II.

She breathes a finer ether,  
Beholds a keener sun;  
In her supernal being  
Music and light are one.

## III.

Unknown the subtle senses  
That lead her through the day;  
Love, light, and song and color  
Come by another way.

## IV.

Sight brings she to the seeing,  
New song to those that hear;  
Her braver spirit sounding  
Where mortals fail and fear.

## V.

She at the heart of being  
Serene and glad doth dwell;  
Spirit with scarce a veil of flesh;  
A soul made visible.

## VI.

Or is it only a lovely girl  
With flowers at her maiden breast?  
—Helen, here is a book of song  
From the poet who loves you best.

## "A NIGHT OF STARS AND DREAMS."

A night of stars and dreams, of dreams and sleep;  
 A waking into another empty day—  
 But not unlovely all, for then I say:  
 "To-morrow!" Through the hours this light doth creep  
 Higher in the heavens, as down the heavenly steep  
 Sinks the slow sun. Another evening gray,  
 Made glorious by the morn that comes that way;  
 Another night, and then To-day doth leap  
 Upon the world! Oh quick the hours do fly,  
 Of that new day which brings the moment when  
 We meet at last! Swift up the shaking sky  
 Rushes the sun from out its dismal den;  
 And then the wished for time doth yearn more nigh;  
 A white robe glimmering in the dark—and then!

## "I WILL BE BRAVE FOR THEE."

I will be brave for thee, dear heart; for thee  
 My boasted bravery forego. I will  
 For thee be wise, or lose my little skill; ;  
 Coward or brave; wise, foolish; bond or free.  
 No grievous cost in anything I see  
 That brings thee bliss, or only keeps thee, still,  
 In painless peace. So heaven thy cup but fill,  
 By empty mine unto eternity!  
 Come to me, Love, and let me touch thy face!  
 Lean to me, Love; breathe on me thy dear breath!  
 Fly from me, Love, to some far hiding-place,  
 If thy one thought of me or hindereth  
 Or hurteth thy sweet soul—then grant me grace  
 To be forgotten, though that grace be death!

## LOVE'S CRUELTY.

"And this, then, is thy love," I hear thee say,  
 "And dost thou love, and canst thou torture so?  
 Ah, spare me, if thou lov'st me, this last woe!"  
 But I am not my own; I must obey  
 My master; I am slave to Love; his sway  
 Is cruel as the grave. When he says Go!  
 I go; when he says Come! I come. I know  
 No law but his. When he says Slay! I slay.  
 As cruel as the grave? Yes—crueler,  
 Cruel as light that pours its stinging flood  
 Across the dark, and makes an anguished stir  
 Of life. Cruel as life that sends through blood  
 Of mortal the immortal pang and spur.  
 Cruel as thy remorseless maidenhood.

## LOVE'S JEALOUSY.

Of other men I know no jealousy,  
 Nor of the maid who holds thee close, oh, close!  
 But of the June-red, summer-scented rose,  
 And of the barred and golden sunset sky  
 That wins the soul of thee through thy deep eye;;  
 And of the breeze by thee beloved, that goes  
 O'er thy dear hair and brow; the song that flows  
 Into thy heart of hearts, where it may die.  
 I would I were one moment that sweet show  
 Of flower; or breeze beloved that toucheth all;  
 Or sky that through the summer eve doth burn.  
 I would I were the song thou love'st so,  
 At sound of me to have thine eyelid fall;—  
 But I would then to something human turn.

## A BIRTHDAY SONG.

I thought this day to bring to thee  
 A flower that grows on the red rose tree.  
 I searched the branches,—oh, despair!  
 Of roses every branch was bare.

I thought to sing thee a birthday song,  
 As wild as my love, as deep and strong.  
 The song took wing like a frightened bird,  
 And its music my maiden never heard.

But, Love! the flower and the song divine  
 One day of the year will yet be thine; ;  
 And thou shalt be glad when the rose I bring,  
 And weep for joy at the song I sing.

## THE SONG OF A HEATHEN.

(Sojourning in Galilee, A. D. 32.)

If Jesus Christ is a man,—  
 And only a man,—I say  
 That of all mankind I cleave to Him,  
 And to Him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a God,—  
 And the only God,—I swear  
 I will follow Him through heaven and hell,  
 The earth, the sea, and the air!

## AT NIGHT.

The sky is dark, and dark the bay below  
 Save where the midnight city's pallid glow  
 Lies like a lily white  
 On the black pool of night.

O rushing steamer, hurry on thy way,  
 Across the swirling Kills and gusty bay,  
 To where the eddying tide  
 Strikes hard the city's side!

For there, between the river and the sea,  
 Beneath that glow,—the lily's heart to me,—  
 A sleeping mother mild,  
 And by her breast a child!

## A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

I am a woman—therefore I may not  
 Call to him, cry to him,  
 Fly to him,  
 Bid him delay not!

Then when he comes to me, I must sit quiet;  
 Still as a stone—  
 All silent and cold.  
 If my heart riot—  
 Crush and defy it!  
 Should I grow bold,  
 Say one dear thing to him,  
 All my life fling to him,  
 Cling to him—  
 What to atone  
 Is enough for my sinning!  
 This were the cost to me,  
 This were my winning—  
 That he were lost to me.

Not as a lover  
 At last if he part from me,  
 Tearing my heart from me,  
 Hurt beyond cure—  
 Calm and demure,  
 Then must I hold me,  
 In myself fold me,  
 Lest he discover;  
 Showing no sign to him  
 By look of mine to him,  
 What he has been to me—  
 How my heart turns to him,  
 Follows him, yearns to him,  
 Prays him to love me.

Pity me, lean to me,  
 Thou God above me!



## LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

The Story of the Philippines; Natural Riches, Industrial Resources, Statistics of Productions, Commerce and Population; the Laws, Habits, Customs, Scenery and Conditions of the Cuba of the East Indies and the Thousand Islands of the Archipelagoes of India and Hawaii, With Episodes of Their Early History. The Eldorado of the Orient. Personal Character Sketches of and Interviews With Admiral Dewey, General Merritt, General Aguinaldo and the Archbishop of Manila. History and Romance—Tragedies and Traditions of Our Pacific Possessions. Events of the War in the West With Spain and the Conquest of Cuba and Porto Rico. By Murat Halstead, War Correspondent in America and Europe, Historian of the Philippine Expedition. Chicago: The Dominion Company.

"This is a title page to take one's breath," says the Chicago Chronicle. "It is as good by way of guide to what the author intends shall be its contents, as most of the circulars devised toward like ends by zealous advertisers. Whosoever will read it carefully will know pretty well what is in the book. . . .

"Considering the haste with which it was necessary to make it up, it is a remarkable book for the extent and variety of its information, though no one will be surprised at the liveliness and spirit of the narrative portions nor at the often keen and vivid portraiture of men and character. Haste also readily accounts for the want of system in arrangement. It opens with descriptions, running through two chapters, of visits to Dewey, with glimpses of his campaign, of his curt inquiry of the German flag lieutenant if he wished war with the United States and the assurance that if he did he could have it in five minutes; of how he cared for his men, of the character of the Filipinos, the pleasures, peculiarities and unpleasantnesses of life in Manila, and then the book goes back to trace in outline the trip across this continent and across the Pacific, with incidental sketches of Hawaii, and thence passes to interviews with Aguinaldo, followed by copies of his manifestos and other papers, covering two or three chapters; then an interview with the suave Catholic archbishop, in which interviews the hatred of the natives toward the Spanish priests comes out strong; then chapters on why we have held the islands, on their climate, resources, the Spanish and insurgent forces, the revenues, cost of government, liberal extracts from official reports of the capture of Manila, the administration of General Merritt, our army in the tropics and an account of the execution by the Spanish of Dr. José Rizal, the most eminent literary man of the islands.

"Then it shifts suddenly to the opening of the war in the West and the Santiago campaign, then skips over to and describes the peace jubilees in this city and Philadelphia, reproducing many of the speeches; then shifts suddenly back to the Philippines and their early history, describes the more southern islands, reproduces the Filipino manifesto of grievances against Spanish rule, veers off suddenly to Hawaii, the resources, population and other statistics of the islands, with quite a long résumé of their early history; flies back with dizzying suddenness to Manila and the conditions there,

with the start for home; then takes "snap-shots" in passing at Japan, reverts swiftly to the Philippines in a chapter with profuse illustrations of scenes and people, with Filipino homes, dresses and other peculiarities, jumps to a chapter descriptive of Cuba and Porto Rico, and winds up with a hasty glimpse of Guam, the Ladrone Island we now own. In some sense it is bewildering to be so hustled about the world, but it is not to be denied that the book contains a vast amount of information, much of it hardly to be found elsewhere in English, and most of it very interesting reading. The prefatory chapter Mr. Halstead makes gorgeous with all "the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious"—adjectives until one begins to dread a continuance of the flamboyant vein. But most of it is compressed into that preliminary flourish of trumpets.

"As will be seen, Mr. Halstead does not confine himself to the expedition whereof he proclaims himself "historian," but gallops over the whole field of the war, making a book of great interest and, in its compilation of facts and statistics, of great value. He makes clearer than it has ever been made what a difficult operation General Merritt achieved in thrusting his army of about 8,000 men between two other armies, one of 13,000 and the other of some 14,000, bitterly hostile each toward the other, in order to wrest a fortified city away from the former with one hand and keep the latter out of it with the other, and he writes down a vast number of other things of interest and value.

"The book is profusely illustrated, but the list of pictures given does not indicate the page where any one of the 130 or 140 may be found, an inexcusable blemish. The paper and typography are good, the binding excellent, and the whole volume thoroughly worth keeping."

The Study of the Child. A Brief Treatise on the Psychology of the Child. By A. R. Taylor, Ph. D., President of the State Normal School, Emporia, Kansas. (International Educational Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

"This Treatise on the Psychology of the Child is introduced to the public," says the New York Evening Post, "by Dr. William T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, as a 'sound and wholesome book on child study,' and Dr. Harris contributes a preface discussing the symbolic and functional stages of mind in childhood. That the book is wholesome and, for the most part, sound, is not to be denied, and we shall not quarrel with the preface; but it is milk for babes in child study rather than strong meat for mature students in psychology. The author states that the book is 'intended simply to serve as an introduction to child nature and child problems,' and such should have been the title. It would serve its purpose as an introduction better, however, if the writer had a deeper conception of the real significance of child study. He does not even give the results of many important investigations made in recent years, such as those by Garbini, G. Stanley Hall, Sully, Russell and Barnes—names which, by the way, do not

appear at all (unless in the bibliography) in the pages of his book. Instead of this, seeing that the results in child study already obtained are imperfect, he has attempted to systematize what is necessarily incomplete by filling the gaps in child psychology with the old convenient dogmas of adult psychology. Thus, practically, the author does the very thing which the whole spirit of the child-study movement forbids. He fails to recognize that what may be true of the mature mind is not necessarily true of the developing mind.

"Dr. Taylor's style is not always clear, and some statements are unfortunate. For example, he says (page 60), 'The bridge over from the physical to the mental is found in consciousness.' To the psychologist this sentence is as luminous as the statement that the bridge over from Brooklyn to New York is found in Manhattan. How will it be understood by the beginner? Again, on page 42, quoting Compayré, the writer states that all young children are myopic. Now the functional myopia referred to by Compayré is a very different thing from what is usually called myopia; in fact, hyperopia is so common in young children that many authorities regard it as the normal condition of the eye in infancy. Apart, however, from such minor defects, the book is usually clearly written. No one will question the need of a work on this subject in the International Education Series. However commonplace some of its teachings, it contains much of practical importance; and especially the parts relating to hygiene should be read and remembered by teachers. And now that Mr. Taylor has given us an 'Introduction,' it may be hoped that the editor will find some one to write the 'Treatise.'"

Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire. Percy Bysshe Shelley and Elizabeth Shelley. Edited by Richard Garnett. New York: John Lane.

"In a paradoxical essay, Mr. Leslie Stephen has been lately pleading for perishable books," says the *Saturday Review*. "He would introduce an automatic machinery by which no paper should be used except what was warranted to vanish in, say, a hundred years. This would mean that if a document was not reprinted within a hundred years, it would absolutely cease to be. Every person of sense—except Dr. Garnett, who is prejudiced by the ardors of discovery—will wish that the miserable volume of Shelley's boyish verses which has evaded the world so successfully for nearly ninety years, could have continued to do so to the end; and still more will everybody regret that Mr. Lane's unnecessary reprint was not issued upon vanishing paper. We think that we have never met with a more remarkable instance than this of the habit we have formed of encumbering ourselves with accumulations of the absolutely useless. Here is a little volume of abject verse, published in 1810, and felt, from its first moment of existence, to be so unworthy that it instantly disappeared, yet not allowed, after all, to die a decent death, but raked up again from its grave and distributed broadcast through the country. Could anything be more depressing?"

"But it is not merely a needless addition to the midden of rubbish by which the world is being choked; it is an injury to the fame of a great writer.

Shelley is the representative of whatever is ethereal, transcendent and exquisite. He lives in our imaginations as a fairy being, eminent in splendor and melody. It happens to be a tiresome fact that Shelley, before his temperament asserted itself in a characteristic direction, wrote a vast amount of unmitigated nonsense. He wrote nightmare romances in bad prose, besprinkled with poetry that was even worse. These have not been spared us by his editors. Not only St. Iroyne, but the inexpressible Zastrozzi, have been reprinted to gratify idle bibliographers, and to reach the real works of Shelley, in prose or verse, we have now to tread through miles of sand and silliness. Professor Dowden found a great many more pieces of early doggerel, and could not be persuaded to spare us the publication of them. An American enthusiast has extracted the ragged regiment of these, and made a book of them. But one thing has till now been spared us. Nobody could find Victor and Cazire. These ingenious infants had hidden themselves so coyly in the bulrushes that no daughter of Pharaoh could discover them. It was generally hoped that they had been carried down the flood of time and swept out to sea. But, alas! no; here they are, a dingy couple, a fresh disgrace to Shelley, and a new joy to foolish bibliopoles.

"The badness of these verses is astounding. There are seventeen pieces in all, and of these three are attributed to Elizabeth Shelley; the rest are no doubt by her brother. There is probably no other instance in literary history of a man writing so badly as this in his nineteenth year, and yet ultimately writing so well. Dr. Garnett speaks of 'the crudity of Shelley's early verse,' but 'crude' does not seem to us the epithet for it. What makes it so unspeakable is the silly sweetness of it, the absence of any imitation of a decent model. When Shelley wrote Victor's pieces in this volume of 1810 he was enslaved to two types of literature, one of which, the horrific ballads of 'Monk' Lewis, Dr. Garnett recognizes, while the other, which is still more strongly marked, he seems to have overlooked. What Shelley was chiefly imitating was the poetry of the Della Crusians. He was at the feet of Arley; he smote the harp-strings of Anna Matilda. We fancy that if Dr. Garnett is really so extremely anxious to discover the sources of the inspiration of Victor, he would do well to examine the columns of the *World* newspaper for 1787 and 1788. But what a distressing task it will be!

"We have no wish to be unreasonable even to bibliographers, and for Dr. Garnett especially we have a sincere respect. We can comprehend his excitement at the fulfillment in 1898 of a prophecy which he was astute enough to make in 1859. But we would like to ask him whether all purposes would not have been fulfilled by placing the unique copy, which has just turned up, in a case in the British Museum Library. There it would have lain, a sad little proof that men of genius may sometimes pass through a period of imbecility in their callow youth. But what possible end is served by the reprinting of the wretched stuff for every ignoramus to buy, and make a mockery of Shelley's fame with? Moreover, in Dr. Garnett's preface, we note a phrase which is really sinister, 'When these pieces



are incorporated into Shelley's works,' he says. It is possible that the weird tribe of Shelley-worshippers have already made up their minds to commit this further outrage on his memory? If so, we lose no time in putting in our earnest protest.

"This unnecessary reprint adds nothing worth possessing to our knowledge of Shelley's condition, character or mental development. Dr. Garnett's preface is a skillful and ingenious piece of special pleading, to prove that it does; but we read what he says, and we turn to the wretched verses, and we are not convinced. In short, we are sorry to be obliged to say, in the immortal words of Caliban, to any one purposing to spend his money on this elegant blue volume, 'Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash!'"

Campaigning in Cuba. By George Kennan. New York: The Century Company.

"A high place must be awarded to this contribution by the author of *Siberia and the Exile System* to the voluminous literature of the Spanish war," says the Boston Journal. "Mr. Kennan went to Cuba in a double rôle. He was the war correspondent of the Outlook, and a volunteer agent of the Red Cross. He saw less of the fighting at the front than many other writers who accompanied the army, but he saw a great deal more of the suffering at the rear. The most graphic and important portions of his book are those which treat of the desperate work in the field hospital near Pozo after the hard fighting around Santiago.

"Mr. Kennan found the equipment of this hospital 'wretchedly incomplete and inadequate,' due, he is careful to say, to no lack of vigilance on the part of the field force, but to the extraordinary difficulties of transportation. The result was a 'dreadful and heartrending state of affairs in that hospital at the end of the second day's fight.' 'If there was anything more terrible in our civil war,' he adds, 'I am glad that I was not there to see it.' The horror of the situation was intensified by the murderous work of Spanish sharpshooters concealed in trees far in the rear of the battle lines, along the paths from the front to the hospital. 'These cold-blooded and merciless guerillas fired all day Friday at our ambulances and at our wounded,' and 'killed two of our Red Cross men.'

"But there was another side to all these dreadful scenes about that Fifth Corps field hospital whither on three burning July days hundreds and hundreds of our boys in blue were borne to receive the hasty attention of the surgeons. There was not one Sir Philip Sidney among these nameless soldiers—there were scores of them. Mr. Kennan is a student and a traveler; he has seen much of human suffering. But he says of these days at Santiago: 'A more splendid exhibition of patient, uncomplaining fortitude and heroic self-control than that presented by these wounded men the world has never seen.' 'They were suffering—some of them were dying—but they were strong. Many a man whose mouth was so dry and parched with thirst that he could hardly articulate would insist on my giving water first, not to him, when it was his turn, but to some comrade who was more badly hurt or had suffered longer. Intense pain and the fear of impend-

ing death are supposed to bring out the selfish, animal characteristics of man; but they do not in the higher type of man. Not a single American soldier in all my experience in that hospital ever asked to be examined or treated out of his regular turn on account of the severity, painful nature or critical state of his wound. On the contrary, they repeatedly gave way to one another, saying: 'Take this one first—he's shot through the body. I've only got a smashed foot and I can wait.' Even the courtesies of life were not forgotten or neglected in that valley of the shadow of death. If a man could speak at all, he always said, "Thank you," or "I think you very much," when I gave him bread or water.' 'If there was any weakness or selfishness or behavior not up to the highest level of heroic manhood among the wounded American soldiers in that hospital during those three terrible days, I failed to see it. As one of the army surgeons said to me, with the tears very near his eyes: "When I look at those fellows and see what they stand, I am proud of being an American, and I glory in the stock. The world has nothing finer."'

"Mr. Kennan gives in other chapters of his book a continuous narrative of the military operations about Santiago, including the gallant fight of Colonel Huntington's marine battalion in Guantanamo Bay. He describes, too, the generous and effective nature of the Red Cross work, as no one else has done it, and his observations round about Santiago City after the surrender are full of interest. But when it comes to detailed criticism of the Santiago plan of campaign, Mr. Kennan is not so fortunate. This material might profitably have been omitted from his book. Mr. Kennan, it should be remembered, is not a soldier, but a civilian, and General Shafter's own story in the February number of the Century Magazine very clearly shows that on many points his civilian critics have done him injustice."

How Music Developed. By W. J. Henderson. New York: F. A. Stokes & Co.

"Mr. Henderson's new book is one that ought to find many readers," says the New York Evening Sun. "For not only is it an interesting little critical history of the evolution of music, but it is one that has no difficulties for the layman. The author has evidently taken pains to make all that he speaks clear, even to the reader without technical training, and he has succeeded, for there is nothing that may not readily be understood by any one who has the slightest knowledge of music; by any one, in short, who is likely to be at all interested in the book. The author starts with the earliest times. In a brief opening chapter he tells of the cultivation of music in the primitive Christian Church, mentioning only incidentally the practice of the ancients, for it is with the growth of modern music that he professes to deal. He then goes on to speak of the introduction of harmony and the origin and gradual development of counterpoint. Thus he traces the evolution of the art to its culmination in Beethoven. He does not stop at Beethoven, however, but proceeds to indicate how the romantic element was cultivated and developed by the men who arose after him, and speaks of the great artists of recent times, of Wagner and other composers of the nine-



teenth century, whose work has had most influence upon the several branches of music. The three great periods—the Polyphonic, the Classic and the Romantic—are dealt with as fully as is possible within the somewhat limited capacity of the volume; for, as the author points out, one of the chief reasons for the study of musical history by the amateur is to acquire a just point of view, and to aid him in this acquisition is partly his purpose in writing the book. 'In listening to the music of any composer the hearer,' he says, 'should take into account the general tendency, purpose and scope of musical art of his period, and also the particular aims of the composer. No one has a right to say that Mozart failed because he did not achieve what Beethoven did. Mozart accomplished all that could be accomplished with the resources of musical art in his day, and he himself enormously enlarged those resources. That is the achievement of a genius. Every one has a right to say that Donizetti and Bellini failed, because they not only did not succeed in accomplishing all that it was possible to accomplish in opera in their time, but deliberately ignored the fundamental principles of technique made by Gluck and Mozart.' The book throughout is written in a clear and lucid style, and is nowhere overburdened with technicalities or superfluous detail."

The Borderland of Society. By Charles Belmont Davis. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

"Mr. Davis bears a name distinguished in modern American literature," says the London Academy, "and it must be said that he writes astonishingly like his more famous brother. There is the same attitude toward life, the same faculty for finding the picturesque, the same mild brightness of style. Most of the tales in this little volume have been taken from American magazines; it had been better if some—*La Gommeuse* and *The Story of His Life*, for example—had remained there; but one or two are good. The best tales are a couple which happen not to have appeared in magazines. *A Winter City Favorite* is a picture of Monte Carlo society, not showing much original observation perhaps, but treating picturesquely the obviously picturesque, and informed, toward the end, by genuine feeling and dramatic power. At a *Café Chantant* is even better—quite in the *de Maupassant* manner—but marred by a certain crudity in the presentation of the climax.

"Mr. Davis has wandered in the purlieus of American and continental cities, and has a large reserve of exotic local color, which he uses generously yet with discretion. The book is a mine of strange information. . . .

"The virtues of Mr. Davis' first book are negative rather than positive. He has more restraint than power, more correctness than originality, more discretion than artistic courage. But what effects he attempts he accomplishes, and for the most part the tales are very creditable."

#### NOTES.

"Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. publish in *Essays on Work and Culture*, the eighth book of Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, the number of whose vol-

umes," says Richard Henry Stoddard in the *New York Mail and Express*, "and the subjects of which they treat would seem to justify the title of the one before us, and the favor with which they have been received. Mr. Mabie is a practiced writer, with a fluent and correct manner, and a cultured familiarity with a variety of social and literary types; but he is not a writer whom we should think of criticising seriously, he is so faultily faultless, never offending one's taste and never startling one with anything, even an original phrase. He has acquired the art of easy writing, and with it the something which makes it easy reading, but not the more important thing, which makes even hard writing easy reading, and which, whether one agrees with it or not, refuses to be forgotten. He is too gentle, too placid, too expansive."

"One could not readily have believed that Charles Egbert Craddock's style could be disguised or changed," says the *Providence Journal*, "but, save perhaps in the descriptions of nature, only the signature could convince the reader that *The Story of Old Fort Loudon* (The Macmillan Co., \$1.50) was written by the author of *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains* and the rest of Charles Egbert Craddock's Tennessee mountain stories. The time of the story is before and after the surrender of Fort Loudon to the Cherokees, and the treacherous massacre of the evacuated party by the same Cherokees while on their march to Fort St. George. Most of the personages were real, some are historic, and one reads of the sunshine and shadows of those hapless pioneers and of their tragic fate, of the bravery and discipline of the little English stronghold in all that populous environment of savages, with sad interest and fresh admiration of the qualities the American forefathers and foremothers held, and human nature in general holds, however unsuspected, latent."

"Elizabeth Robbins' new novel, *The Open Question*, first published in London and just issued on this side by the Harpers, is attracting a good deal of attention," says the *Brooklyn Eagle*. "The authoress is an American actress, who has paid great attention to literature, and her novels, *George Manville's Husband*, *Below the Salt*, and *The New Moon*, published over the signature, C. E. Raimond, attracted much favorable criticism. It was supposed that the author was a man. It was not until after the publication of her latest novel, *The Open Question*, that her secret was discovered, and it is said that she was much discomfited thereat. But it could not be expected that after so marked a success as *The Open Question* that her literary incognito could be preserved. Her book has created a sensation on the other side; whether it will meet with equal success here is like the title to the book. It has happened more than once that novels that have been acclaimed by the London critics have failed to secure more than a limited vogue here, and yet it cannot be denied that Miss Robbins' book is a most notable and interesting production, evincing great power and giving assurances that the writer is abundantly gifted with literary genius of a high order."

## CLARISON: A NEW INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE\*

For many centuries philologists have endeavored to invent or construct an universal language; that is to say, a language which may pass as a common form of expression among people of diverse nationalities; and as it is clear that all attempts up to the present have wholly failed, the linguist who brings forward yet a new model, claiming to provide a sensible and fit medium for international converse, begins much handicapped by previous failures. My qualifications for the task, since, in justice to the reader, I ought not intrude my suggestions on him without any, are to have studied the subject for some fifteen years, to have made myself acquainted with all the more important previous essays in this direction, and with most of the less notable proposals; and to have endeavored to avoid their errors and misconceptions. The greatest pitfall in the way of an author or constructor is the creative inspiration; for while it is not difficult to invent a new vehicle of speech, it requires, perhaps, some resolution to resist many seductive opportunities for wandering from the rigid path of simplicity, and for introducing individual whims and peculiarities into the work.

The usefulness and need of an universal language is not widely questioned; but to note a few only of its benefits, I will mention that its use would simplify all intercommunication between countries; traveling would be easier, commerce fostered, and effective means provided of removing those frequent, and even daily, misunderstandings between countries willing to be friends. What would be the present state of music in the world if every country favored a separate notation?

I desire to make it clear, however, that, disagreeing with certain visionaries who have engaged in former projects, I by no means propose that the language which I have constructed shall supersede the acquirement of any living tongues; it would seem superfluous to mention this, had it not been seriously proposed by early authors that mankind should abandon all existing forms of speech in favor of a single new one. An universal language can be and should be, in my opinion, simply an additional method of expression; it is to be a kind of universally understood notation, or a kind of linguistic shorthand. It cannot, because of its very regularity and clearness, be used to express the most subtle and intimate thoughts of an author's mind; but it can serve as a perfect method of communication for correspondence, for commerce, for discourse, and for the conveyance of general, scientific and technical knowledge.

It would be both interesting and profitable to discuss at length all the serious attempts to construct an universal language which are known to history. Doubtless, not even the earliest ages were without some projects and inventions for remedying the disaster of Babel; but it is not until modern, or rather recent, times that we encounter systems fully deserving of consideration. I shall not therefore describe the suggestions made by Bishop Wilkins and

Leibniz; they served but as signposts to show future adventurers where quicksands and obstacles lay; but I shall at once come to the system which first attracted general attention; the only one, in fact, with which English people (a few philologists excepted) are familiar; this is Dr. Schleyer's Volapük. As an author of a new language I am in the somewhat thankless position that I must criticise the attempts of my predecessors; but, had I not begun by doing this for my own sake, I should never have invented a language of another kind; while it is plain that if these earlier projects had not been open to very severe criticism, they would not have failed.

Dr. Schleyer then, it must be confessed, has been worsted by some of the obvious obstacles of the task. An author's highest mental gift for constructing an universal language is that he shall be able to uproot his prejudice in favor of his native tongue. Herein was Dr. Schleyer's first error; for having, as a Swiss, been trained from infancy to speak and to love the German language, he allowed his affection for that undeniably difficult and guttural form of speech to master his judgment; in consequence, he erected his invention on almost the worst foundation he could have chosen; and, as a result, instead of Volapük being easy of acquirement, it called for years of patient study. To an Englishman it appeared a remarkably difficult language, in spite of the kinship of German with his own Saxon tongue, and of the many English roots in Volapük. What it must have been to a Frenchman, a Spaniard, or an Italian can be imagined. One little instance will typify the needless difficulties of the language. Who would believe that the name Volapük is pure English? Yet so it is; and the process of its construction is more ingenious than practical. The word "world" was taken as one of its roots; the letters "r" and "d" were eliminated, the "w" replaced by "v", and "vol" was the resultant. The word "speak" was treated in the like manner; the "s" canceled, and the "ea" replaced by "ü," for no reason at all but that Dr. Schleyer loved the sound of the German modified "u." Thus we get Volapük, or world-speak. Since by this method the word Volapük becomes as hard to the Englishman as world-speak would be to the foreigner, it is not easy to understand the advantage of the change. I am unable to examine Volapük at length; suffice it to say, and I think that even former enthusiasts for the language would now agree with me, that it was difficult, ungraceful and intricate—all, in fact, that it should not have been.

For the last thirty years Continental philologists have been much exercised to promote new plans and suggestions, though of late fewer have been put forward. Chief among these were the *Pasilingua* of Steiner, Dr. Esperanto's *La Linguo Internacia*, the *Ideography* of Don Sinibaldo de Mos, and a very extraordinary and quite incomprehensible work, entitled *Alevato*, by S. P. Andrews, an American. The new proposals were often schoolboyish in their innocence; in some, Latin and Romance terminations were annexed to English and German

\*From the London Year Book.



roots; thus, in Pasilingua, "frish-o" stood for fresh, and "red-o" for red, and the result was like nothing more than a London butcher-boy's contemptuous extempore Italian, when he speaks of a "taster-o of ice-cream-o." These matters I can mention only briefly, and must defer their fuller consideration until I have more space at my command. They at least provided me with humorous relief among extensive studies, which otherwise would have become dry and wearisome. I am therefore compelled to take for granted in my succeeding observations both the end of a common international method of communication and the undisguised failure of previous endeavors.

The qualities necessary to an universal language I take to be these:

- (a) Great ease of acquirement.
- (b) Undeviating regularity.
- (c) Perfect simplicity.
- (d) Completeness of expression.

The first of these depends largely from the second and third; and bears within it the necessity of observing a variety of minor needs, to which I shall refer hereafter. Undeviating regularity is requisite, since it is the lack of this which causes the greater part of the obstacles in all languages not logically constructed throughout. Let the irregular verb alone be eliminated from French or English, and how many laborious weeks are saved to the student? Perfect simplicity might seem to be a mere sub-division of the clause preceding it; in effect, it is not so. A language may be regular, and yet be intricate; or it may be simple and admit many irregularities; music may stand as an example of the one case, and sign-language of the other. By completeness of expression I mean simply, as I have previously suggested, completeness for the needs of converse, trade and science; fulness and delicacy of literary or emotional expression are not sought for, nor advantageous.

Before proceeding with the task of showing how I have endeavored in Clarison (the name I have tentatively given to this new language) to attain the foregoing acquirements, I must, at the risk of being wearisome, reiterate that want of space will prevent me from giving more than a mere outline of a subject which would, and probably will, in the course of a year, fill a book of moderate size, so that in some instances I am forced to make assertions which I have no present opportunity of proving, and in all it is my task to contract matter to the point of irreducible brevity.

A system of constructing an universal form of speech which has had numerous disciples may be called the anarchistic method, and consists in forming a vocabulary of English, German and Romance words in due proportions; just as an hundred anarchists of diverse nativity assemble in a little hall, and (each man speaking his own mother tongue) style themselves An United and Harmonious Congress for the Improvement of Humanity; the one method being no less sensible than the other. This principle must be discarded, in company with the plan of composing a vocabulary of sounds or symbols entirely new and arbitrary; how fascinating is the temptation to yield to this latter course only those can know who have resisted it. To an en-

thusiastic author it is a pleasant thing to imagine that future generations, at his peremptory bidding, will call "a house" "m'uncrar," or "to write" "pepiluk"; but the fancy must be tempered by the consideration that humanity will adopt no language which is not simple and reasonable of study. The keystone of the system seems to me, beyond question, to lie in the adoption of some form or forms at present common to all existing languages, or to a great number of them. The divergences of Oriental and Western speech are, however, too great to admit of compromise; and we must have recourse to the common strain in most European tongues—the Latin or Romance. We English speak two languages—Saxon and Romance, or modernized Latin—and the existence of the two, side by side, is almost as notable as the violent grafting of Arabic on Persian remarked by Sir William Jones. So great and continuous has been this transplanting of Romance, that Dr. Alberto Liptay, in his amusing work, *La Lengua Católica*, says: . . . . "El inglés, lengua que si bien pertenece á la familia germánica por su construcción gramatical, podemos sin embargo reclamar, si no precisamente como dialecto romano, por lo menos como lengua muy romanizada. . . . Podemos construir en inglés sentencias enteras con palabras latinas solamente."\*

So thoroughly Romanized is English that we even have Latin equivalents for most of our simple Saxon words; we do not employ "canis," but we do speak of "canine"; we use "finger" and "digital"; "woman" and "feminine"; "boy" and "puerile"; "year" and "annual"; and so onward without end. As this Roman stock is common, in varying degrees, to all European tongues, its employment as the basis of any new international language seems to me inevitable and fortunate; and accordingly Clarison, as its name suggests, is Romance in substance and root.

A consideration only second to the taking advantage of an existent common stock, is the question of the sounds employed to form syllables. It would appear obvious that no sounds should be selected save those common to all European tongues: Volapük employs six or seven sounds unfamiliar to Englishmen, although it must be English usage in the end which shall seal the fate of any universal language. All such sounds as ch, ö, ü (German); j or x (Spanish); u, eu, un, on, in, en, an (French); ão (Portuguese); ci (Italian); ch (English or Spanish); th, soft or hard, j and h (English), must be wholly banished.† The sounds therefore

\*I may perhaps quote here, in confirmation of my opinion of "Volapük," Dr. Liptay's own view: "En efecto, la invención de Schleyer no obedeció 'á ninguna consideración filosófica,' sino á la exclusivamente material de la simplicidad de sus elementos"—a simplicity, I might add, acquire knowledge of an universal language, pronounce the and expansion.

†It is interesting to note that the author of "Volapük," while preserving a number of sounds difficult to Englishmen, eliminated the letter "r," almost the finest sound in human speech (when pronounced "cittadinescamente," as Boccaccio would have said), and replaced it by "l." What makes this whim doubly odd is the fact that the Japanese, the only Orientals sufficiently enterprising to acquire knowledge of an universal language, pronounce the "r," but cannot sound the "l."



which I have adopted in Clarison are nineteen only in number, and can be pronounced perfectly by any European. I give them here:

Letter.	Sound.	Letter.	Sound.
a	ah; as in father; caro.	n	as in nigh.
b	as in best.	o	oh; as in uomo; home.
c	k, always; as in cost.	p	as in pale.
d	as in do.	r	as in merry.
e	eh; as in velo; hate.	s	as in song.
f	as in fill.	t	as in too.
g	g hard, always; as in gum.	u	oo; as in shoot; muta.
i	ee; as in scene; di.	v	as in vast.
l	as in love.	x†	ks; as in exact.
m	as in many.	y	as in youth; yo (Span.)

In Clarison there are no awkward combinations of consonants, such as are occasional in English, and frequent in German; all words, of course, are absolutely phonetic in spelling. In point of pronunciation it should be observed that a slight amount of license is permitted to people of diverse nationalities; thus an Englishman will pronounce the "d" in Clarison after his native fashion; the Continental may pronounce it with the tip of his tongue, and with a slight suggestion of "dh."

A number of details which will assist the reader to gather the scope and character of the language may here be run through shortly.

The accent falls on the last syllable in words ended by a consonant; on the penultimate in others. Thus: "cantàl," "bòni."

Nouns have three genders: First, second and third; corresponding with the English masculine, feminine and common, or neuter. Thus: "Cavalu," a stallion or gelding; "cavala," a mare; "cavalo," a horse (of either sex). Their plurals are formed in "s." Thus: "Cavalus," "cavalas," "cavalos." They have no other inflection.

The verb in Clarison is the chief part of speech. All verbs are regular; and there is but one conjugation. There are no inflections for person and number, since these are indicated by the accompanying nouns or pronouns. Thus: "Avar," to have (inf.); "avani," having (pres. part.); "avi," had (past part.); "avita," have! let have! (imper.); "ave," have, hast, has, etc. (pres.); "avu," had, hadst, etc. (past); "aveta," will or shall have (future); "avuta," should have (condit.) Examples: "Tu ave," thou hast; "vo aveta," you shall have; "lus avu," they had. I am compelled to omit mention of the compound tenses (shall have had, etc.), the passive voice (were had, etc.), the imperfect or suspensory tenses (am having, shall be having), and the subjunctive mood (may, might have).

The pronoun is the only part of speech inflected for both number and case, since it alone needs both. It is declined very simply, thus: "Vo," you (nom.); "voi," to you (dat.); "von," you (acc.); "voni," your (poss.). In the same way, "lu," he; "la," she, etc., are declined, "lu," "lui," "lun," "luni"; "la," "lai," "lan," "lani," etc.

Adjectives are of two classes, primary and derivative, the former terminating in "i" or "o," the latter in "l," thus: "Boni," good (prim.); "fumil," smoky (deriv. from "fumar," to smoke). They have

†Preserved merely for brevity and appearance, and to show the derivation in words like exalt.

no number or case, as in English. The cardinal numbers proceed thus: "Ono," "do," "tro," "catro," "sinco," "sexo," "septo," "octo," "nono," "deco," "decono," "vento," "cento," "cento carento," etc. (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 20, 100, 140, etc.); the ordinals proceed thus: "Oni," "di," "tri," "catri," etc.

The adverb is formed by affixing the syllable "ca" to the adjective, thus: "Boni," "bonica"; "fumil," "fumilca."

The foregoing are the main parts of speech; no account need be given here of the article, conjunction, preposition or interjection.

The verb, as I have already indicated, is, in Clarison, the principal word, and, for various weighty reasons, is taken as the root in all groups of inter-linked words, such as colony, colonize, colonist, colonial. This being an important factor in simplifying and abbreviating the language, I append a list of the words in the "colony" group, as they appear in Clarison:

Verb	colonar	to colonize.
1st noun	colono	colony.
2d noun	colonal	colonist, colonizer.
3rd noun	colonan	colonization.
1st adj.	colonil	colonial.
2nd adj.	colonavil	colonizable.
3rd adj.	colonaril	to be-colonized.
4th noun	colonilit	colonialness.
5th noun	colonavilit	colonizableness.
6th noun	colonarilit	(no equivalent in English.)
1st adv.	colonilca	colonially.
2nd adv.	colonavilca	colonizably.
3rd adv.	colonarilca	(no equivalent).

The value of this series need not be dwelt on, and the student who masters the twelve suffixes given above can form without hesitation, and with perfect regularity, a vast number of indispensable words, the equivalents of which in his own language (from the irregularity of their derivation) he must perforce learn one by one. It will be noticed in addition that several inflected forms provide expressions such as are to be found in no modern language, and many of these expressions, as could be shown, tend to extreme brevity of utterance, as well as fulness of expression. I remarked at the beginning that the more subtle and intimate forms of expression are not aimed at in Clarison, but, on the other hand, I trust I am not overstepping proper bounds in making the claim that for exactitude and fulness of expression it excels any living language. Every proficient writer of English knows the momentary necessity of avoiding certain turns of thought, which, though perhaps expressive, are graceless and impossible. A good style in any language, in effect, largely means a skilful steering between the rocks and shoals with which ordinary human speech abounds. Such words as "smokable," "usable," and the like, are instances of this clumsiness of appearance; in Clarison their equivalents are both proper and elegant. The reader who cares to trace the useful character of the series of derivatives may do so by adding their suffixes to "fumar," to smoke; "proponar," to propose; "frapar," to strike; "amar," to love; "pensar," to think.

On the syntax of the language I need say but little. My aim in this regard has been to attain sim-

plicity and clearness, without involving the necessity of observing a rigid form of constructing sentences. Plain English, in syntax, is in many ways a model of what is desirable, and the English student will therefore find little difficulty in following the rules. In a simple sentence, the order of the parts of speech runs thus: Subject, verb, object, adverb; or subject, verb, adverb, object. Compound tenses are not separated as in most modern tongues. Neither "I have often struck him" (as in English), nor "I have him often struck" (as in German), is allowable. The sentence in Clarison is, "Yo ave frapi lun frecora" (I have struck him often). This sentence also serves to show that the objective pronoun is placed after the verb, not between the subject and the verb, as in the French form, "Je l'ai souvent frappé."

Since the sound and appearance, as well as the grammatical construction of a language, are of the greatest importance, no word has been added to the vocabulary, and no form of inflection has been invented or applied, but with careful reference to these two requisites.

The intention I have pursued in Clarison, and embodied in its name, has been to form a clear, sonorous form of speech, expressive and emphatic; less thin than Italian; less guttural than Spanish; and altogether eliminating the nasal vowel sounds of French and Portuguese. To this end, I have avoided the continual vowel endings of Italian, by forming the plural of nouns in "s," by terminating certain classes of nouns and adjectives in "l" and "n" ("colonial," "fumil," "pensan") by ending the infinitive verb in "r" and the accusative pronoun in "n." Sibilants are not frequent, and the "r" and "l" are much employed throughout. While unseemly unions of consonants are thrust aside, I have not reduced the language to insipidity by over-vocalizing it, after the style of Japanese and certain inferior dialects of the world.

The sound of "k" is, I think, too little heard in any language but Greek; and, accordingly, I have restored it in the Clarisonil equivalents of Romance words where its sound has sunk into "s" or "ch." The clearest manner, however, of exhibiting the appearance and sound of the language is to give some specimens; a few of these are therefore appended. The reader who is interested may pronounce them without hesitation by following the table of sounds placed opposite the Clarisonil letters, together with the simple rules of accent which have been mentioned. It will be seen that there are no diacritical marks in the language.

A passage from the Revelation of John (chap. xviii.), translated into Clarison:

Posta estis yo vidu descendar da ti celo an altri angelu, cu avu grandi otoran; en ti tero silumu da luni glorio. En lu clamu co a povril voco, dicani:

"Babilono ti grandi sare cadi, sare cadi; en la sare ti abitan da demonos, en ti albergo da cascì napropil spirito, en da cascì napropil en abominil avo. Cara toti ti nationos ave bibi da ti vino da lani fornicil furio; en ti regalus da ti tero ave fornici co lan, en ti mercals da ti tero ave dirici da ti abundan da lani luxu."

For the purpose of comparison, I give the same passage in a few other modern languages:

## SPANISH.

Despues de estas cosas yo vi otro ágel descender del cielo, teniendo grande autoridad; y la tierra fué alumbrada de su gloria. Y clamó con fortaleza en alta voz, diciendo:

"Caida es, caida es la grande Babilonia, y es hecha abitacion de demonios, y guarida de todo espiritu inmundo, y albergue de todas aves sucias, y aborrecibles: porque todas las gentes han bebido del vino del furor de su fornicacion, y los reyes de la tierra han fornicado con ella, y los mercaderes de la tierra se han enriquecido de la potencia de sus deleites."

## ITALIAN.

Dopo queste cose, io vidi un altro angelo che scendeva dal cielo, il quale avea gran autorità; e la terra fu illuminata dalla gloria d'esso. Ed egli gridò con forte voce, dicendo:

"Caduta, caduta, è Babilonia la grande, ed è divenuta abitazione di demoni, e albergo d'ogni spirito immondo, e d'ogni uccello immondo ed abbominevole. Perciocchè tutte le nazione hanno bevuto del vino dell'ira della sua fornicazione, e i re della terra hanno puttaneggiato con lei, ed i mercatanti della terra sono arricchiti della dovizia delle delizie."

## FRENCH.

Après cela, je vis descendre du ciel un autre ange, qui avait un grand pouvoir; et la terre fut éclairée de sa gloire. Et il cria avec force et à haute voix, et dit:

"Elle est tombée, elle est tombée, la grande Babylone; et elle est devenue la demeure des demons, et la repaire de tout esprit immonde, et de tout oiseau immonde et horrible. Car toutes les nations ont bu du vin de la fureur de son impudicité, et les rois de la terre se sont prostitués avec elle; et les marchands de la terre se sont enrichis de l'abondance de son luxe."

## ROUMANIAN.

Si dupa acestea amu vedutu altu angern pogorindu-se din ceriu, care avea putere mare; si pamentulu s'a luminatu de stralucirea lui. Si a strigatu in taria cu voce mare, dicendu:

"A cadutu, a cadutu, Babilonulu celu mare, si s'a facutu locasu demoniloru, si paza a totu spiritulu necuratu, si paza a tota paserea necurata si uriciosa; caci tote natiunile au beutu din vinulu maniei desfrenarei, si regii pamentului au sevarsitu desfrenare cu ea, si negutiatorii pamentului s'au imbogatitu prin abundanta desfetariloru ei."

## ENGLISH.

After these things, I saw descending from heaven another angel, who had great authority; and the earth was lightened by his glory. And he cried aloud with a mighty voice; and said:

"Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and has become the dwelling-place of devils and the haunt of every foul spirit, and of every foul and hateful bird. For all the nations have drunk the wine of her whorish fury; and the kings of the earth have whored with her; and the merchants of the earth have grown rich from the great store of her luxury."

I refrain from giving the passage in German, or other Northern tongues, since their inclusion would be of no assistance to the comparison. To any one who already knows French, Spanish or Italian, the acquisition of this language would be an extremely simple matter. It is no exaggeration to say that all the rules could be learned in a few hours; and the language currently spoken and written in two or three weeks. To the English student without knowledge of any language other than his own, this time would be prolonged, but any person of ordinary intelligence, over twenty years in age, could learn to read the language fluently in less than two months, and to speak it in three or four.

## IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

Melissa.....Owen Grey.....Rhymes and Rhapsodies

My Lady walks, with footsteps light,  
Among the dewy grasses,  
With webs of gossamer bedight,  
Nor bends them, where she passes.

Her hair is honey-golden. Brown  
Her eyes, as, on the mountains,  
The little streams that bicker down  
The slope, in laughing fountains.

Her brow is whiter than the moon,  
Upon the ocean dreaming.  
Her cheeks are like the rose of June,  
Among the lilies gleaming.

Her bosom is like hawthorn snow  
Upon the scented hedges.  
Her sighs, like summer winds that blow  
Across the spicy sedges.

To flower, and stream, to earth, and air,  
Men once their gods assigned;  
I worship her alone, and there  
My whole phantheon find.

In the Gray Days.....Theodosia Pickering Garrison.....Munsey's

In the gray days, I pray you, dear,  
Let your true heart be ever near,  
With the old gifts your presence brings,  
The tenderness, the comfortings,  
The constant hope that conquers fear.

Like sudden sun when clouds are drear,  
Your smile across the darkness flings  
The sunshine of remembered springs,  
In the gray days.

Sweetheart, when all life's skies are clear  
I love you; but, when gaunt and sere  
The old grief comes, like some sad ghost,  
Then most I love you—need you most.  
Beggared I pray you for your cheer,  
In the gray days.

Love's Call.....William Hamilton Hayne.....Harper's Bazar

Oh, what care I for wealth or fame!  
They v nish as a dream,  
When night is drawn through gates of Dawn  
On Slumber's ebbing stream!  
Let others sing of Death and War,  
Or Sorrow's tragic lore;  
But Love has come and calls me home  
To meet him at the door!

Oh, what care I to weave my fate  
On Life's mysterious loom,  
Its warp and woof from peace aloof—  
The glitter and the gloom!  
Let others sing of Death and War,  
Or Sorrow's tragic lore;  
But Love has come and calls me home  
To meet him at the door!

Oh, what care I for clashing creeds,  
Or hostile schools of art.  
If I may wear through smile and tear  
The ermine of the heart!  
Let others sing of Death and War,  
Or Sorrow's tragic lore;  
But Love has come and calls me home  
To meet him at the door!

Oh, what care I for houseless winds,  
With rain and darkness blent,

If through the blight on me may light  
The shy dove of content!  
Let others sing of Death and War,  
Or Sorrow's tragic lore;  
But Love has come and calls me home  
To meet him at the door!

Hereafter.....C. F. Ramsay.....Pall Mall Magazine

If this were all:—if from Life's fitful rays  
No steadier beacon gleamed—no fairer days  
Could dawn for us who struggle in the night,  
And sigh for wings to bear us in their flight  
To that Beyond of mystery and amaze;—

Surely our hearts would faint beside the ways,  
While Courage, stifled by the deathly haze  
Would helpless droop beneath our mournful plight,  
If this were all!

But, o'er the shadows,—with a heaven-wrapt gaze,—  
Past love grown cold,—above the world's dismays,—  
Strong, through Life's moment of imperfect sight,—  
On, to the glowing of a great delight,—  
Faith,—with her keenest upwar' glancing, says,—  
"This is not all."

I look Into My Glass.....Thomas Hardy.....Wessex Poems and Other Verses

I look into my glass,  
And view my wasting skin,  
And say: "Would God it came to pass  
My heart had shrunk as thin!"

For then, I, undistrest  
By hearts grown cold to me,  
Could lonely wait my endless rest  
With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,  
Part steals, lets part abide;  
And shakes this fragile frame at eve  
With throbbings of noontide.

Waiting.....F. Whitmore.....Atlantic Monthly

With rosy flush'ng ear, and cheeks that wear  
The soft auroral hues that garment her,  
She waits; nor doth one slender gold beam stir,  
Of all the floating sunshine of her hair,  
One sigh's waft vex the tense and listening air,  
One bosom's heave the tender hope aver  
That parts the lips where late her arch smiles were,  
Where they will break anon. Hark! On the stair,  
She hears, e'en now she hears—thrice-entranced thereby—  
The whisper of light feet that come anear,  
And nearer; and the spirit of a sigh  
Hovers, the while her hope becomes a fear,  
And yet fulfillment lingers—nigh, so nigh—  
Nor may she breathe till all her bliss is here!

To a Life.....Norwood H. McGilvary.....Overland Monthly

When all the world was still, he found ajar  
The gate of Paradise, and heard alone,  
As few in life have heard, the overtone  
Above that heavenly music, bar on bar;  
While, like the instant blaze of some strange star  
Upon the marge of night, he thought to see  
A gleam that pierced his soul's transparency,  
Enkindling his whole self with flames from far.  
To him was given no voice of raptured song,  
To sing the deathless melody he heard;  
No sorcery of hand to mould the light  
In shapes that might be seen by all the throng,—  
As though his life were one melodious word,  
He lived, and that one word meant simple Right.



*Childless.....Jennie Betts Hartawick.....Leslie's Monthly*

A little figure moves from room to room,  
I meet it now and then upon the stair;  
It flits before me through the twilight gloom,  
And when I wake at morning it is there.

It wears a little frock of quaint design—  
My fancy fashioned it with loving care—  
Although no needle wrought its stiches fine,  
Although its fabric is but empty air.

Sometimes at dusk there falls upon my ear  
A trill of baby laughter clear and sweet;  
Sometimes through all the silent house I hear  
The hurried coming of its tiny feet.

And oft I used to plead with it to stay,  
To tarry in my lonely life awhile.  
I know not if its eyes are blue or gray.  
I only know—in angel-wise they smile.

But I have learned my fate—no more I call  
On the wee stranger to abide with me.  
For well I know that flitting figure small  
Is but the ghost of what will never be.

*Moods.....Lizzie Clark Hardy.....Midland Monthly*

A rain-swept earth and a wind-swept sky,  
And gray mists trailing low;  
A wailing wind and a troubled sea  
With a moan in its ebb and flow—  
And a soul at war with itself and God,  
A heart surcharged with woe.

A rosy light in the cloudless sky  
And a new-born earth below—  
A golden mist on a sapphire sea  
With an anthem in its flow—  
And a soul at peace with itself and God,  
A heart with love aglow.

*Changeless.....Stephen Power Otis.....Home Journal*

In the shadowy world of dreams  
My long-dead love and I  
Met face to face, in the wan half gleams  
Of the twilight dreamland sky.

Met as the living meet,  
With kiss and clasp of hand,  
In the gray of the glimmering dreamland street,  
Where the Houses of Silence stand.

"Is it, oh, my own, at last?"  
(But the touch of her lips how chill!  
While the long years, out of the bitter past,  
Rose solemn and sad and still.)

Face to face we stood,  
With the wraiths of the years between—  
"Ah, weep, my own, for the missing good  
Of the days that might have been!"

"Nay, mourn not love, but smile,  
That my troth can never change;  
Nor the eyes that beamed for an earthly while  
Grow careless, or cold, or strange.

"No changeling of mortal breath,  
In the fickle world of clay;  
But here, in this shadowy realm of death,  
Your own, forever and aye."

*Though We Repent.....Louise Chandler Moulton.....Scribners*

Though we repent, can any God give back  
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair—  
Turn false to true, and careless to care,  
And let us find again what now we lack?  
Oh, once, once more to tread the old-time track,  
The flowers we threw away once more to wear—  
Though we repent, can any God give back  
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair?  
Who can repulse a stealthy ghost's attack—  
Silence a voice that doth the midnight dare—  
Make fresh hopes spring from grave-sod of despair—  
Set free a tortured soul from memory's rack?  
Though we repent, can any God give back  
The dear, lost days we might have made so fair?

*To the Ninety-and-Nine.....Harper's Bazar*

For the one stray soul that must walk apart,  
Leave greatness and sadness and fame,  
Perchance to die of a broken heart,  
That the world may remember its name.

But we, who are only the rank and file,  
Whose fame is a life-span long,  
We may leave to earth the gift of a smile  
As sweet as the poet's song.

*A Woman's Prayer.....Anna B. Baldwin.....Ladies' Home Journal*

O Lord, who knowest every need of mine,  
Help me to bear each cross, and not repine;  
Grant me fresh courage every day,  
Help me to do my work alway  
Without complaint!

O Lord, Thou knowest well how dark the way,  
Guide Thou my footsteps, lest they stray;  
Give me fresh faith for every hour,  
Lest I should ever doubt Thy power  
And make complaint!

Give me a heart, O Lord, strong to endure,  
Help me to keep it simple, pure;  
Make me unselfish, helpful, true  
In every act, whate'er I do,  
And keep content!

Help me to do my woman's share,  
Make me courageous, strong to bear  
Sunshine or shadow in my life;  
Sustain me in the daily strife  
To keep content!

*At the Drinking-Fountain.....Charles G. D. Roberts.....Lippincott*

He stops beside the crowded curb, and lifts  
The chained cup to his lips. And now he hears  
The water thinly tinkling through the roar  
Of wheels and trade. Back, back his memory drifts,  
To his tired eyes the pasture spring appears,  
And the dear fields that he shall see no more.

*A Domestic Destiny.....Susie M. Best.....What to Eat*

Some women are of an heroic mold,  
And oft they feel the hearts within them rife  
With wish to share the public cares of life,  
And solve the problems that perplex the bold.

I meet them and they look askance at me,  
Because I never thrill with their desires,  
But am contented with my household fires,  
And with the simple duties that I see.

Perhaps, oh love, I am of baser clay,  
And this may be the reason that I crave  
No mission more exalted or more brave  
Than just to make you happy day by day.

## A DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH LETTERS

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED BY MRS. W. D. CABELL.

*Pearls of Price.....A Dastre.....Revue des Deux Mondes*

A partially successful attempt at producing artificial pearls, recently announced at the Académie des Sciences, has aroused interest and emotion among many persons not usually attracted to the Mondays of the Académie. Is the exquisite and costly pearl, the treasure of many a jewel-casket, to be vulgarized and cheapened by the products of a zoölogical laboratory? This possibility, hoped for by some and dreaded by others, is not uninteresting to many who neither possess nor covet these gems, who are constrained neither to wear nor to offer them, to buy nor to sell them, but who are attracted by whatever pertains to natural science.

The experiments of M. L. Boutan, whatever other fruit they may bear, promise at least to throw some light on the imperfectly known natural history of the pearl. Even now we do not know with certainty what organ in the pearl-oyster produces the pearl, which has been variously considered a secretion of the mantle and of the kidney. Nor has it been established whether this product tends to become englobed within the shell, or to separate from it. It would not seem, therefore, that the essential mechanism of pearl formation is sufficiently understood to make an attempt at imitation other than superficial and uncertain. . . . Pearls of price came into vogue from the East. From time immemorial they were as highly esteemed there as the finest jewels. Their use spread gradually through the Western world, following the conquests of Alexander and the establishment of Roman supremacy. It penetrated slowly into France, and, although mentioned in the sumptuary edicts of Philip the Fair, pearls came first into fashion three centuries later, with Henry III.

The pearls of antiquity came from the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea and the Gulf of Persia. This explains why the Asiatics, the Persians and the Egyptians were first familiar with them. According to the Hindoo legend, the god Krishna drew them from the ocean to present them to his daughter Pandaia. They figure later among the treasures of Solomon; the Chinese also prized them.

These same regions, these same oyster beds, are still worked and still produce the finest pearls. The exploitation of these treasures has always been controlled and restricted. Among the ancient pearl fisheries, those on the eastern coast of Ceylon are the most famous. In the Persian Gulf, the Isles of Bahrein or Aonab have been for ages the scene of pearl fishing. A host of thirty thousand fishermen, boatmen, divers, traders, Arabs, Indians and Persians descend each year upon these beds in quest of pearls or of rapine. The annual value of the yield is estimated at about four million francs. The Greeks knew of these rich beds; it was thence, no doubt, that they obtained through the Phœnicians the pearls with which the young Athenians adorned the right ear after the fashion of the Persians. The young maidens wore them in both ears. In Greece as in Rome, pearls were sacred to Venus, born like themselves of the foam of the waves. It was to the

Venus of the Pantheon that Septimius Severus dedicated the pearl, twin to the one which Cleopatra at her famous feast to Antony swallowed in a cup of wine.

To these ancient fisheries, modern geographical discovery has added many new ones, all situated in those warm tropical seas, where the pearl oyster can prosper; hence the earth may be said to wear a girdle of pearls. The great fisheries owned by France in the islands of Tahiti and Teramotu, once enormously productive, have been ruinously spoiled. These pearls are still of a fine lustre, but they no longer rival the splendid specimens of old, big as cherries, with which Queen Pomare loved to play at marbles.

The history of mother-of-pearl is inseparable from that of the pearl. The pearl-oyster is sought for the sake of both these treasures of widely differing values. If the shell contains no pearl, as is frequently the case, the mother-of-pearl is always there to reward the fisherman's toil; however rough the outer covering, it offers within a smooth, polished, iridescent surface, reflecting all the colors of the prism. This exquisite substance is largely used in decoration, particularly by the French. It is produced by several varieties of shellfish, and is found in many waters. The rivers of Scotland furnish it as well as the little pearls known as Scotch pearls, and among these are found some of greater size and value. These Caledonian pearls were known in the time of the Romans, and it was with them that Julius Cæsar adorned the cuirass of the Venus Genetrix.

In China there is a mother-of-pearl-producing mollusk which lends itself to a very singular manufacturing process. The Chinese cultivate it carefully, and make it produce pearls at will. They even employ it to pearl a quantity of small objects—dragons, statuettes, monsters, medals, little balls, living fish—that is, cover them with a coating of pearly matter presenting the appearance and the iridescence of the true pearl. . . .

Microscopic examination, by revealing the structure of the pearl, should settle the question of its origin. Pearls have therefore been cut into thin slices, put under the microscope and thus shown to be composed of a succession of concentric strata. The centre is always occupied by some foreign body—frequently a tiny parasite—sometimes a grain of sand, a fragment of shell or some other atom. The first deposits upon this kernel differ in structure from those following them. They are formed by the juxtaposition of calcified six-sided prisms, making a sort of mosaic or pavement. The enamel of a tooth is formed in precisely the same way, and the comparison of a fine set of teeth with a row of pearls is, therefore, in no sense hyperbolic. The strata approaching the surface have not this feature. They are made up of very thin leaves of nacreous substance which give to the surface its peculiar lustre.

This description applies probably only to the class of pearls that have been cut and examined,

those found next to the shell, or even embedded in it, and probably secreted by the mantle, the true pearls of price being too costly to admit this method of examination. Those found in the soft parts of the oyster are probably secreted by other organs. They are more lustrous and more translucent than those of the shell, some entirely transparent, as the famous pearl of the Iman of Muscat.

The finest pearls are sold singly, the price depending upon size, quality and also upon the fashion. Small pearls are sold by the pound. Seed pearls were at one time used in the making of tonics and were highly esteemed medicinally—a costly and dangerous delusion which, happily, no longer exists.

What distinguishes the pearl is its orient; that is to say, the translucent and soft brilliance of its surface; its beauty, thus concentrated, is frail and perishable. The delicate surface laminations chip and tarnish easily. For this reason artificial production, if successful, would seriously affect those engaged in the traffic of this exquisite but fragile luxury.

We no longer hear of single pearls of the fabulous value of those possessed by Cleopatra, Servilia, Philip II., Philip IV. and Leo X., worth at least 3,000,000 francs of our present money. In 1875 the Australian pearl-fisheries produced a pearl worth 45,000 francs. In 1883, at Nicol Bay, a baroque pearl was found, composed of seven distinct pearls forming a cross. Its value was immense. In 1882 the pearl beds of California yielded a pearl worth 40,000 francs. Sets of pearl may be very costly. Pearl necklaces worth 1,000,000 francs are not uncommon in Paris or New York; but the caskets of princes and of millionaires cannot rival those of ancient Rome. They have nothing to compare with the magnificence of that Lallia Paulina whose grandsire, Lallius, so cruelly oppressed the Eastern princes, and finally poisoned himself, Pliny tells us, "in order that his granddaughter might display to the torchlights an adornment costing 40,000,000 sesterces."

*After the Battle.*

This extract quoted by the *Revue Bleue*, is from the second volume of Henri Houssaye's "1815," recently published.

Until eleven o'clock at night the Emperor had marched with the last battalions of grenadiers that still supported the retreat. Accompanied by Soult, Drouot, Bertrand, several officers and a dozen red lancers and chasseurs of the guard, he reached Quatre-Bras at one o'clock in the morning, vainly hoping to find there the Division Girard, which had been ordered to that point.

The Emperor dismounted in a glade of the forest of Bosser, near a bivouac fire kindled by some grenadiers of the guard. A wounded officer, fleeing along the road, recognized the Emperor by the firelight. He was standing erect, his arms folded upon his breast, motionless as a statue, his eyes fixed in the direction of Waterloo.

There were no tidings from Grouchy, who, they feared, must be in danger. The Emperor ordered Soult to advise him of the retreat of the army, and direct him to retire upon the lower Sambre. Soldiers of every branch of the service were running

along the road and across the fields. Commandant Baudus, on horseback among the fugitives, saw the little group of the imperial staff and joined it. The Emperor asked if he had not met some army corps not entirely disorganized. Baudus replying that not far from Quatre-Bras he had passed the Fifth Lancers still marching in order under Colonel Jacqueminot: "Go instantly," said the Emperor, "and order him to stop at Quatre-Bras. It is late, and the enemy finding this point occupied, will probably halt." Baudus started at a gallop, but fire opening upon him from the first houses at the cross-roads, he returned to the Emperor and entreated him to withdraw, "since he had no longer any support." As he spoke he saw that Napoleon was silently weeping for his shattered army. In his gloomy face, pallid as wax, there was no life except these tears.

But in this dejection the Emperor retained his presence of mind. The Girard Division not appearing, he concluded that his orders had miscarried. If ignorant of the defeat, it was in danger of being surprised and captured by the enemy. He ordered Baudus to hasten to Fleurus and bring up the division on the right bank of the Sambre. Then, yielding to necessity, he set out for Charleroi, where he arrived at five in the morning to find only the maddest confusion. The single bridge across the Sambre had given way under the pressure of the escaping French troops. The streets were choked with fugitives, and encumbered with the broken and pillaged vehicles of the hospital trains and the commissariat. A false alarm that the Prussians had attacked the town had destroyed all discipline. The citizens and the soldiers had rifled the military chest which the paymaster had bravely but vainly endeavored to save. The coach containing the military portfolio had been stopped; but the Duc de Bassano was able to destroy the most important papers. To restore order was impossible. After giving a few orders, which no one obeyed, the Emperor pursued his way on horseback to Philippeville, where he was joined by the Duc de Bassano and other officers, and again by Marshal Soult. . . .

His first efforts were to rally the army. Orders were dispatched to certain commandants to take charge of such detachments and stragglers as they could collect, supply them with food and arms, and direct them to specified places of rendezvous. A new order was sent to Marshal Grouchy to retire upon Philippeville or Gevit.

Then the Emperor wrote two letters to his brother Joseph, the one carefully relating the result of the battle, to be read to the Council of Ministers. The other, a private letter, disguising nothing of the great disaster, announced his immediate return to Paris. The second letter closed with these words: "All is not lost. By uniting my forces, all reserves, the National Guard, I shall have three hundred thousand men to oppose to the enemy. But I must be aided, not hampered. I believe that the Deputies will feel it to be their duty to unite with me in order to save France."

The direct route from Philippeville to Paris was unavailable on account of the bodies of Prussian cavalry overrunning the country. At Rocroi, on the circuitous route he chose, the inhabitants, un-



aware of the great disaster, swarmed to see and salute the Emperor. Their acclamations awakened him in his carriage. At Mézières, the want of fresh horses delayed the imperial party from half-past ten until midnight. When at last they got off the soldiers of the garrison shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!" until the last carriage had passed the glacis.

The next evening at Laou, Faubourg de Vaux, the Emperor alighted in the courtyard of the post-house. Through the wide open door they could see him from the street, walking up and down, his head bent, his arms crossed upon his breast. There was a quantity of straw scattered in the court upon which the stables opened. One of the bystanders said, in a low tone: "See Job on his dung-heap!" Napoleon seemed so downcast, the scene was so impressive, even to the rustic mind, that they dared not acclaim him. A few timid, half-stifled shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" came from the crowd. The Emperor stopped and raised his hat.

A detachment of the National Guard arrived to form the guard of honor. The Emperor made every provision for rallying his scattered forces. Then, after nightfall, without waiting for Marshal Soult, whom he had left with orders at Philippeville, he resumed his hurried journey to Paris, where his enemies were conspiring and where his greatest danger lay. . . . Without soldiers, and without cannon, he could not face the enemy on the frontier. Soult and the generals were as competent as himself to collect and reorganize the stragglers. From Paris, with Davoust and Carnot, he hoped to forward to Laon all available troops, all stores of provisions and arms; with the co-operation of the Chambers, to secure fresh levies of men and supplies, and in three or four days return to take command.

It has been charged that Napoleon "abandoned his army," as in Egypt and Russia. Alas! Napoleon had no longer an army. He knew nothing of Grouchy, with the divisions of Vandamme and Girard, but believed him to be in great peril. Of the 74,000 combatants of Waterloo, possibly 40,000 might have escaped across the Sambre, but more than three-fourths of these men were scattered from Cambrai to Rocroi, making their way homeward, singly or in little parties. When Napoleon left Laon for Paris, the 20th of June, he had 2,600 soldiers assembled at Philippeville, and about 6,000 at Avesnes. This was the army.

*Parisian Echoes*.....*Sergines*.....*Les Annales*

The "Affair" has taken possession of Paris, even to the drawing-rooms of that fair city of wordly vanities.

The ribband of ceremony, although severely strained, did not fall at once, thanks to the tact and determination of certain hostesses.

Some of these, when you approached, on entering, to kiss their finger-tips, gracefully showed you a little notice daintily framed in white, prohibiting the dangerous topic.

At other houses, as the guests took seats at the table, the husband assumed a conciliatory smile and said, while unfolding his napkin:

"And now, if you please, we will not talk about it." Every one must politely acquiesce and turn to

the soup. Sometimes madame would add archly: "The first one who mentions it must give me ten francs for my poor people!" From courtesy and economy every one would register a mental vow "not to mention it."

All at once, generally at one of the ends of the table, arise the sounds of a dispute emphasized by the pause preceding the necessary interchange of glass carafes and menu cards. Every head is turned.

"Pardon, monsieur, if you compare the handwriting of the 'bordereau'" . . . There it is, they are talking of it! And the host and hostess must plunge in with some Newfoundland of a witticism to fish out good order, and every guest must do his best to replace conversation in the safe channel of insignificance!

Ah! we are far beyond those light skirmishes! Little by little, the last drawing-rooms where conversation reigned, followed those where pity, scorn, hatred attend violent expressions, and where such talk as this might be heard:

"Ma chère, I must tell you that Ernest will not consent to go to your house to meet the Boissoneau who are the most pronounced Dreyfusards."

Then serial parties came into vogue. Sympathies and convictions were grouped, lists of guests were carefully scanned, and seats at table anxiously considered.

Soon this did not suffice. People refused to go to the Amphytrions who blew thus hot and cold; who had the pitiful courage to accord the same smile of welcome to batches of Montagues and of Capulets; the weakness, not to say baseness, to embrace as cordially, after an interval of two days, a Guelph as a Ghibelline guest!

It is now positively known that certain salons are Dreyfusard, and certain others not so. From the presence of a gentleman in a salon, his opinions or those of the salon may be deduced. Old friendships have not withstood the strain; relatives have quarreled, besides the many who have snatched this pretext to express dislikes previously unavowed.

This state of belligerency has worked a new "war of laces," wherein fair faces threaten and fans shelter insults and treacheries never before spoken by dainty lips or heard by delicate ears. . . . New types have been produced in the drawing-rooms by this "Affair" with the hundred arms and hundred heads. . . . Where will it all end?

*Balzac and His Coffee* ..... *Paul Bourget* ..... *Extract*

"I have discovered," wrote Balzac, "a horrible and cruel system, which I recommend only to men of exceeding vigor, with heavy black hair, a complexion of ochre and vermillion, solid hands and legs like the balusters of the Place Louis XV. I speak of the use of coffee, ground, distilled, cold, anhydrous (a chemical term signifying with little or no water), taken fasting. This coffee drops into the stomach, which, as you know from Brillat-Savarin, is a bag of velvety interior, upholstered with papillæ and capillars; finding nothing, it attacks this delicate and voluptuous lining; it becomes a sort of nourishment demanding its juices; it wrings, it compels them like a pythoness adjuring her god; it maltreats those soft walls as a wagoner abuses his young horses. The flexuses

inflammé, they blaze and send their sparks up to the brain. Then, all at once, everything stirs. Ideas move like the battalions of an army on the eve of battle, and the battle begins. Memories charge with banners displayed; the light horse of comparisons deploys in a superb gallop; logic brings up its artillery with cartridge boxes and train; witticisms come as sharpshooters; figures of rhetoric take form; the paper is covered with ink, for the watch begins and ends in torrents of black liquid as does the battle in its black ammunition.

"I recommended this beverage taken in this way to one of my friends who wished to accomplish a task to which he was pledged for the morrow. He believed himself poisoned, went back to bed and stayed there like a married woman. He was tall, fair, with thin hair, and a stomach as frail as papier maché. I had certainly shown great lack of discernment!

"In certain conditions, coffee taken fasting produces a sort of nervous excitement resembling anger. The voice rises, the gestures express unnatural impatience. All things must succumb to the passing idea. You are fierce, quarrelsome about trifles; you assume that variable poetic temperament so much condemned by grocers; you attribute to others your own clearness of vision. A wise man should then avoid showing himself or permitting himself to be approached. I discovered this singular condition by chancing to lose, without working, the state of exaltation that I had produced. Some friends with whom I was staying in the country saw me surly, irritable and unreasonable in discussion. The next day I acknowledged my fault and together we sought for its cause. My friends were scientific, and we soon found it. The coffee would have its prey!"

... "All things have their price," said Napoleon, and Balzac was about to pay the price of his three hundred thousand cups of coffee, his forty volumes written in fevered haste, his thirty years' breathless struggle for genius and love. At Vierzchnia, where he had taken refuge near Mme. Hauska, he felt the urgency of his danger.

In vain did this embodiment of energy struggle against death, in vain he cried:

"I belong to the Opposition, and it is called Life!"

He married Mme. Hauska, his debts were paid. "Les Parents Pauvres," received with enthusiasm, proved that his genius was younger, fresher, more fruitful than ever. It mattered nothing! He died at fifty-one years of age. Had he not written in "Albert Savarus," with a presentiment startling in its truth:

"To reach the goal dying like the runner of old! To see fortune and death cross the threshold together; to obtain the beloved one at the moment that love is extinguished! To have no longer the faculty to enjoy when the right to be happy has been won! Oh! of how many men has this been the destiny!"

*A Psychic Incident.*

The following letter from M. Clovis Hugues is included by M. Camille Flammarion, to whom it is addressed, in the collection of incidents he is at present publishing in

Les Annales, under the title of *Psychic Problems and the Unknown*. The letter reads:

"Pardon me for having so long delayed sending the little recital that I promised you.

"I mentioned to you the other evening that in my earlier life I had a very singular experience. It was in 1871. I was then at the age when men gather love posies in the fields as you marshal stars in the firmament, but in an hour when I had forgotten to gather my customary crop, I wrote an article which procured for me a certain number of years in prison.

"Well, I was put into Saint-Pierre at Marseilles. There I found Gaston Crémieux, condemned to death. I liked him very much because we had nursed the same dreams and had now awakened to very similar realities. In prison, at the hour of exercise, we used to discuss the existence of God, and of the immortal soul. One day, when some of our comrades had declared themselves Atheists and Materialists with more than usual vehemence, at a sign from Crémieux, I reminded them that it was not becoming in us to announce these negations in the presence of a man condemned to die. Crémieux said to me with a smile: 'Thanks, my friend. When I am shot, I will give you a proof by making it known to you in your cell.'

"The morning of the 30th November, at day-break, I was suddenly awakened by a noise as of little, brusque knockings upon my table. I turned over, the sounds ceased, and I fell asleep again. A few seconds later the sounds were repeated. Then I sprang from my bed, placed myself wide-awake before my table—the sounds continued. This was repeated in precisely the same way.

"It was my habit, every morning on getting out of bed, to go by the connivance of a good-hearted jailer, into the cell of Gaston Crémieux, where a cup of coffee awaited me. That day, as usual, I was true to our friendly engagement. Alas! there were seals on the door of the cell, and by looking through the 'jadas' I ascertained that the prisoner was no longer there. I had hardly reached this dreadful certainty when the good jailer fell on my neck weeping violently: 'They shot him this morning at daybreak. He died very bravely.'

"Great emotion prevailed among the prisoners. In the space where we interchanged the expressions of our sorrow, I suddenly recalled the sounds heard that morning at daybreak. I hardly know what puerile fear of ridicule prevented me from relating to my companions in misfortune what had occurred in my cell at the precise moment when Crémieux fell with twelve bullets in his breast. I confided it, however, to one of them, François Roustan, who asked himself for a moment if grief had crazed me.

"This is my story of the other evening. I have set it down for you as it came to my pen. Make such use of it as may appear to you desirable in the line of your researches, but do not form the same opinion as my friend, Roustan, in regard to my sanity, for grief could not have prostrated my reason at a moment when no knowledge of the facts had awakened grief. I was in my normal state; I was not aware of the execution, and I heard clearly that sort of announcement. This is the naked truth.

CLOVIS HUGUES.

## PEOPLE AND CUSTOMS OF THE HERMIT NATION\*

BY JAMES S. GALE.

The people of Korea claim to be a race descended from the gods, slightly admixed with Chinese. No wonder they develop at times extraordinary traits.

They have had a horror of foreigners, "yangin," or men of the sea, from time immemorial. Weather-worn tablets still stand by the roadside, in essence marked thus: "If you meet a foreigner, kill him; he who lets him go by is a traitor to his country." It speaks well for Korea that she could lay by these murderous traditions in a day, and bear with foreigners as she has since the signing of the treaties. It is ten years and more since the "barbarian" entered, ten years of political chaos it has been, and yet no European or American has been injured, or threatened, or treated in any other than the kindest way.

In March, 1889, I decided to make my first venture inland. Foreigners had traveled through the country, but no one had as yet attempted to take up his residence outside of the capital. The element of uncertainty, which adds interest to any undertaking, helped me. I sent seventy dollars by a trusty native with which to buy me a house in Haju, the capital of Whang-ha (Yellow Sea) province. He returned with the money three weeks later as though the furies had been after him. The good citizens of Haju had heard that he was the emissary of a "barbarian," and so had rid their town of him forthwith. No foreign residence yet defiles the precincts of the sacred city of Haju. In spite of this act of defiance on the part of these good people, I felt that I would have to go, even though no house awaited me. With a horse or two, a soldier, a boy and a stableman, I bade my friends good-bye, and turned toward Haju, sending a letter ahead to a Mr. An living in Chang-yön, some distance beyond, who was recommended to me as honest.

The soldier who accompanied me had a very red nose and a most fragrant atmosphere that smacked of "sul" (rice whisky). He was evidently "up" in the arts of peace, quite as much as in the arts of war. He would jog along at a peculiar trot just in front of my pony until he saw a party coming, when at once his manner would become animated. He would shout his commands to clear the way, dismount, stop smoking, and attack them like a perfect whirlwind. They in every case bore with abject submission to be kicked and cuffed. The first opportunity I called him, and said I would have to have this stopped, that I never could consent to go through the country like a brigand, and that he would have to put a check on the exercise of his authority. He, however, explained that this was good Korean custom, and that if I did not go through the country with some degree of form, I never would be respected. I found later that the only way to escape this proper form was to dismiss the soldier and travel in the company of a civilian.

On leaving the capital, as I discovered later, the

rascal had asked the magistrate of each district to send word ahead to the next official town that the "great man" was coming. Who the "great man" was, or in what capacity he was traveling, never once was raised, but every effort was made to show respect. Just as soon as a company of district runners left me others were on the way to act as escort. My passport was sufficient to call forth every attention, and the pretended humility of the people along this first trip inland was quite embarrassing. To feel at the same time that I had repaid civility with abuse was painful, ignorant as I was of good Korean custom.

Among those who at the last came to bid me go in peace were two characters somewhat remarkable. One was the city physician, who, though of few words, was looked upon by the people as a man mighty in thought. As for himself he felt that he was a unit in space, having neither father nor mother, wife nor child. His name was Mr. Moon. I remembered it without difficulty, as the placid brow and far-away expression of the face reminded me of that fair orb. He had a profound way when alone of talking and gesticulating with himself. At such times no doubt his thoughts were deeply professional. Only once did he venture to speak to me of his experience, more particularly in the line of surgery. I asked if he would show me his stock of instruments that I might compare them with those of the West. At once he took from a cloth wrapper at his side a wooden case. Inside of this, wrapped carefully in paper, were two murderous-looking prongs, such as I had seen boys at home use in eel-fishing. I inquired as to how he used them. There was no reply, but taking one in his hand he suddenly made a fierce, short gesture, between a guard and a thrust, accompanied by a flash of lightning in his eyes—that explained it all. No wonder I had heard frantic cries by night in the direction of Dr. Moon's.

For convulsions he found that a burning ball of moxa punk, or a red-hot cash piece placed on the child's head some two inches above the brow, and left till it had burned sizzling into the bone, served as a never-failing remedy. A poultice of cow excrement was good for certain sores. Epidemics he regarded as taxes that were due the great spirits, especially on the part of children, and the more gladly they paid them the sooner the spirit would be satisfied. He was a marvel, was Dr. Moon, at acupuncture. He had probed into every joint of the human body, and could run his long needle into unexplored regions two and three inches. "If you do it badly," said he, "the patient dies."

In medicine his great success had rested on the classification of diseases under two heads, desperate cases, and general weakness. For the latter, he prescribed pills made from tiger bones. He reasoned logically that as the tiger is the strongest animal, and the bones the strongest part of him, consequently such pills must be strengthening in any case. For the former, he had a solemn mixture that he spoke of with bated breath. It was made of

\*From Korean Sketches. James S. Gale. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)



snakes and toads and centipedes, carefully boiled together, and warranted without fail to kill or cure.

For more specific cases he had a list of medicine that ran thus: Musk sack for melancholy, beef's gall for digestion, bear's gall for the liver, dragon teeth for the heart, caterpillars for bronchitis, maggots for delirium, dried snake and cicada skins for colic.

Such was Dr. Moon as he sat in my room day after day, a professional smile playing over his features. I realized that he was no ordinary mortal, but one of the few remarkable men that I had been privileged to know.

Few subjects present more of interest to a foreigner in Korea than the coolie. He it is who alone exhibits in his person those peculiarities that have been smothered out of his race by fumes of Confucianism. The Koreans having inhaled this teaching from childhood, have gradually lost their natural traits and have become more and more artificial, ever striving to mortify the man that they are, and to put on for new man a ghost of antiquity. The coolie, however, is not in any such bondage, but exhibits a host of characteristics that make him in some respects the most interesting figure in the land of Morning Calm.

From the first glimpse you have of him you recognize that he is a creature of repose. Nothing should be more restful to a nervous, impatient foreigner than the sight of a coolie by the wayside, sitting on his heels, or as we generally say, squatting (sometimes long rows of them), motionless as sea-fowl, indifferent to the heat of the sun, to the flies that congregate upon him, or to the pestiferous gutters that ooze beneath his feet.

While other mortals are in constant commotion, fearful of this and that, yet aching for change, the Korean coolie continues immovable throughout the ages, the muscles of his heels never growing tired, inhaling all the while atmospheres that would depopulate a Western city, or by way of diversion eating melons, rind and all, in the face of cholera and other Egyptian plagues.

Only once do I recollect seeing marked animation in coolies' eyes. It was at a stone fight, such as they used to indulge in the brave days of old. Several hundred of the best marksmen of the capital chose sides, and armed with stones weighing one and two pounds each, assembled for the fray. When I arrived, missiles were flying through the air, any one of which would have done for a man as easily as a fifty-pound projectile. All were alive to the danger, and the rush and scramble to escape was like a stampede of wild beasts. The throwing was magnificent. It seemed, in truth, a little war of giants. The fight grew fast and furious. Begrimed with dust and sweat each side drew in closer, and sent rocks flying through the air in a way that was simply appalling. Then came a shock of cessation, a shout as though a goal were scored; one of the best marksmen of the enemy had been struck squarely and was killed. His body was carried off the field, and again the fight began. Before evening closed one had fallen on the other side, and thus the score was even.

Independence is a new thought to Korea, and a

new word has been coined to express it. The native has never dreamed of an existence apart from that of others. In the Western world a man may bear his own burden, just as a house may stand by itself in a wide expanse of country; but in the Orient men work in groups, and houses draw together into hamlets and villages. The great forces with us are centrifugal, marked by extension, separation, and the like, while in the East, life tends toward the centre, and is characterized by contraction and limitation, the coolie being one of the largest factors in this process. The sphere of his usefulness is so contracted, in fact, that he will undertake nothing without an assistant. He eyes the simplest task with a look of despair, unless you will engage his friend as well. Should it be the handling of a wood-saw, he must have a coolie at the other end; not from necessity, but because it is custom and conforms to the eternal fitness of things.

His use of a shovel, too, is striking. A description of this I will quote from my friend, the Rev. G. Heber Jones, one of the closest observers and best students in Korea: "The interesting invention occupies a front rank among labor-saving machines of Korea, for it saves from three to five men a vast deal of work. It consists of a long wooden shovel, armed with an iron shoe, to cut into the earth properly. The handle is about five feet long, and is worked (to a certain extent) by the captain of the crew. Two ropes, one on each side, are attached to the bowl of the shovel, and these are managed by the men who seek to save their labor.

"While in operation the captain inserts the iron-shod point of the shovel sometimes as deep into the earth as three inches, and then the crew of two or four men give a lusty pull and a shout, and away will go a tablespoonful of earth fully six feet or more, into the distance. This operation is repeated three or four times, and then the weary crew take a recess, and refresh themselves with a pipe. It is a beautiful sight to watch a crew working these power shovels; everything is executed with such clock-like regularity, especially the recess. They sometimes sing in a minor strain—for the Korean coolie can always be depended on, when putting in his time, to do it in as pleasant a manner as possible.

"That this implement belongs to the class of labor-saving machines there can be no doubt. It takes five men to do one man's work, but entails no reduction in the pay; in fact, the number of the crew can be extended to the limit of the shovel's ropes without risk of a strike among the laborers. Many interesting stories might be told to illustrate its name of the power shovel, one of which I will tell: We had a small patch of ground we wanted turned over, so we hired a coolie, and put into his hand a beautiful new spade from America. He attached two straw ropes to it, hired four other coolies, at our expense, of course, and did the job in triumph. Such is the power of this instrument over the Korean coolie's mind."

The Korean system of bridging streams is one of the strangest in existence. The natives are amazed beyond expression at the idea of a bridge standing all the year round, so up come their bridges at about the first of June, only to be replaced at the

close of September. They say it is because of the rainy season, but the longest rainy season I have known has not exceeded a month and a half. I rather think it is because of the idea of personality that they associate with the bridge as with so many other things. Feeling that he should have a rest with the summer season, they pile him up by the roadside and let him bask and snooze in the sun, in order that he may set his limbs the more firmly for his task of spanning the stream through the winter.

These bridges, at least, are only about four feet wide, with a flooring of pine brush and earth resting on poles planted in spans of eight feet. To ride over this on the top of a pack pony, and to feel it giving under your feet like a patent spring mattress, creates a sensation of expectancy in one not unlike that produced by a Yokohama earthquake.

Usually the natives are willing for a few "cash" to carry one on the back over unbridged streams, but on this northern trip I was specially unfortunate. I came upon a mountain torrent, not deep, but sufficient to cover the boot-tops, and just on the bank met a stout, bare-legged coolie, leading a horse. Said I: "You'll help me now, over this bit of water, please?" He looked at me with unspeakable contempt, and replied: "Get yourself over!" As I had never before met such an independent coolie, I was quite startled. "But I'll pay you, my good man!" "None of your pay for me," said he, and proceeded to walk away. Not that I would be intentionally impolite to a coolie, but the inspiration of the moment in some way caught me, and I was onto his back tighter than the old man of the sea. He muttered to himself threatenings, then proceeded slowly, stopping to reconsider in the middle of the stream, but it was hopeless, so he landed me safely. I apologized and expressed the hope that we might still be friends, adding some extra pay by way of indemnity. He, however, stood looking at me in speechless amazement—is standing so yet, for aught I know. . . .

The boy may be anything from fifteen to fifty-five years of age. He may be married or unmarried. He may even be male or female. He is the personal attendant of the Westerner, and is "par excellence" the boy, or as they say in France, the "garçon." He is the ever-present shadow, as visible in cloudy weather as in sunshine. He occupies the central place in the existence and history of all Western life in the Far East. As well expect a state to stand without a capital or a temple to flourish without a god as to find a foreigner and no boy. The boy is, in fact, the moving principle of his life. Nothing is done without sanction of the boy, and nothing that the boy vetoes can ever come to pass. The fact that the foreigner is helpless in his hand, inclines him to worship the boy as a little god, for nothing so calls forth adoration as tyranny wisely exercised.

It is a noticeable fact in Asia that every Westerner has, in his immediate service, the best boy that has ever been seen. He does not stop to consider his own capabilities of choice, or his length of experience; his boy is perfect, and every other boy in the neighborhood is a disgrace to his employer. He knows not why they, who pretend to

be missionaries, should keep such on their premises. He is thankful that he is not as other men are. His boy may rise with unwashed, greasy face, may mix bread with one hand and arrange his oily locks with the other, may accomplish a long list of imperfections, and yet the master will dilate on his excellence as a boy. He is the god of the back kitchen, whose benign presence means life to the paleface in the inner room. He usually has another dirty little god or two to wait on him. These the American or European detests as a spirit worshiper detests "tokgabi" (goblins). He tells the boy so and orders their dismissal. The boy said, "Nei-i-i" (very well), and keeps his little gods.

Like every other attending spirit, if you give the boy offense he leaves at once, and the crack of doom settles down over the unhappy head of his victim. Usually the boy comes back on increased pay, and with less mercy than ever in his soul, and life moves on. We laugh at the Oriental's faithfulness to his cruel gods. He will fight for them even when their presence means death. Likewise, I have known Americans to threaten each other because one had spoken disparagingly of the frowzy-headed boy in the backyard, who was mixing germs and bacteria into dishes for the paleface to eat.

Like other inhabitants of the Orient, the boy understands the whole before you have taught him half, and always adds a touch of his own to give the needed completeness.

The Western wife is the one who reads deepest into the mysteries of the boy. He reveals himself to her because her demands, being greater than those of the bachelor, give scope and variety for his attainments. My wife was once involved in the preparation of a dinner to be given to the distinguished Western population of the city of Seoul, in the days when the whole company numbered less than the Knights of the Round Table. All the courses were safely under way and the kitchen was spread with the choicest dishes that those early days permitted. Canned vegetables, too, not so common there as in America, were called into requisition. "Open this can carefully, boy," said my wife, "and then heat the peas on the stove." "Heat the peas and then open the can," says the boy to himself, by way of touching off the order. My wife withdrew to the dining-room in the satisfaction of being at last ready for the guests. An Oriental bungalow is pretty; the brown woodwork and rafters, with light paper between, affording a pleasing combination when set with flowers and napkins and lighted tapers. Bang! went the kitchen, as though struck by a torpedo. There was a skirmish, and lo! dense darkness enshrouded the whole cooking paraphernalia. When the steam and particles of exploded peas had sufficiently settled to admit of entrance, the topknot of the boy was discovered issuing from behind the stove, while these words were heard, "Chosön boy no savez!"

There were canned peas in every course that evening, to the confusion of my poor wife, but the story of their presence was accepted by the guests as more than compensation.

The boy was burned by the exploding can, and to this day cannot understand why it blew up, unless the devils were in it.



So the boy takes matters into his own hands. "I know," is his favorite motto ("amnaita"). He walks by faith in himself, and not by the sight of any mortal demonstration. He has unbounded confidence in his power to pilot a way through culinary complications. My wife had a kettle of catsup almost at a finish, the boy was plucking a chicken in readiness for dinner. "What is the red sauce for, madam?" asked the boy. "To be used with meat," said my wife; "for example, chicken." "Oh," said the boy, 'amnaita' (I know). My wife returned to the kitchen a half-hour later, and there was the chicken, submerged in the pot of catsup, boiling languidly, while the boy sat and expatiated to his dirty-faced satellites on the art of Western cooking.

The boy is full of resources. A situation that will baffle him entirely is hard to imagine. He will improvise a rope out of a few straws from the rice field, or build a comfortable saddle for you in the howling wilderness. His world is made up of the simplicities that belonged to the age of Adam, yet he can also take advantage of modern conveniences and methods, if need be.

The commissioner of customs paid us an afternoon call, and we prevailed on him to remain for dinner. When my wife informed the boy that we would have him for our guest, he said: "We have nothing in the world for the great man; not bread enough, and no roast; we shall all die." My wife told him she would take no bread, and that canned meat would suffice for "potluck"; and as the commissioner was a considerate gentleman, there really was no occasion for any one to expire. "We shall all die," said he, "and go to perdition"—meaning that the honor of our house would fall. Dinner was served, the boy came sweeping in with the soup as though there were an abundant supply. Later we were awaiting the modest remnants of bread and canned meat, when the door swung on its hinges and the boy, with an expression of oily radiance peculiar to the East, burst into the room with a roast of beef fit for Confucius. There was also bread enough and to spare. My wife sat asphyxiated. What could she do but accept a choice piece for herself, and express the hope that the commissioner would be helped a second time!

It was an eminent success as a dinner, but the question of where a roast was procured in a city destitute of Christian beef, and bread, where there are no bakers, was bearing hard upon her; yet it was not curiosity, but fear that filled her soul. When we withdrew for coffee she asked, in breathless suspense, "Kamyongi, where did you get the roast and the bread?" "Just sent to the commissioners and said, 'The great man ("tain") will dine here, bring along anything you have cooked.'" With a look of mortification that was pitiful, my wife confessed then and there to the commissioner. He was an old hand in the East and the light of past days twinkled in his eye, as he enjoyed to the full the joke of that most excellent dinner.

The calm and composure that environs a Korean gentleman is one of the mysteries of the Orient. Embarrassed he may be by a thousand debts, and threatened by a hungry wolf through every chink in his mud cabin, yet the placidity of his life con-

tinues unruffled. He is a master of a composure that forms the groundwork of other characteristics. From Confucius he has learned to mortify every natural impulse, and to move as though he acted his part on a stage where a single misdirected smile or thoughtless measure would upset the greatest piece on record. His choicest word is "yei," meaning proper form. If he only keeps "yei," he may offend against every command in the decalogue and still be a superior man; in fact, may be perfectly holy. If he breaks "yei," he is covered with confusion, and counts himself the vilest of the vile.

"Yei," of course, is Confucianism. If you speak a word in disparagement of "yei," the gentleman is frantic, forgets "yei" altogether for the moment in his effort at violence.

Anything that interferes with the rigid fulfillment of "yei" is, of course, to be avoided, for which reason no gentleman indulges in manual labor, or, in fact, in labor of any kind. His life consists in one supreme command of coolie service, while the coolie responds to every order. The lighting of his pipe or the rubbing of ink on the ink-stone, must be done for him. Down to the simplest requirement of life he does nothing, so his hands become soft and his fingernails grow long. From constant sitting his bones seem to disintegrate, and he becomes almost a mollusk before he passes middle life.

The impecuniosity of a Korean gentleman is also a profound mystery. I have figured for years on the question as to how an idle man, with nothing left to-day, shall outlive to-morrow; but he lives, dresses just as well and misses none of his meals. He will tell you frankly that the last of his hopes for a livelihood have perished, he is financially a total wreck, and his present condition is one of clinging to the rocks, where he is in momentary peril of the devouring element. You are exercised deeply on his behalf; much more deeply, you learn later, than he himself is. Months pass and he is still in the same position—a condition "in extremis," no better, no worse. By way of encouragement I have said: "You have managed to eat and live for a month and more on nothing, just continue on in the same manner and you will do very well." "Eat and live," says he, "of course, every dog eats and lives; you would not expect me to lie down and die, would you?" And he leaves in disgust, feeling that the delicate points of an Oriental question can never penetrate the shell that encases the barbarian's brain.

Not only in business but in other affairs of life the Korean gentleman is a master of inaccuracy. He pretends to be absolutely certain of everything under the sun, and no subject ever daunts him or is beyond his ability to elucidate. The slightest clue gives him a key to the whole. Merely let him see the smoke from the funnel and he will explain to you the why and wherefore of a steam engine. He will tell you what a comet's tail is composed of, or what color the dog is that causes the eclipse of the moon. He compares the minor details of life about him with what went on in the days of King "Sun"—a contemporary of Noah—with as much assurance as we would talk of the events of yesterday.



## THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

*The Spanish Jew of Turkey.....G. W. Stevens.....With the Conquering Turk*

"The two men in the bare dining-room of the first hotel in Salonica were talking bad Spanish. It was curious; but were we not in the Levant, where you may expect to hear bad anything under heaven? It became more curious when I went into the bazaar, and heard two ancient Jews—quite unmistakable gray-bearded, eagle-nosed, shiny-eyed, gaberdined Jews—also talking bad Spanish. There must be a large Spanish colony in Salonica, I told myself. Then I went to the telegraph office. Here was another Jew handing in a telegram; nothing strange in that. But he, too, was talking bad Spanish, and—wonder of wonders!—the staid Turk at the receipt of telegrams was answering him in bad Spanish, too. What on earth did it all mean? Could I possibly have taken the wrong train somewhere and have got to Spain instead of Macedonia?

On inquiry I found that this was Salonica after all. But Salonica is principally populated by Spanish Jews, and Spanish is its staple tongue. The Jews have been there some four hundred years—since the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. Persecuted out of Spain, they came to Salonica, and the Turk, as always, received them with toleration. And there they have been ever since, preserving the rites and speaking the language of their fathers. In a way it is a purer, because an older, Spanish than that of Spain to-day. The Spaniards have worn the Latin *filius* down to *hijo* by now; the Jews are still at *hijo*, with a *j* sound nearer that of France than that of Spain. On the rock of Jewish tenacity the storms of time and cataclysm have beaten in vain. They talk as they talked when they left Spain; they dress much as they dressed; they keep themselves, and are proud to call themselves Spaniards. The less educated are convinced that they are the only Spaniards in the world. Even those who know Spanish ports well would never dream of trying to talk as the Spaniards do. To them "Español" means Jew, and so it does to the rest of Salonica. Out of 120,000 people of the city it is computed that over one-half are Jews; Greeks are perhaps 25,000, and Turks a trifle less. There can hardly be another city of this size in the world where the majority of the population are Jews—there are more Jews here than in Jerusalem. Salonica is the greatest and surely the most romantic ghetto in the world.

But the irony of it, in this principal city of Macedonia! Here is the province which all covet, wherein all are feverishly struggling to create or to simulate a preponderance or their own nationality. Here is the city which Greeks, Bulgars, Servians and Wallachs claim, which Turkey refuses to yield, which Austria and Russia will fight for to the death! And the majority of its inhabitants are Jewish, and its reigning speech is old Spanish! Macedonia for the Macedonians? Cry rather, Jewry for the Jews.

This is all strange; but there is yet stranger to come. Salonica has also a large colony of Mussulman Jews. We have heard from time to time of a solitary Jew converted to Christianity, but who ever

heard before of a Jew turned Turk? Here is a whole tribe of them. Originally they were followers of a false Messiah, who arose many generations ago. The Jews rejected him, whereupon he embraced Islam with all his disciples. The Turks received the converts and despised them; the faithful Jews spat them out of their mouths. Neither Turk nor Jew would marry them or give to them in marriage. So there they have been ever since—clinging with all the steadfast obstinacy of their old race to their new faith, marrying each other in and in till they are said to have bred into themselves weird, superhuman attributes—second-sight and prophecy. As to that, I know nothing. But these Jewish Turks are the only Mussulmans—with here and there an Arab or two—who trade in the bazaar.

The Jews of Salonica are not of the black, Polish cast. They came from Spain, and Spain under the Moors grew the flower of all Judaism. Their faces are less fleshy and finer than those of the East; their foreheads and temples high; their silky beards often almost blonde; their noses thin and often almost straight. They move with a grave dignity, and though their faces express something of the weary pathos of their history, there is yet something of the patriarch and the philosopher in the look of the best of them.

Except for the fez the garments of the Salonica Jew can have changed but little since his fathers were driven from beside the Guadalquivir. He wears a long, open surtout, black or indigo or bottle-green, with a lining of fur; inside that, down to the heel, is a kind of dressing-gown, with a sash round the waist. Underneath he condescends to the Gentile trousers; but it is part of his stubborn Jewish steadfastness that even under the hottest suns of summer he never quits his fur.

His women are the most gorgeous of Salonica. Their gala skirts are a wonder of stiff silk, embroidered with every flower that grows in a queen's garden. Above this it must be owned that they have very little more than an open bodice and an open lace chemise. But on the head elaboration begins again. They must not show their hair; they conceal it, therefore, under a flat silk cap, rather like that of a German student, only with a yellow ribbon under the chin. The cap is all green and white, blue and yellow, and cunning needlework; behind it falls a bag for the hair, likewise of green silk, its drooping end embroidered with pearls. It sounds magnificent, but it looks ungraceful, destroying all the contours of the head. It is drawn so tight over the hair that it pulls up the eyebrows till they become almost circles. These women are said to be the most educated and cultivated of Salonica. Some of them are also, in their youth, the most beautiful.

*Where Whales are Caught Scientifically.....New York Evening Post*

Three hundred miles north of St. John's, at Snook's Arm, on the east coast of Newfoundland, is the only scientific whaling-station in the Western hemisphere. The great cliffs, reaching from sea to sky, like the walls of some giant rampart, and polished smooth by passing icebergs, are broken by a

narrow rift, which leads to a little oblong harbor. Lofty encircling mountains shut out the boisterous northeast gales, and the factory occupies one of the most sheltered nooks on the wild remote shore. Until the whaling steamer Cabot came here last July, the whole region was the undisturbed playground of the great creatures of the deep. The naked ribs of wrecked schooners and occasional huts of fishermen and seal-hunters were the only signs of human intrusion.

Early in spring, the vast ice-fields, drifting from the north, bring down countless herds of seals. In less than twenty-four hours more than 10,000 seals have been slaughtered on one ice-floe by the crew of a single steamer. The crystal plains, stretching away from rocky shore to ocean horizon, are simply alive with these great floundering creatures from the end of February to the beginning of April. After the disappearance of the ice, the waters in the vicinity of Snook's Arm become the rendezvous of the clumsy porpoise, or grampus, the steel-colored finback whale, the treacherous sleeper-shark, the fighting sword-fish, his lieutenant, the thresher, and the swift, black, humpback whale.

Before the whale-hunters came here the great creature's only foes were those of his own watery realm—the swordfish, the thresher and the sleeper-shark. The shark is the highwayman of the sea. He is no open assailant, but sneaks on the trail of other fighters and steals bites the size of a man's head from the sides of the vanquished fish. The swordfish, with long, sharp-toothed weapon, and the thresher, armed by nature with powerful fin, always go together against the whale. When a finback whale eighty or ninety feet in length is attacked by a swordfish of fourteen feet, not including the sword, which is almost as long, and a thresher ten feet from nose to tip of tail, the conflict is a battle-royal. The amazed whale, bellowing till the cliffs resound with echo like thunder, strikes with tremendous force at his enemies, defending himself with gaping jaw and lashing tail; but the swordfish and thresher are dexterous dodgers, and seldom suffer one of the whale's vicious blows to touch them. The swordfish darts below his big enemy, and plunges his saw-like rapier upward, repeatedly piercing and wounding the whale's body. Meanwhile the thresher takes up his position on the surface of the water, springing at every opportunity on the whale's back and at his head, giving sledgehammer blows with his strong fin. The whale is not easily beaten, and the fight often lasts for more than two hours, but when swordfish and thresher are in league, no whale can withstand their furious attack. The shark sneaks into the fray at the end of the battle, when the poor whale is fagged and dying.

It is in this merciless and warring kingdom of the great creatures that the new scientific whaling station has been establishing, adding yet a deadlier foe to the number of the whale's enemies. Science has superseded the crude methods of former days, when schooners and frail skiffs, manned by hardy Eskimos, went whaling in Northern seas. In the North Pacific, in Cumberland Straits, Baffin's Bay, Davis Strait and the Hudson's Bay there are still whaling stations where the primitive way of hunt-

ing the whale at close quarters with harpoon, spear and small firearms is continued; but at the great whaling stations of Iceland, Norway, and the one scientific factory in America at Snook's Arm, specially constructed steamers are employed, equipped with every appliance that science can devise. A small harpoon is no longer hurled from the hand of some skilful Eskimo; but an immense iron bar, more than six feet long, with great wings or flanges a few feet from one end, like the bars of a cross, only folded back close to the main shaft, is now fired from a cannon on the ship. There is a large projectile at the end, filed sharp and pointed, to penetrate the whale's body, and loaded with combustibles that generate volumes of gas.

Everything on the whaling steamer Cabot at Snook's Arm is managed with mathematical exactitude. The vessel steams within a hundred yards of the whale. A man with steady nerve and quick aim must be at the cannon; and in an instant there is a flash, and the great harpoon, with the sizzle and the rush of uncoiling cable lengths attached to one end, hurls through the air at such velocity that water must be poured in bucketfuls over the smoking, unwinding rope to keep it from catching fire. With unerring aim the harpoon plunges into the whale's side, the wings on the cross-bars suddenly flying horizontal, and the exploding projectiles generating great volumes of gas that keep the body afloat. Death is very speedy and almost without suffering when the range is not too near. When the cannon is fired at close quarters, and the whale happens to be young, with tender, thin hide, the harpoon flies right through the body, the rope holding the wounded creature fast, and men are immediately dispatched in boats to spear the prisoner.

Since July, when the Cabot began whaling off Snook's Arm, more than 100 whales have been shot and not a single shot has been lost, though in one or two cases it was necessary to fire a second harpoon before a struggling monster was killed. The whales are towed into the harbor, moored there, and dragged by steam power and logging chains up the slippery, slanting wharf.

*An Immense River.....F. G. Carpenter.....Pittsburg Despatch*

The river system of the Plate, or of the Rio de la Plata, is one of the most wonderful in the world. The volume of the stream is greater than that of the Mississippi. It is surpassed only by the Amazon. It drains a basin more than half as big as the whole United States, and one which in fertility of soil and salubrity of climate is only surpassed by the basin of the Mississippi, and it is a question whether it has not more cultivated territory. Upon it tens of millions of cattle and sheep are pastured, and its wheat fields compete with ours in the markets of Europe. It has the most extensive plains of the globe, and it is a vast expanse of fairly good land.

It is a white man's country. The basin of the Amazon is tropical and malarious. That of the Plate is largely in the temperate zone. Its northern parts are like Louisiana or Florida, and in the South the summer climate is as temperate as that of our Middle States.

It is the Mississippi basin reversed, the source of



its rivers being in the hot country, where there are coffee and sugar lands and rubber trees, and its mouth in the rather cool lands of Uruguay and the Argentine, noted for their fields of wheat and corn.

The vast basin is formed in the shape of a great horseshoe, with the opening toward the Atlantic, the Andes and the strip of highlands which crosses Brazil from the back and upper rim of the shoe, while the slightly sloping plains of Patagonia bound it on the south. In it are included the best of the Argentine, all of Uruguay and Paraguay and large portions of Brazil and Bolivia. The most of it has been built up by the Parana or Rio de la Plata system, and to-day these rivers are still at their great work of earth building.

You see this plainly in the Rio de la Plata proper. It is more a great bay of liquid mud than a river. It is 120 miles wide at the Atlantic and narrows down to twenty-nine miles at Buenos Ayres, which is 180 miles inland. The width at Montevideo is about sixty-five miles. The Rio de la Plata is so full of silt or mud that it discolors the Atlantic for many miles out at sea.

We noticed the change in the color of the ocean long before we entered its mouth, and the water seemed to grow thicker as we sailed to Buenos Ayres. The channel is fast filling up with a sandy mud, and the Eads jetty system is proposed. As it is now, the rivers bring down a quarter of a million tons of mud a day, and the sediment is so great that all the water used by Buenos Ayres is filtered by the city.

*Tahiti, a Land of Dreams..... Mexican Herald*

"Of all fascinating places under the sun," said a gentleman who has traveled much, "the Island of Tahiti, one of the Society Islands, is the most fascinating. In that country—a little earth lost in a vast ocean—nature has done everything to make indolent souls happy. The climate is temperate and even all the year round, the vegetation is luxuriant, the women beautiful, and the nights, full of perfume and mystical light, stir the most practical mind to love of meditation and dreaming. The influence of this dreamy, lazy life is very insidious. It is not necessary to work, as the island furnishes food without the labor of tillage. I know a number of Americans and French who have gone there for a visit, and have become so enraptured with the languorous existence that, like the visitors to lotusland, they lie down and forget friends, home, ambition and everything.

*Bulawayo, a South African Boom-Town..... Cape Times*

In Bulawayo, the capital of Rhodesia, one is brought face to face with an entirely new experiment in the founding of cities and the history of colonization—the spectacle of a large community which has penetrated a thousand miles into the interior, invested largely in bricks and mortar, and settled quietly down into the grooves of a rough-and-ready sort of civilized life, serenely confident in the future, but all on the strength of expectations, of which as yet there has been very little ocular proof. When the inquirer attempts to probe down into the bedrock of things he cannot help feeling a little puzzled. The position seems roughly this.

Everybody is satisfied in a general sort of way that there is gold galore scattered about the country. Most of the bigger men with whom you talk can tell you of their own knowledge of a few good properties which they believe will pay, and pay handsomely, and they know by hearsay of many others. But the fact remains that the average hard-headed Bulawayan, incompetent to form an opinion for himself, either from "simple ignorance," as Dr. Johnson calls it, or lack of opportunity, has deliberately backed his faith in Mr. Rhodes' sagacity and statesmanship, and hopefully and expectantly awaits the result. If Rhodesia is good enough for great English capitalists, and they are willing to sink millions in the country before the mines have been irrefragably proved, it ought, he argues, to be good enough for him, and, having converted some part of his stake in the country into solid cash, just to keep things going, he is content to stand by and see how things will turn out. Hence we have the strange phenomenon of a well-built and prosperous-looking township rubbing comfortably along, without, to the outward eye, any visible means of subsistence—and not only rubbing along, but actually increasing its imports and the number of its inhabitants. Optimism is in the air one breathes.

There are some things about which visitors' impressions may well differ according to the point of view, but one characteristic at least admits of no divergence whatever; Bulawayo, in the present stage of its development, is thoroughly and almost exclusively British. This may change in course of time—it certainly will change quickly if things turn out as well as everybody hopes and expects—but the mantle of cosmopolitanism has yet to fall upon it. No less noticeable is what it may be permitted to call the social quality of the population. The predominating factor seems to be the well-bred young Englishman of the familiar public-school type, though there are many old colonists and men of the rougher stamp coming in from the neighboring gold belts. There are, naturally, many natives in and about the township, but none of them are genuine Matabele or Mashonas. These tribes are bashful, suspicious, and incorrigibly lazy, so teaching them civilized existence will require time and patience. It may be good policy to instil confidence by slow methods, even though it necessitates a railway to the Zambesi to tap a new labor supply.

Colonization by capital is a terribly swift and effective process, and one can well imagine the state of stupefaction in which it must leave the native mind. Instead of the old slow-going methods of the African pioneer, we have seen the ox wagon supplanted by the steam engine, and the astonished aboriginal may well feel that civilization has descended upon his country in a flood. It seems but the other day that we were reading of Lobengula as a powerful and despotic tyrant, receiving visits from white men at his kraal near the Umgusa, surrounded by his queens, indunas and warriors, and all the paraphernalia of witchcraft. Yet the Great Place of the Killing has been blotted out as though it had never existed. Government House stands on the site of the old king's kraal, and over the face of the plateau the invincibility of the White Power is plainly stamped in terms of bricks and mortar.



## APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

*The New Electric Light.....Electricity*

According to Messrs. Swinburne and Ayrton, the celebrated English chemists, Professor Walter Nernst's incandescent light is one of the greatest discoveries of the age. That Professor Nernst had discovered a new light has been known for some time, although the general details of the invention, or more properly speaking, discovery, were not made public until quite recently. That the incandescent electric lamp now in general use was by no means an ideal one has been fully appreciated by scientists for some time, but in lieu of something better it has been almost universally adopted, and has come to be recognized as a standard of illumination. The principal objection urged against the incandescent lamp in its present form is that it requires a considerable amount of current to raise the carbon filament to the point of incandescence, and further requires, though less, still a large expenditure of energy to maintain that incandescence. In other words, the proportion of the luminous radiation to the total radiation is very small. The experiments which Professor Nernst has been carrying on for some time were apparently with a view to overcoming these defects, and how well he has succeeded may be gathered from the fact that his new incandescent light is said to require but approximately one-third the amount of energy of an ordinary incandescent lamp.

The light recently discovered by the Göttingen professor differs materially from the ordinary form of lamp in that no vacuum and no fragile filament are required. In the place of the filament a rod composed of magnesia or other rare earth is made use of, which Professor Nernst discovered could be kept in an intensely luminous condition by a very weak current under certain circumstances. The essential point of the invention is that the rod must first be heated above 6,000 degrees Fahr. before it becomes a good electrical conductor. Other inventors have from time to time endeavored to adapt metallic oxides, such as alumina, magnesia, lime, etc., to incandescent lamps, but have invariably failed, owing principally to these substances being such poor conductors of electricity at ordinary temperatures. Of late Professor Nernst has been developing and perfecting his invention, and apparently the principal difficulty yet to be overcome before the invention can be placed upon the market is the procuring of suitable appliances for heating the rod of magnesia to the necessary temperature.

With the tenacity of purpose and unquestionable ability possessed by Professor Nernst, this last obstacle to the perfecting of an invaluable discovery will undoubtedly be overcome in the near future.

*Flour and Flour Milling...B. C. Church and F. W. Fitzpatrick...Cosmopolitan*

Up to 1870 the manufacture of flour was an exceedingly simple process. Wheat was ground between millstones and the meal was then strained, or "bolted." The wheat, before grinding, was but partially cleaned, if at all, and the quality of the flour manufactured depended a great deal, as it

does now, upon the number of bushels of wheat it took to make a barrel of flour; for if the miller set his millstones close together, so as to grind very fine, more of the bran would go through into the flour, and consequently there was more and poorer flour to the bushel of wheat than if the millstones were kept apart, and made more bran.

In 1870 what is known as "patent" flour was made through the use of "middling purifiers" and the "gradual reduction process." This last, as the term would signify, is a gradual reduction of wheat to flour, by running it through the millstones many times instead of grinding it fine enough at the first grinding.

These purifiers were invented in 1865 by a man in this country, named La Croix, and consisted merely of a sieve laid horizontally, over which the ground product was passed. A blast of air coming from under this sieve carried off the chaff and bran into a tube, and the heavier meal continued on its way undisturbed. The machine to-day is much improved, of course, but the principle remains the same. Middling purifiers constitute the third most important part of a mill's machinery, preceded only by the rolls that do the grinding and the bolts that do the bolting, or sifting.

The wheat is carried from the elevator to the mill by a belt conveyer, virtually a moving trough that dumps it into cleaners, sometimes into a washing machine (the latest and most perfect cleaner there is), where it is carried with great force against a stream of water and then quickly dried by a blast of hot air. It is spouted down to the rolls or grinding machines after passing through eight separate cleaning processes. The rolls, set wide apart, give the wheat the first break, or grinding. It is then conveyed up to another floor to the scalpers, or purifiers, where, by the process first described, the flour from the first grinding is separated from the rest. The offal is carried away and the middlings are spouted down again to a second grinding through finer rolls. The first flour is bolted in its several qualities, and the middlings go over the rolls again, then over the purifiers and the bolting machines, through five series of grindings, or sixty-one separate and distinct processes before reaching the spouts, from the ends of which the packers fill the barrels and bags, and nail up the former and sew up the latter, ready for shipment.

This packing is really the only handwork performed about a great mill; few men are employed about the machines, which grind and carry and sift by themselves, and are self-lubricating.

The capacity of one of these monster mills is something hard to realize. In Duluth there stands one of the three greatest mills of the world. This one began in 1889 by grinding 1,500 barrels a day. In 1890 it had risen to 2,500, and since 1894 it has been grinding 8,000 barrels a day. It has a storage capacity of 650,000 bushels of wheat, grinds 6,750,000 bushels of wheat a year into 1,500,000 barrels of flour, which it would require 321 trains of thirty cars each to carry away.

In the making of all this flour but 250 men are

employed, yet they handle the product of 3,515 farms of 160 acres each.

Such is one mill. Think of the others at the head of the Lakes. Combined, the nine mills there manufacture 22,000 barrels a day. Then think of just one system of mills in Minneapolis with a capacity of 25,000 barrels a day. The annual production from its five mills is about 5,000,000 barrels a year; they grind 20,000 bushels of wheat, and export 1,250,000 barrels, and, in addition to the flour, produce about 145,000 tons of feed. To move the total output of this system of mills would require a solid freight train 600 miles long; or if the barrels were placed in a line, they would extend from New York to Salt Lake City.

All the Minneapolis mills together produce about 13,500,000 barrels annually, of which there is exported thirty per cent. The spring wheat millers, in fact, count upon milling about thirty per cent. more flour than home consumption requires, and they can place flour in Liverpool at a rate of 50 cents a barrel added to what we pay for it.

In 1880 there were 24,338 (known) flour mills; in 1890 there were 18,470 in this country, and our 1900 census will show a still further decrease to about 15,600.

This reduction in numbers is simply the weeding out of the very small mills, the ten to fifty-barrel-a-day affairs of the back country. As against this reduction in numbers, there is an increase in capital invested in mills of over \$46,000,000 since 1880; and 7,000 more men are employed, in spite of the labor-saving machinery introduced in the last twenty years.

Since then stone milling has been superseded by the new process, and the era of large capacities has been inaugurated. Previously to that time, even the largest American mills shipped but little beyond their own territory, and hardly any abroad. There have been consolidations of many mills; mill-owners from being artisans themselves have developed into managers and executive officers of a vastly more complex and extended business than they had even dreamed of; economy in production has been reduced to an exact science, and, as Mr. Edgar puts it, "the details of selling and competition have been worked out to an exceedingly fine point."

On an average, we export annually 75,000,000 bushels of wheat and 15,000,000 barrels of flour. Together with Russia, we practically supply Western European markets. India's average, 35,000,000 bushels export, finds its way mostly to England, for it has no mills of its own of any account. The Argentine in 1895 shipped away 60,000,000 bushels, chiefly to Brazil and the United Kingdom, for she, too, has but scant milling facilities. Russian wheat finds its way not only into England, France and Germany, but even into Turkey.

Budapest, Hungary, is the great milling centre of Europe. This last year, owing to the poor crop, most of the mills have been running but half-time. Her largest mill is a 4,500-barrel one.

Marseilles, France, is quite a milling centre, but there, as elsewhere in Europe, the tendency is to smaller mills and more of them, none anywhere equalling the huge American mills.

Liverpool, Glasgow, London, Hull, Newcastle,

Bristol and Cardiff in the United Kingdom, are the chief milling points, and, as to capacities, stand in about the order named. Their mills operate principally upon imported wheat, but the total product barely suffices to feed London, Liverpool and Glasgow.

All told, the mills of the world will grind out, as this year's completed reports will show, about 361,000,000 barrels of wheaten flour. Of that amount the Anglo-Saxon race will have used 189,000,000; the Latins, 95,000,000; the Germans, 60,000,000, and the Slavs, 17,000,000.

#### *The Making of Lead Pencils.....School and Home*

The first thing to be said about lead pencils is that they are not lead pencils at all. Once upon a time sticks of lead were used for making marks on paper and wood, and the name has survived, though nowadays all the pencils are filled with graphite, or plumbago. This mineral is found in only a few places in the world—in Cumberland, England, along the Laurentian ranges in the province of Quebec, and at Ticonderoga, Vt. The largest mines on this continent are at the latter place.

The graphite is taken in the lump from the mines and carried to the reducing mill, where it is ground or pulverized in stamp mills under water. The fine particles of graphite float away with the water through a number of tanks, collecting at the bottom of these reservoirs. It is packed in barrels in the form of dust and sent to the factory, where tens of thousands of lead pencils are turned out every day. The pulverized graphite is so fine that it really is a dust, dingy in color and smooth and oily to the touch. It is divided into various grades of fineness by floating it on water from one tank to another. The coarse dust sinks to the bottom of the first tank, the next finer to the bottom of the second tank, and so on down the line, the finest powder for the finest pencils settling in the last tank.

In another series of tanks the German pipe clay, which is mixed with graphite to secure the different grades of pencils from very soft to extra hard, is graded in the same way, by floating. The finest clay is mixed with the finest graphite, being ground together between stones, and the hardness of the pencil is secured by increasing the proportion of clay in the mixture. For the medium grades seven parts by weight of clay are mixed with ten parts of graphite. After the graphite and clay are ground together the mixture is put in canvas bags and the water is squeezed out under an hydraulic press, leaving a mass the consistency of putty. The plaster is placed in a forming press, which is a small iron cylinder, in which a solid plunger or piston works up and down. A steel plate having a hole the size and shape of the "lead" is put under the open end of the cylinder, and the plunger pressing down, forces the graphite through the hole, making a continuous thread or wire of graphite. As long as this thread is moist it is pliable, but it becomes brittle when dry, so it is handled rapidly. It is cut into three lead lengths, straightened out, and then hardened in a crucible over a coal fire. The leads when taken from the crucibles are ready for the wood, which is pine for cheap pencils, and cedar



for more expensive ones. When the strips of wood are received at the factory they are run through a machine which cuts in each one six grooves, round or square, and at the same time smooths the face of the wood.

The filling of the strips is done by girls. The first one takes a grooved strip of wood in her left hand and a bunch of leads in the right. She spreads the leads out fan shape, and with one motion she fills the six grooves with leads. Next to her sits another girl, who takes the filled strips and quickly and neatly lays on another grooved strip which has just been coated with hot glue by a third girl. The filled and glued strips are piled upon each other and put in a press, where they are left to dry. The ends of the strip are evened off under a sand-paper wheel, and then the strips are fed into a machine which cuts out the individual pencils, shapes them and delivers them smooth and ready for the color and polish, in six streams. The coloring is done with liquid dyes, after which the pencils are sent through the varnishing machine.

*The Evolution of Fish-Hooks.....L. G. Gates.....Popular Science*

Men have doubtless been fishers from very remote times; hunger would teach them to catch fish as well as to hunt mammals, but while the evidences of the latter are so abundant in the shape of stone weapons, the weapons or implements used for catching fish, being made of less durable material, have disappeared. The exceptions to this general statement are the few instances where fish-hooks made entirely of stone, or of a combination of stone and wood, or bone, have been preserved with the other implements of similar material.

Fish-hooks of silicious material have not been found in America, but hooks composed of flint or chalcedony and bone have been found in Greenland.

The invention of rude implements to facilitate the catching of fish would not require the exercise of any great ingenuity or mechanical skill; from watching the fish snap at or swallow objects thrown in the water, the idea of tying some tempting bait on the end of a string, and throwing it into the water, to be seized and swallowed by the fish, which could then be pulled out by means of the string, would be very simple, and from this to the earliest known attachment for making the capture of the fish more certain, that of attaching a sliver of wood to the end of the string or line, in such a way that any attempt at escape on the part of the fish would make its capture more certain, was very easy.

Afterwards pieces of bone or wood, sharpened at each end, and sometimes grooved in the middle to keep the string from slipping, were evolved.

Implements of this character are still used by the Eskimos for catching sea-gulls and other water fowl. A cord made of braided grass 15 or 18 inches long is looped around the groove in the bone, and fastened to a trawl-line, kept extended by anchored buoys, the bone being baited with small fish, into which the implement is inserted lengthwise, the trawl lines are placed near the breeding places of the birds, and would be equally effective in the capture of certain kinds of fish.

As man gained experience and advanced in

knowledge other forms of implements would be evolved better suited for the purpose, but with the exception of better material being used in the manufacture, the fish-hook of the civilized nations of to-day are but little in advance of those used by savage races and prehistoric peoples.

Prehistoric fish-hooks of bronze and others made from the tusks of the wild boar are found in the Swiss Lakes. Another form of bronze fish-hook found in the Lake of Morat is almost identical in form with those used to-day. Clipped flint fish-hooks are found in Sweden. Among the aborigines of Wisconsin native copper was used in the manufacture of various weapons and implements, and fish-hooks of beaten copper have been found in some of the mounds in that region.

*A Natural Bridge to Asia.....Chicago Inter-Ocean*

"There will be a bridge connecting this country with Asia at no very distant day," said Professor W. J. McGee, the Government scientist at Washington. "If you will look at any map of the world you will find the bridge I speak of indicated by the line of the Aleutian chain, which extends from Southwestern Alaska westward in a curve bearing somewhat toward the South. This chain, supplemented by certain Russian islands, which, physiographically speaking, form part of the same system, is the southern boundary of Bering Sea. The line of islands extends clear across from Alaska to the Asiatic side, with many gaps between, which, as I have stated, remain yet to be filled in before the bridge is finished."

"But how do you know that they will be filled in?" was asked. "The best possible reasons exist for knowing that they must be filled in, and that the land bridge between our own territory and Asia will be made complete. It is a certainty, entirely beyond dispute, that the islands of the Aleutian chain are steadily rising; in fact, a gradual folding up of that part of the earth's crust is taking place, and the line of the fold is represented by the Aleutian Islands which constitute the system across to Kamchatka. The territorial expansion of the United States is progressing by natural, as well as through political, means. It is progressing in a northwesterly direction, owing to geologic causes, the dry land of Western Alaska gaining steadily on the sea. In other words, the west coast of Uncle Sam's Arctic province is advancing toward the Asiatic shore.

"The Yukon River is continually bringing down to the coast enormous quantities of detritus and depositing it off shore. The detritus does exactly what is accomplished in cities where the refuse dumps eventually form great areas of new ground for the extension of streets and the foundations of houses. In a word, it is a landmaker, and in the way I describe it has added thousands of square miles to the Alaskan Territory. It has built the whole of the immense Yukon delta, and has made the waters off shore so shallow that even small vessels can hardly get within sight of the coast. Necessarily, before very many years have elapsed these shallows will be converted in their turn into dry land by the continuous outpour of material from the river."



## IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

*Sleep Time in Darktown.....Baltimore American*

Sun am des a golden ball  
 A-sinkin' in a west  
 De bull frog am a-singin' to  
 De one he love de best;  
 An' a daylight am a gwine home  
 To take a li'l rest—  
 Sing a low, mah black-eye ras'al!  
     Sing a low!  
     Sing a low!

Li'l clouds am runnin' kase  
 Da mammy tol' dem to;  
 Whippo'will am chunin' up  
 A song fo' me an' yo',  
 An' a sky am feelin' happy kase  
 De stars am peepin' frew—  
 Sing a low, mah black-eye ras'al!  
     Sing a low!  
     Sing a low!

Wind am makin' music fo'  
 De trees up on a hill;  
 Owls am dess a-wakin' up  
 Down yander by de mill;  
 Shadows comin' roun' to see  
 Ef yo' is keepin' still—  
 Sing a low, mah black-eye ras'al!  
     Sing a low!  
     Sing a low!

*Tit for Tat.....William Lyle .....Home Journal*

"Maggie, my lass, I'm gaun awa  
 To hae a wee bit trip—  
 Just doon the Clyde a mile or twa,  
 I couldna let it slip.  
 Some ither day ye'll hae yer spell,  
 I'm sure ye'll no' complain,  
 Ye ken the minister himsel  
 Said you an' I are ane."  
 Awa he gaed, syne Maggie thoct,  
 That's kind o' queer o' Jock,  
 Weel, wit's the best, when dearly bocht—  
 Just wait till sax o'clock.  
 "I'll wind ye sic a pirn, my lad,  
 Ye'll wish ye had na gane,  
 The gamest cock that ever crawled  
 May meet a master, ane."  
 When Jock come hame, the fire was oot,  
 Na supper could he see,  
 Maggie ne'er put hersel' about,  
 "Whaur's my supper?" quo' he.  
 "Supper," quo' Meg, "I've just had mine,  
 I wonder ye complain,  
 The thoct o' that should do ye fine  
 Sin' you an' I are ane."

*Old Age.....London Journal*

Yer wornts a job, yer dew,  
 And you're only sixty-tew!  
 Thanks, we've all the parylytics as we're needin' withart  
 you.  
 This ain't no bloomin' 'orspital, this factory is not;  
 We tikes on men that's young an' smawt, an' strong an'  
 on-the-spot,  
 And that is whort yer ain't, my friend, nort by a tidy lot,  
 It ain't no yoose ter try,  
 So tike an' pawse awye;  
 Thur's the young 'uns close be'ind yer' an' you're blockin'  
 up the wye.  
 And whur are yer ter go?  
 'Ow the dickens shud I know?  
 Thur's no one 'ungrin fur yer when you're sixty-tew or so.

Yer 'as a fust-class chericter, yer don't go on the booze,  
 Yer've got a bit o' strength still left as you'd be prard ter  
 yoose,

But ev'rywhur yer awks fur wuk yer finds as they refoose,  
 And ev'rywhur you're told,  
 You're are, right art, clean bowled,  
 Aye, the sin thet's pawst furgivin' is the sin o' bein' old.

And thur's nuttink as yer'll get,  
 Penshing schemes is orf, yer bet;  
 Thur mye be thet good time comin', but it ain't a-comin'  
 yet.

With the growth of thrifty 'abits it is wrong ter interfere,  
 Likewise we 'asn't got no twenty millying parnds a year,  
 And one thing is too differcult, and toether thing's too  
 dear.

Old ige 'as done your trick,  
 So just you mawch off quick;  
 Thurs the work'ouse an' the ceme'try yer've only got ter  
 pick.

*"I Mind the Day".....Molra O'Neill.....Blackwood's Magazine*

I mind the day I'd wish I was a say-gull flyin' far—  
 For then I'd fly and find you in the west.  
 And I'd wish I was a little rose as sweet as roses are,  
 For then you'd maybe wear it on your breast,

Achray!

You'd maybe take an' wear it on your breast.

I'd wish I could be livin' near, to love you day an' night,  
 To let no throuble touch you or annoy:

I'd wish I could be dyin' here, to rise a spirit light,  
 So them above 'ud let me bring you joy,

Mavrone!

If them above 'ud let me win you joy.

An' now I wish no wishes, nor ever fall a tear,  
 Nor take a thought beyont the way I'm led.  
 I mind the day that's over-bye, an' bless the day that's here:  
 There be to come a day when we'll be dead,

Achray!

A longer, lighter day when we'll be dead.

*Do Your Best.....James Whitcomb Riley.....Success*

The signs are bad when folks commence  
 A-findin' fault with Providence,  
 And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake  
 At every prancin' step they take.  
 No man is great till he can see  
 How less than little he would be  
 Ef, stripped to self and, stark and bare,  
 He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctern is to lay aside  
 Contentions, and be satisfied;  
 Jest do yer best, and praise er blame  
 That follers that counts jest the same.  
 I've allus noticed that success  
 Is mixed with troubles, more or less,  
 And it's the man who does the best  
 That gets more kicks than all the rest.

*An Invocation.....Frank L. Stanton.....Atlanta Constitution*

Come 'long, Mister Springtime—  
 Don't you fool erbout!  
 Sen' erlong some sunshine  
 Ter coax de blossoms out!

Come 'long, Mister Springtime—  
 'Cross de snowbank white;  
 De sunflower los' de candle—  
 He want ter see de light!

Come 'long, Mister Springtime—  
 Make de blossoms fall;  
 Take yo' stan', en kiss yo' han',  
 En say, "Good mawnin', all!"

# SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN LIGHTER VEIN

*In Cupid's Court*.....Tom Hall.....*When Cupid Calls\** *When Marjorie Sings*.....Julia Schayer.....Lippincott's

"He who hesitates is lost."  
The ancient saying ran.  
Wandering far or tempest-tossed,  
Men have learned it to their cost,  
Ever since the world began.

In the court of Cupid, though,  
Be it light of moon or sun,  
Be the future weal or woe,  
While Sir Plume is bending low  
She who hesitates is won.

*A Sacrifice*.....Francis Churchill Williams.....*Detroit Free Press*

At fair Kate's side I spent my time  
The winter season through,  
Nor thought the evening stars were bright,  
Nor music sweet, nor ballroom light,  
Nor cloudless sky was blue,  
When I was not the cavalier  
Of Bonny Kate, I loved so dear.

Ash Wednesday came, and, by the post,  
I got a dainty note,  
And as I read my first surprise  
Grew deeper. Could I trust my eyes?  
"My Own Dear Tom," she wrote;  
"You mustn't see me from to-day,  
Until I tell you that you may."

For forty days in vain I tried  
To get from her a line,  
Then came another dainty note,  
"I want to see you so," she wrote;  
"You must forgive, mine.  
You don't know what a time I've spent,  
Because I gave you up for Lent."

*In Nora's Eyes*.....Moses Teggart.....*Boston Pilot*

In Nora's eyes—  
What is it beams behind the blue—  
That never violets bathed in dew,  
Nor melting skies of azure hue  
Can match what beams behind the blue  
Of Nora's eyes?

In Nora's eyes—  
What is it I so much admire?  
'Tis not delight, 'tis not desire,  
And yet it sets my soul on fire!  
Oh, what is it that I admire

In Nora's eyes—  
What is it shyly glows and gleams,  
And sweeter than a planet beams,  
And lifts me to it in my dreams,  
And thrills me while it glows and gleams  
In Nora's eyes?

In Nora's eyes—  
The kindly, oft-recurring smile  
Might well an anchorite beguile!  
Yet something else there is the while  
That gives the glory to the smile  
In Nora's eyes.

In Nora's eyes—  
As moisture to the violets blue,  
As light to skies of azure hue  
Is that sweet something shining through  
The kindly, lovely, laughing blue  
Of Nora's eyes.

When Marjorie sings, her throat of snow  
Swells with the music's ebb and flow  
Like throat of song-thrush, and her eyes  
Grow tender as the light that lies  
On hill-tops when the sun is low,

So fair the singer, scarce I know  
Allegro from adagio,  
Nor dream her art to criticise  
When Marjorie sings.

I look and list, and hourly grow  
More hopelessly her slave; but oh,  
Of whom dreams she? (Oh, dread surmise!)  
For whom do those soft blushes rise?  
To whom those maiden fancies go,  
When Marjorie sings.

*Sylvia at the Tea Urn*.....Clinton Scollard.....*Munsey's*

There's a trim little house at the bend of the street,  
Where the lace at the windows is snowy and sweet;  
And it's thither I wend, to that magnet-like door,  
When the silvery chimes in St. Mary's ring four;  
For four is the hour that sounds gay as a song  
When Sylvia pours the Formosa Oolong!

'Tis a picture to see her bend over the urn—  
Her slender white wrist with its delicate turn,  
The violet depths of her eyes, and the glint  
Of the gold in her hair that is matched by no mint;  
And then her rare smile! Oh, what rapture dreams throng  
When Sylvia pours the Formosa Oolong!

The light in the room is so soft and subdued,  
Just suited, I ween, to a bachelor's mood;  
And the voice, ah, the voice of the tea-making maid  
Has the low laughing lilt of a brook in the glade!  
Sooth, life is all joy, and the world holds no wrong  
When Sylvia pours the Formosa Oolong!

*Peggy's Kerchief*.....*Home Journal*

Yellow, for the passing years  
Have with sere touch dimmed it,  
And the hands are vanished long  
That in the old times trimmed it,  
While a sweet herb's fragrance faint  
Each firmly fold discloses—  
The muslin kerchief, brodered white,  
With roses.

Peggy, she my great, great aunt,  
On gala days to don it,  
With her skillful fingers fleet  
Put broderies upon it,  
And, as other maids, I wis,  
Oft sat with dreamy glances,  
The while, she weaved, 'tween silken stitch,  
Romances.

When so fine and daintily,  
Flower brodered, Peggy made it,  
With slender sprigs of lavender  
Away with care she laid it,  
Yet as springs to summers turned  
And years the years succeeded,  
Soft, fold on fold, the kerchief lay  
Unheeded.

For as a spring-tide blossom dies,  
So Peggy, ere she wore it,  
And with the scent of lavender  
That subtly hovers o'er it,  
Breathing of the years ago  
All undisturbed reposes  
The muslin kerchief, brodered white,  
With roses.

\*E. R. Herrick & Co., New York.

## VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

*Man and His Walking-Stick.....F.S. Walters.....Gentleman's Magazine*

The way in which a man carries his stick is proof of his manners, or want of them. And as the manners are the man (outwardly, at any rate), the deduction is easy. The man who has a habit of carrying his walking-stick horizontally under his arm, so that when he whisks round, which he constantly does to look behind him or stare in shop windows, it hits anybody near him, is, equally with him who swings it round and round, an enemy of the human race. He never apologizes to any one whom he hits, but glares and grunts, as if they were the aggressors and he the victim, if he is looked at remonstratingly. He is evidently of a selfish and brutal disposition, and his stick should be smashed, which we once saw done on a Sunday afternoon by a victim who was muscular and intrepid.

He who carries his stick hanging on his arm (the crooks at the top are ugly, but fashionable at this time) is, at any rate, inoffensive, if somewhat affected—probably a man of conventionalism, if not (like the recipient of a testimonial who gave it as a reason for merely saying "Thank you") "afflicted with a morbid desire for originality." The quasi-military man, who carries his stick over his shoulder as if it were a drawn sabre, is one whom it is well not to walk behind, for he has a trick of wheeling round, as if to reconnoitre his rear, and bringing his stick sharply into contact with the nearest head: "Why don't you get out of the way, then?" is his usual graceful apology. As for him who whirls his stick round and round by the handle, he is simply a dangerous nuisance, if not an idiot. But such a specimen is rare; he usually has so unpleasant an experience at an early stage of his career as suffices to tame him.

With the Nabob era of the last century, when the returned Anglo-Indian who had shaken the pagoda-tree with much effect, and came back to England with an immense fortune, a liver complaint, and a desire for a seat in Parliament, was a common character in novel and play, the bamboo cane or genuine rattan became a familiar object. Long ere that time, however, one class used long gold-headed canes as their professional adjuncts—the physicians. Popular tradition explained the elaborate gold heads as containing some potent prophylactic which the physicians kept to themselves. In the case of the running footmen who preceded the carriages of the wealthy in the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century, and who performed remarkable feats of celerity, the long canes they carried did really have large hollow heads, in which were stimulants, certainly needed by themselves, these, too on occasion (accidents being common on the majority of the roads, which were of the vilest till the end of the last century) being useful for others. With the early years of the present century—the days of the Regency—we see from contemporary caricatures various whimsical fashions with the "bucks" and "dandies" of the time in the shape of walking-sticks—mostly of a very light description, much more for show than use—but with one new fashion, that of having a quizzing-

glass, as it was termed, set in the handle. Then, in the ridiculous attitude which he affected, his head thrown back by his enormous neckcloth into his high-collared coat, the dandy raised the handle of his stick to his eye and looked patronizingly at the beauties and the horses in the Row or Ring.

There are many phases of the French Revolution. One of them is that of sticks. The cane of the "ancien régime" was a dainty, fairy-like wand, which matched monseigneur's exquisite snuff-box and jeweled rapier. When the Terror came the bludgeon came too. It was significant. The band of shaggy-spencered, red-capped, wooden-shoed ruffians, whose cockades and profanities evidenced their patriotism, and whose main object was to guard the popular idol, Maximilien Robespierre, from being immolated by some whim of his devotees, were armed with big sticks which would fell like a bullock any citizen who ventured to think a "régime" of blood better fitted for Central Africa—then, indeed, an unknown and terrible region—than for civilized Paris, the (self-styled) "hub of the universe." Handling these bludgeons, the bodyguard of "the sea-green incorruptible" stood outside the door of his modest lodgings. They certainly would not use them as walking-sticks—the citizen of the Terror would have deemed anything of that sort a concession to aristocratic prejudices. But the point is this. The Ninth Thermidor comes. To the immense joy of the many millions the archfiend who was the idol of the fierce thousands who dominated by sheer terrorism on the one side, sheer lethargy on the other, the millions, is sent with his colleagues to that axe which has sheared off hundreds of heads at his bidding, sometimes whole families, from the oldest to the youngest. Then comes the reaction, and the riot of the "jeunesse dorée" and the "incroyables." These reproduce the bludgeon of the discomfited and savage Jacobins, but in shape of walking-stick. For you may use a walking-stick now; the signs of luxury and ancient associations are seen reappearing on every side. The walking-stick of the "merveilleux" or "incroyable" was a most remarkable thing. It was knotted and twisted, naturally or artificially, its thickness above suggesting the "sansculotte's" bludgeon, but tapering off at the lower end. Gaily decorated with colored ribbons at the handle, this sort of walking-stick required "livi.g up to," as Punch's æsthete said years ago of the blue china teapot. It matched the costume, the bright-colored long swallow-tailed coat, the voluminous white neckcloth, the breeches with ribbons, the top-boots, the frill and ruffles, and the enormous cocked hat. But the stick, despite its rococo appearance, suggested a combination between the savagery of the immediate past and the foppery of the immediate present, and was typical of the transitional state of Paris until the iron hand of the First Consul, already imperious, reticent, haughty, demeaning himself as master in every word and action, lifted France, as he truly said, from "the gutter," and made her feel that no despotism should be tolerated but his own.



*A Fad for Rubbing Brasses.....Harper's Bazar*

Many years ago—a period usually designated by the word “merry”—there were scattered all over England churches upon whose floors and walls were innumerable brass tablets, of more or less artistic design, to the memories of lords and ladies, or rich merchants and their wives. Then a period of turbulence set in, and “Old Noll,” at the head of the parliamentarians, marched up and down the land, and considerable damage was done. In the more prominent places these memorial brasses were torn from their settings, and nothing remains to show where they were but a stone matrix here and there. However, in out-of-the-way places many, more or less worn, are still in existence. Those that were on the floors have in some cases been placed on the walls, sometimes in niches and sometimes so high as to be reached only by a step-ladder.

While on a bicycle tour through the midland counties of England the last summer I stopped for a rest at a stile under an old beech tree, and, noticing that the by-path led over the fields to an old church, whose square tower could be seen over the tree tops, and knowing that the old churches of England are one of its most interesting and instructive features, I pushed on in the direction of the building. At the porch stood a number of bicycles, and on entering I found a party of young ladies busily engaged in some sort of athletic exercise. They had paper fastened to the walls, and were scrubbing the surface with great dexterity, and gradually bringing out, by means of a black wax composition, the forms of knights and monks. The old rector, whom I met outside, explained that this was called “rubbing brasses,” and that the last year or two had shown a decided increase in the number of “rubbers.” Just why they did it the dear old man did not know.

A Roman Catholic father said, later, that when he was studying for the priesthood he rubbed brasses, and that in those days only antiquarians, students and sometimes artists made any records of these ancient memorials. A fair devotee of the art proved to me that we were on the eve of what might be called a new fad of the traveler and tourist. This person was a young American woman who had made some forty odd rubbings. She said it was one of the most fascinating of hobbies. The more you rubbed, the more you learned of old armor and costumes and lettering. Take the changes that were made from the chain mail of the early times to the plate armor of a more recent period. You could note the changes made in the costumes of the rich freedman and his wife. This young lady belonged to a club every member of which must have rubbed a brass dating prior to the year 1600. An exhibition is held now and then, and the production of a “find” is an event.

With your roll of paper, your gelatin lozenges and your black wax ball, nothing can be much more valuable as the record of a bicycle tour in England than a few of these rubbings.

*The Muff in History.....Baltimore Herald*

In many sixteenth century portraits one sees wound around the wrist of a noble dame a piece of

rich, soft fur, which was used to cover the neck or to fulfill the functions of a muff. To this is often attached some little fantasy, an animal's head, a skull perhaps, cleverly wrought and adorned, with precious stones. Like many another article of dress the muff was at first the exclusive property of the nobility, but when it appeared in Venice it was carried by courtezans as well as by women of the highest rank. The first Venetian muffs were very small, made of a single piece of velvet, brocade or silk, lined with fur, the opening fastening with exquisite buttons of gold and silver enriched with precious stones. By 1662 the muff seems to have been recognized as a necessary adjunct of the wardrobe of a lady of fashion. In Evelyn's *Mundus Muliebris*, written at this time, numbers of gowns, “bodices,” shoe buckles, of perfumed gloves, “jonquil, tube rose, frangipan, orange, violet, narcissus, jessamine, ambrett and some of chicken skin for night to keep her hands plump, soft and white,” are enumerated, and also “three muffs, of ermine, sable, gray.” It will be noticed that my lady has no black muff. Many years before Charles IX., “Fidgety Killjoy,” as he was called, regulated the costumes of the classes—the bourgeoisie to use black muffs, and only the women of rank to carry those of various colors. At the time of the National Convention in Paris the muffs were large and flat, fantastic as were all the fashions of that time. In colonial days in America they were also large, but round. About 1830 the muffs were principally of chinchilla, of moderate size, and were often used with what would seem to us an incongruous combination of straw bonnets and thin slippers. In an old *Dictionnaire Amoureux* the muff is defined as “a leather-box lined with white satin.”

*Royal Visiting Cards.....New York Herald*

In thorough keeping with Emperor William's character, which is noted for its self-assertiveness, rather than for its modesty, are the visiting cards which he employs. They are, without exception, the largest in use anywhere in Europe, and can only be compared to those huge visiting cards that are considered good form in China by the mandarins. They measure no less than six inches in length and four inches in width. On the upper line is the single word “Wilhelm,” and below are the words, “Deutscher Kaiser and Koenig von Preussen.” These words are printed in large, fat Gothic letters. It is hardly necessary to add that the Emperor does not consider it necessary to inscribe, like ordinary folks, his address on his visiting cards, perhaps for the very reason that he is so seldom at home. Of course, the Emperor does not carry about these huge bits of pasteboard himself. They are confided to his chasseur, or body servant, who follows him.

The other sovereigns in Europe content themselves with quite small and unobtrusive visiting cards, with the words in Latin script. Among the most simple, in point of size and appearance, are those of the Emperor of Austria and of the Prince of Wales. The Prince has two sets of cards, the one for use abroad, and the other for use in England. The latter bear the words, “The Prince of Wales.” the other the French translation of the same, the “Prince de Galles.”

## RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

Cheerfulness.....Max O'Rell.....North American Review

The really cheerful and happy people in the world are those who are satisfied to be little, to do little and to know little. The only really rich people are those who are rich, not in what they actually possess, but in what they know how to do without. If you doubt it, go to a theatre, and look at the bored faces that occupy the boxes and the orchestra stalls, and at the cheerful, eager, happy ones that occupy the upper circle and the gallery. Look at the occupants of those gorgeous carriages who "do" Rotten Row or the Avenue des Acacias as in duty bound, and the happy, cheerful, orderly crowds who enjoy a Sunday afternoon in the Versailles Gardens.

I feel much more happy, comfortable and cheerful after my good, simple, every-day dinner, quietly enjoyed with my family, with my dog begging by my side, my cat perched on the top of an armchair blinking and waiting for a chance to be noticed and my parrot suggesting a "thank you, so good for Polly"—yes, yes, much more happy than I do after a banquet or a huge "table d'hôte" dinner. . . .

The cost of enjoyment in age is in abstemiousness in youth. Mr. John Ruskin says that it was the paucity of toys which made him enjoy pleasures late in life. His palate is now unimpaired because, as a child, he never had more than a taste of sweets. "I am cheerful," once wrote Renan, "because, having had few amusements when young, I have kept my illusions in all their freshness."

Cheerfulness depends upon illusions, upon not too rigorously determining to see all truths in life. Even superstition feeds cheerfulness, and should not be shunned like fanaticism, which kills it. Cheerfulness depends upon having beliefs, belief in friendship, belief in all that helps to make living beautiful, and the saddest experience in life is to be deceived and thereby lose a belief or an illusion. Children are happy and cheerful because they are full of illusions, of beliefs and of confidence.

When we are told, in the Gospel of St. Matthew, that "except we become as little children, we shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven," I am disposed to thus interpret the verse: "Except we become as little children, confident, believing and unconscious of malice, we shall not be happy in this world." When I read: "Happy are the poor in spirit, because they shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven," I feel disposed to say: "Happy are those who are determined not to know all the truths in life, because they shall be happy in this world."

Ernest Renan would say to you: "Make money that you may possess it; but do not aim at making too much, for fear it should possess you. Money cannot buy everything. It cannot buy health, life or love. If you were a hundred times richer than you are, you could not multiply your wants and pleasures by one hundred. You could not eat or drink a hundred times more than you do now." There is truth and philosophy in that remark of the English drunkard staggering in the gutter: "If I was the blooming Dook of Westminster, I could—not—be—more—drunk—than—I—am." Renan

would say to you, Don't take life too seriously; when you are old, you will remember life with pleasure only by the hundreds of little follies you have indulged in, by the hundreds of innocent little temptations you have succumbed to. Avoid perfect people and angels of all sorts—this side of the grave. Man will never be perfect; love him with all his imperfections. Never resist impulses of generosity, they will make you cheerful, nay, healthy. They will give color to your cheeks and prevent your flesh, in old age, from turning into yellow, dried-up parchment. Come home with pockets full of presents for the children. Let them put their little hands right to the bottom of those pockets. You will be repaid, amply repaid, by their holding out their little round faces, to thank you in anticipation of what they know you have done for them. That may be cupboard love—of course it is; every love, except a mother's, is cupboard love—never mind that; if you will make up your mind not to expect too much from man, you will be satisfied with getting what you can from children.

Morality in Public Affairs.....The Spectator

We do not believe that the problem which has been discussed for centuries, that of the apparent conflict between morality in public life and morality in private affairs, is so insoluble as at first sight it looks. It is very easy to say that obedience to the Sermon on the Mount would speedily dissolve any State, but a good deal of the Sermon was intended not as a rule of life, but as a counsel of perfection, showing what life if ideally conducted would be. The character of an English gentleman of the best type approaches very nearly to the practical ideal set up by Christianity, and most moralists would be sorry to say that an English gentleman of that kind can never be a successful politician. He can, for Sir Robert Peel was. Let us see for a moment, by putting a question or two, wherein the temptations of a statesman to deviate from Christian teaching really consist. Can he, for instance, declare war, knowing what the horrors of war in the way of suffering to be inflicted and endured must actually be? We do not see that Christ prohibited war, though he advised peace, and, therefore, think that war may be declared for one of three causes—that is, in self-defence when the power of a nation for good would be destroyed or greatly reduced by refusing it, or when war is practically a disciplinary measure, like a war of conquest undertaken with a sincere intention of raising the mental and moral character of the conquered people. It is not worth while to discuss the first question, because nobody except a Quaker really disputes it, and even the Quakers bring lawsuits, and the second is merely an induction from the first. To defend one's repulse is self-defence, and in the case of a nation, which lives for centuries, not to defend it is self-mutilation. Nobody who does not accept the doctrine that self-defence is wrong in all cases could have a right to let his eyes be put out or his arm cut off merely because prevention would have involved resistance. His eyes and his arm are powers which he holds in



trust. The third cause is more disputable, will be disputed probably to the end of time, but we think that the balance of evidence is in favor of the conquering statesman. There are races which stagnate or recede till there is no hope for them, and when that recession or stagnation is manifest, the right to give them a new vivifying impulse seems sufficiently clear. We had the same right to conquer Bengal that we have to put schoolboys under training. No doubt the fact that conquest pays is a disturbing fact to the moralist, but if the work is sincerely done, done with a will and continuously, we do not know that the disturbance need be serious. Fair pay for work done is not opposed to Christianity, though where the schoolmaster settles the amount for himself he may be tempted to take too much.

Next, may a statesman lie for his country's or his party's good? "No," and again "No," we say; but, then, where is the need of lying? We do not believe there is any—that is, we believe that while reserve is right as well as dignified, a habit of truthfulness in statesmen would in the long run produce more advantage to a people than any ingenuity in the preparation of falsehood. All Englishmen and most Continentals acknowledge this in the fullest degree about pecuniary affairs, the recognized fact being that credit is equivalent to cash, and it is just as true about everything else. If soldiers and statesmen in France habitually spoke the truth, the present horrible situation could not have arisen; and if Russian diplomatists were always believed, one-half their difficulties would be gone. The Rescript would be a solid foundation for peace, and they might march to Newchang, or, for that matter, to Constantinople, without a shot being fired against them by a white man. We believe that even in daily diplomacy, where undoubtedly the temptation is great, a steady adherence to truth, by increasing the weight of the diplomatist's utterance, greatly increases his force in negotiation, and makes every syllable tell. We should apply this argument even to the very frequent and terribly difficult case of a confidential communication. It frequently happens that an ambassador is told in a confidence which he says he will respect something which it subsequently seems a duty to his country or to his sovereign to reveal. Is he to reveal it? We say "No" most decidedly, except to the persons about whom there is a tacit understanding; and believe that if any ambassador were known to be incapable of such treachery, his consequent knowledge of the secret history of Europe would make him the best informed and most efficient agent to the crown. We never could see that the betrayal of Nicholas I. helped us in the Crimean War, and are satisfied that if Napoleon III., as we suspect, betrayed the confidence of Prussia at Villafranca, the betrayal was subsequently terribly avenged. The lie, at all events, or the treachery, is never a necessity, and the moral law can be observed by a successful statesman.

Finally, may a statesman do a wrong act, or suffer a series of wrong acts, from a great motive? Our answer to the first half of the question would be a distinct "No," even in the case of a king, who has not, as the average statesman has, the alternative of disappearing from public life. He is bound to pre-

vent the wrong act if it is one of importance, even if he thereby endangers his throne. A religious massacre, for example, should be stopped, even if the troops threaten mutiny as a consequence of the stoppage. How far a small act or wrong entails this obligation is a puzzle not easy of solution; but we confess that personally we should solve it as we once heard one of the most determined lovers of animals solve a similar problem in the world of inferior beings. He was asked to join a projected society for the protection of insects, and replied with some asperity: "I will not. For anything I know, an ant can suffer as much as I can, but I will not debauch my sense of pity by thinking about ants." There must be some sense of proportion in regarding good and evil, as in everything else; and the statesman who resigns, or the king who risks a throne, because he cannot endure, say, Jewish disabilities or paupers' deprivation of the vote, is wanting in a necessary sense. But that a statesman should do no big wrong, such as the condemnation of Dreyfus now appears to be, whatever the consequences, is, we think, quite clear. Whether he may suffer one to go on is another matter, and one which may well perplex men not disposed to concede much to the casuists. We think he may suffer the wrong if the opposition to right-doing is so great as practically to deprive him of the freedom of his will.

The case does not often arise in England, except when a man, known by the Home Secretary to be guilty, is let off rather than shock opinion, or, as the French put it, "rather than demoralize the guillotine"; but it occurs pretty often in Catholic countries and in our own dominion in India. The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has, if we mistake not, twice at least signed laws which, had he been absolute, it would, in his judgment, have imperiled his soul to sign, and has twice been assured by the Pope that, not being on that question a free agent, he remained sinless. We ourselves in India not only tolerate, but sanction, practices—e. g., polygamy—which the West holds to be evil, but the suppression of which would produce universal insurrection. That would not be pardonable were the will of the ruling power free; but in truth it is not free, and the ruler's toleration, although a toleration of evil, is therefore sinless. So it also would be if we tolerated Suttee or infanticide under the same conditions; but they do not exist, and, as we should maintain, cannot exist. For this great dogma has proved always true, that men will not risk their lives to protect a custom condemned by the universal and instinctive human conscience, which came originally from God. We might have an insurrection if we ordered all plague-stricken women in India to go into a general hospital, but an insurrection because we order men not to burn their mothers alive—no, the conscience of mankind, the inner law, is too clearly on our side. A statesman, as we contend, need never fear lest his duty and his Christianity will directly clash, and therefore the grave fissure said to exist between morality in public and private life is not a reality. What does exist, and very often reign, is a cowardly form of selfishness, and of that no Christian statesman who respects himself will or can be guilty.



## MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

*Verestchagin's Napoleon* ..... *Philadelphia Times*

At the Grafton Galleries recently M. Verestchagin, the Russian painter, opened an exhibition of his series of oil paintings illustrative of the campaign of Moscow and the retreat of the grand army, and a notable exhibition it has proved. Verestchagin is well known as the most realistic of all the painters of war. He has studied the subject from the life by seeing service with the Russian army as a volunteer. In this way he followed the campaign in Central Asia, which resulted in the annexation of the Khanates, and, at a later date, he took part in the Russo-Turkish war. He was desperately wounded in this campaign in an attempt to blow up a Turkish gunboat on the Danube, and he received the Cross of St. George, the highest military decoration in the gift of the Czar.

In running all these risks his first object was the pursuit of his art. He wanted to show war as it is, and to do this he felt that he must share its perils. The result of this method of study was, in each case, a series of pictures terribly realistic in their character, and painted without fear or favor for either side. In the collection illustrative of the Russo-Turkish campaign he showed the fearful cost at which the Russian army tried to present Plevna to the Czar as a birthday gift. We witness the assault on the Turkish intrenchments, a profitless adventure which cost the army ten thousand men. Then, after the final surrender of the fortress we see the Turkish soldiers marching into captivity and lining the roads with their dead and wounded as they fell out of the ranks. Next we have the ghastly episodes of the main advance, and realize the dire meaning that lay behind General Gourko's dispatches announcing "All quiet at Shipka." The quietness was often that of death—the quietness of sentries who had been frozen at their posts, and whose graves were the drifting snow. Such pictures, of course, imply a moral against war, but the moral is not exactly of the artist's seeking, or, at any rate, he likes to think it is not.

These principles and this method of observation apply to his latest series of works, the one now on exhibition at the Grafton Gallery. As a Russian, it is needless to say, he has no particular inclination to hold up the French to the execration of his countrymen, or to gloat over their sufferings and misfortunes. But, equally as a Russian and as a Russian military painter, it seems to come to him in the natural course of things to paint the greatest military event in Russian history. He paints it as impartially as if he were dealing with a campaign in which he had no patriotic concern.

So he has given us the successive scenes of this colossal drama with a realistic force which leaves nothing to be desired, avoiding, however, as far as he can the horrors of sheer carnage in order to insist more emphatically on the general suffering that follows in the train of war. Thus, his Borodino, the great battle that gave the French possession of Moscow, is seen as a battle only in the background of a composition in which Napoleon and his marshals occupy the most prominent place. The Em-

peror sits in front of the staff with a drum for a footstool, and looks down on the canopy of smoke that hides the worst abominations of the spectacle.

Napoleon's attitude of enforced repose really gives the clue to all the disasters of the campaign. He failed in 1812 because of an attack of illness which made it impossible for him to mount his horse. His sufferings were so acute at times that he was hardly master of himself, and the consequent indecision and want of energy made him linger in Moscow on delusive hopes of an arrangement until the winter overtook him. The campaign of 1812 marked the decline of his powers.

The next great scene after Borodino shows us the French army defiling before the Emperor to seize the prize of the ancient capital of the Czars. Now they are in Moscow, and, through a window in the Kremlin the Emperor looks out on the fire which is the presage of the ruin of his hopes. In due time and after fruitless offers of peace he has to retreat, accompanied rather than followed by a powerful Russian army, which marches in a parallel line with his own, and which is ready to take advantage of his weakness or his slightest mistake. The road he is compelled to choose is the one by which he came, and which his troops ruined in their march by destroying everything which they were unable to carry away. It is the road of famine. A better one lay open by Kaluga, and Napoleon had nearly secured it. But a solitary Cossack saw the approach of the French, and warned the Russian commander in time to enable him to bar the way with his whole force.

A sanguinary battle proved to Napoleon that it would be impossible to force his way through. His only choice lay between alternatives of ruin. If he took the open road his troops would be starved; if he took the other they would be annihilated by the Russian forces. In this fearful crisis of his fortunes he remained speechless in a peasant's hut for twenty-four hours; mostly with his head bowed on his hands. The staff waited in vain for an order. At length as some order had to be given he sent his army to destruction by the road of famine. The other pictures of the series show their hopeless struggle against the forces of nature—cold, hunger and every kind of privation. We see them huddled round the fires in their miserable bivouacs and frozen to death as they lie in heaps in which all distinctions of rank are lost. At one moment the Emperor tries to still their murmurs by leaving his own comfortable carriage to walk in the snow. Crowds of Cossacks hover around them on all sides, and a fully equipped Russian army that can never be brought to battle is always at hand to overwhelm them in the last resort.

*A New Etching Process* ..... *Boston Home Journal*

Louis Edward Levy, a member of the Franklin Institute, has exhibited an invention for etching which is a radical innovation upon methods now known and used, consisting essentially in the application of a spray of finely-atomized etching liquid instead of the immersion bath at present in use, the

spray being driven against the plate by a powerful blast of air from an air-compressor. A homogeneous cloud of acid vapors is forced by the air blast against the plate at right angles to the surface. Under the impulse of the blast the etching proceeds very rapidly. Mr. Levy explains that the normal chemical affinity in the middle globules of acid carried by the blast is enhanced by the force of their impact on the metal with which they are intended to combine. This results in each globule of acid becoming saturated with the metallic base instantly on contact with the latter, thus losing its power of further dissolving the metal. The blast process affords a considerable saving of time, and has the advantage of securing the etcher against the deleterious effects of the acid fumes.

*The Plays of Pinero.....Gustav Kobbé.....The Forum*

Pinero, like Sheridan, raps the manners of the day over the knuckles—and we of the knuckles like it, and, instead of protesting, laugh. But, though Pinero may well be called the Sheridan of to-day, he knows that modern life is projected on a larger scale, and appreciates that, while Sheridan could show life reflected in a mirror, the modern dramatist must let his audience view it through a magnifying-glass. This is the reason why many of Pinero's plays of the Magistrate and Cabinet Minister order, though in their essence comedy, are in their execution farcical; the farcical exploitation being the magnifying-glass through which we view the comedy of modern life as set forth by this playwright.

Pinero possesses, perhaps to a greater degree than any other English dramatist, what is called dramatic technic—the building up of each detail with reference to every other detail of a play; the development of a story according to a well-defined process of dramatic evolution; and a nice adjustment of dialogue in action.

Having himself been an actor before he became a playwright, he has no illusion regarding the stage and its relations to literature. His own practical experience as an actor has taught him the value of the right word in the right place, as compared with mere fine writing. As he himself has put it, "More dramatic authors have died from literature than from any other cause." But, while avoiding fine writing simply as such, no one has a more brilliant style than he when it becomes necessary to raise a laugh at the foibles of modern society. Every play of his contains quotable sentences. Thus in *The Princess* and *the Butterfly*, the last of his plays presented in America, we have the line, "Those who love deep never grow old," which not only frames a pretty thought, but also has a direct bearing upon the story of the play, in which a middle-aged hero and heroine, instead of falling in love with each other, become enamored respectively of a slip of a girl and a mere youth. Clever, too, is the line in which *The Princess* explains why she is thinking of residing in Paris. "Paris," she exclaims, "is a Paradise for middle-aged women!" "Not for the imported ones," comments her friend, Lady Ringstead. Another character, in discussing middle age in woman, explains that the surest sign of the approach of that disastrous period in life is

"an appetite for dinner in other people's houses." When *The Princess'* young lover, Edward Oriel, would brush aside the disparity in their ages, she strikes a deeper chord: "A well-preserved woman is like a harpstring strung to its highest tension. It may respond tunefully to your touch, but the next thing it breaks."

Pinero's ancestors were Portuguese Jews, who settled in London two centuries ago. He himself was educated for the law; but his bent for the stage was too great for him to adopt that profession; and whatever prospects of preferment in it he might have had he gave up for a salary of a pound a week at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. This was in 1874. He proved a good actor; and from 1876 to 1882 he played with Irving. His first efforts as a playwright were one-act "curtain-raisers"—among them *Daisy's Escape*, which was produced by Irving at the Lyceum, with the author in the cast. His first great success was *The Money Spinner*, which Hare produced at the St. James' Theatre in 1880. In 1881 Mr. Pinero followed this play with *The Squire*, which was successfully brought out by the Kendals. Mr. Pinero is now forty-three years old. Owing to his experience as an actor, his plays are thoroughly practical; and though he may, consciously or unconsciously, have applied the motto, "Ridendo castigat mores," to his work, his plays are first of all "acting plays." His stagecraft is so good that he gives complete directions in regard to scenery and "business." His manuscripts are more thoroughly "staged" than those of any other modern playwright, excepting Sardou.

He is a slow thinker, but, when he once settles to work, a rapid writer. Therefore, despite the fact that he is somewhat deliberate in getting under way, his plays are so numerous that only to touch upon all of them would exceed the limits of a magazine article. Fortunately two of his well-known plays—both of them have often been given in America—are so different in character, yet so distinctly his own, that an analysis of them will serve to show the scope of his genius. I refer to *The Amazons* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*—the former a farce touched with the charm of romance; the latter the most serious and the greatest of his dramas.

How charmingly the romantic or fanciful can be combined with the comic, Pinero has shown in *The Amazons*. This is a social satire with a gentle strain of the poetical running through it. One seems to see the playwright smiling pleasantly through the lines, as he observes, with an apologetic shrug of the shoulders, "Ridendo castigat mores." From start to finish *The Amazons* is a delicate persiflage on the growing mannishness of the gentler sex; its "dénouement" being a homily to the effect, that the "new woman," though new, is yet woman. But, withal, the spirit of romance hovers lightly over the story—Pinero calls the play a farcical romance—and one would not be surprised if told that *The Tangle in Overcote Park* were an offshoot of the forest of Arden with a modern Rosalind and Orlando in Lady Noeline and Lord Litterly. Certainly there is no more clever mingling of romance, comedy and satire in modern English drama.

The English failed to appreciate the delicate satire and gentle raillery of *The Amazons*; but in this



country it has been one of Pinero's most successful plays. There are not many direct appeals to risibility in it; but an undercurrent of humor runs through the whole play, and an almost continuous ripple of amusement—the most genuine tribute to humor—passes over the audience. "Ridendo castigat mores"—but with a magic wand lightly laid over the shoulders of farce and romance.

The Amazons, though produced before *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, followed the latter in point of writing; in fact, it was written by Pinero as a relaxation—a charming way of taking a holiday. The Amazons in turn was followed by *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, a play of the Tanqueray order, but not so successful. Indeed, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* marks not only the high-water mark of Pinero's art, but the high-water mark of the popular problem-play. After it the question raised concerning plays which dealt with what are usually considered forbidden topics was not regarding the topic dealt with, but as to the comparative skill and freedom from objectionable frankness with which the playwright handled it. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* did much to eradicate sophistication in things dramatic. It had, for instance, been deemed advisable in 1888, when Pinero's charming and highly successful play, *Sweet Lavender*, was produced in this country, to conceal the fact that the heroine of the play was an illegitimate daughter. But when *Sweet Lavender* was revived after the public had accepted *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, it was given as written.

When *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was produced in London an English critic thus summed up his tribute to Pinero's genius: "He is not yet forty; and he is the author of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*." The play is written with amazing technical skill; there is not a line, however reckless in its wit or audacious in its philosophy, which is not interlocked with the story and which does not aid or illumine its development. Dealing in a novel way with an old, yet ever recurring, and always interesting problem—the woman with a past, and her attempted redemption by a man with a future—it made a more profound impression than any other modern English play, and placed Pinero in the front rank of modern dramatists. Among recent English plays it has the unusual, perhaps unique, distinction of having been taken into the "repertoire" of a famous foreign actress. For Paula Tanqueray has become one of Duse's finest rôles.

*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is, of course, a problem-play. And, speaking of problem-plays, does it never occur to those who use this new term so glibly that it stands for something dating considerably further back than "anno Ibseni"? Is not "*La Dame aux Camellias*"—which, absurdly enough, we translate as *Camille*—a problem-play of the frankest possible kind, and almost old enough to be a classic? Have our Decadent friends overlooked this fact because "*La Dame aux Camellias*" is written with such consummate skill—because it is so interesting? Cannot a problem-play be also a real play? Surely the problem is brought home with none the less force when handled with astounding technical precision. Nor does the lesson sought to be conveyed fail because the dramatist

has built upon it a brilliant and effective play. Had Pinero desired to place a motto at the head of his play, he could not have chosen a better one than that sad reflection of Paula Tanqueray's upon her vain struggle to escape from that past which unrelentingly confronts her. In it she voices the whole tragic import of the play. "The future," she says, "is only the past again, entered through another gate." It is her death-song. For, to close that gate forever against herself, she commits suicide. In *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, Pinero does not preach a false, alluring philosophy. He wins our sympathy for Paula, not by showing that such a woman can escape the consequences of her past, but by employing all the resources of an experienced playwright to prove that she cannot. With Pinero there is no glorification of the unclean. "*La Dame aux Camellias*," and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* are separated by a greater distance than the English Channel. Starting on somewhat similar lines, they are, when the curtain falls, as far apart as the two poles of French and Anglo-Saxon racial philosophy.

*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is one of the most compact dramas ever written. There is not a superfluous word in it, not a line nor an episode, nor even a scene, which does not have its exact bearing upon the development of the story. There is no finer example of precise dramatic technic than this play. Yet, as with a great singer or instrumentalist, Pinero's vast technical equipment is but a means to an end. It is employed to keep the main story either in full view or to throw certain sidelights upon it. The play is tragic, with a clever balance of high comedy; the latter accomplished by clever bits of society characterization lightly touched in here and there. Thus it combines the strength of the ancient drama with all the brilliancy of modern exploitation.

*Richard Wagner's Romance*... ..Pittsburg Leader

"Frau Cosima von Wagner is dying," says a dispatch from Vienna. Here ends one of the strangest romances of art and life this century has known.

Frau von Wagner was the daughter of Franz Liszt, and became first the wife of Hans von Bulow, the most devoted friend of Richard Wagner, who married her while his friend still lived. "You are a poet great as Shakespeare—your poetry is even more wonderful than your music," said Cosima Liszt von Bulow to Richard Wagner in the little hotel at Bieberich, in 1862. The words sounded like sweetest music to the ears of the persecuted composer, who had met with little but discouragement in all Europe. Coming as they did from the daughter of Franz Liszt, the wife of Hans von Bulow, they could not fail to arouse the interest of Wagner; but it was more than interest.

Is the way to a musician's heart opened by the stirring of his vanity? Was Wagner dissatisfied with the wife of his youth, the actress, Wilhelmina Planer, whom he had wedded when he was only twenty-three years old? The friends of Wagner pass over this point hastily; his enemies do not know.

The facts are these: Richard Wagner, the married man, married for almost thirty years, was in



love with the wife of his best friend, the daughter of Liszt, who did more than any other musician in Europe to bring forward the "music of the future." She was twenty-nine years old, at the height of her beauty, and thrilling at the poetic creations of Wagner. His first wife was old by this time, faded, no doubt, worn out by the worries of living with a genius, and especially by the worry of trying to make both ends meet on nothing a year. Wagner was far from being a saint, and one of his chief characteristics was his selfishness. Here, at last, was a beautiful woman and a highly gifted musician ready to fall upon her knees and worship the "second Shakespeare." No wonder he recognized in her his "affinity." But Frau Wagner was still in the land of the living, and Cosima had a pretty healthy husband, Wagner's intimate friend and fellow-student. Von Bulow was a most unsuspicious man. According to a work just published in German by W. Weissheimer, which is filled with revelations concerning Liszt, Wagner and Von Bulow, the love-making of Frau von Bulow and Wagner went on under his eyes without the least protest on his part.

The story is told that when Wagner had a thumb bitten by a dog at this time (1862), Von Bulow used to amuse Wagner by playing some of his music, and Cosima sat worshipping. It was the old story of the trusting husband and the faithless friend, and worse, for the father of the betrayed woman had saved the life and made the fame of Wagner. In 1849, when Wagner was in mortal danger in Dresden, it was Franz Liszt who secured a passport for him and took the political agitator to Weimar, where he was rehearsing the opera *Tannhauser*, at a time when no other leader dared to take up this revolutionary music.

Perhaps even then the young girl of sweet sixteen was worshipping from afar, while deeming herself doomed to perpetual loneliness, for he was a married man. In her hopelessness she married the devoted Von Bulow when he came a-wooing, but the fact that Wagner was already her idol, though he knew it not, is proved by the names that she gave to the four daughters born to her as the wife of Von Bulow, for she called them Santa, Elizabeth, Eva and Isolda, after the heroines of Wagner's chief operas.

Wagner writes to Weissheimer, in a letter published by the latter, under date of September 7, 1862: "Hans V. B. is doing his utmost for me by loaning me a couple of hundred gulden." At the very time that he was stealing the heart of the wife he was "borrowing" money from the husband, which, according to Weissheimer, he had no thought of ever returning, any more than he thought of returning the heart of his beautiful wife to the unselfish friend.

Wagner also said at this time: "If I could I would sell my soul for 5,000 gulden, I am in such fearful need." His friends wished to get up a fund for his support by general subscription, and Von Bulow was most active of all, writing September 23, 1862: "This is the chief thing, after all; the master must be relieved of all worries once for all, so that he can finish his art mission." With all the efforts of his friends this fund could not be secured, and for two

years longer Wagner drew upon the purses of his friends without stint. In April, 1864, he said to Weissheimer: "I have come to the end of my rope; I can go no further; I must vanish from the earth. Can you save me in any way?" And again his friends saved him.

A month later came the turning point in Wagner's career. King Ludwig II. of Bavaria sent for him, and thereafter he did not need to borrow money any more. Many an excursion did the friends, Wagner and Von Bulow, take together, rejoicing at the good fortune that had at last come to the master. But his good fortune was to be the end of the good fortune of Von Bulow.

Wagner, Cosima and Von Bulow were inseparable. They lived together, and though Frau Wagner was not yet dead, she was never mentioned. In 1865 the newspapers spread the report that Wagner was no longer in favor at court, and Von Bulow allayed the apprehension of Weissheimer with a letter which he prefixed with a bar from the laughing chorus of the sailors in Wagner's opera, *The Flying Dutchman*. He wrote to deny the truth of the report, and excused the brevity of his letter with the words: "Permit me to express myself briefly, for I am an arrangement machine for the master to-day."

The next year Frau Wagner died, and one obstruction was removed. Cosima now became the secretary of Wagner. In a letter written in December, 1866, she first answers a communication sent to Wagner, and then says: "My husband is very busy, but happy and jolly," and in the next paragraph: "Wagner is working hard on his *Meistersinger*; he is as far as the third act. It is and will be heavenly!" It was easy to see in whom she was more interested.

The friendship of Von Bulow was soon to be put to the supreme test. Freely had he given of his hard-earned money and of his precious time to him whom his followers called "master." Now he was asked to make the supreme sacrifice—his wife and the mother of his children. He faced the situation not as ordinary men would have done. He secured a divorce, so that at last there should be nothing to stand between the master and his affinity. The year 1870 saw Cosima Liszt-Von Bulow assume the added name of Wagner, and the master was satisfied. That she was his inspiration as well as his constant assistant is asserted by Wagner himself. A son, who was named Siegfried, after the hero of the *Nibelungen* cycle of Wagnerian operas, was born in the same year, and is the inheritor not only of his father's name, but of something of his genius as well. His new opera, *Der Baerenhueter*, has just been produced in Munich with great success.

The marriage of this strange woman and Richard Wagner resulted in the foundation of the famous opera house at Bayreuth, where the Wagner operas are given in accordance with the ideas of their composer. After the birth of their son, Wagner wrote to a friend: "My house is full of children—the children of my wife. But, besides these, there blooms for me a splendid son, strong and beautiful, whom I dare to call Siegfried Richard Wagner. Now, think what I must feel when this happiness has at last fallen to my share. I am fifty-seven years old."

## THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

*Ad Finem—A Parable.....Riccardo Stephens.....Cornish Magazine*

In the night, and in a lonely place, one man killed another who had injured him. Having done this, he said to himself, "Now I can sleep, for his tongue and hand are quieted for evermore," and, going home, he slept.

But before night had passed he awoke, cold, and saw that, while his wife slept by his side, at the other side of the bed stood the Dead Man, whose hand was laid upon him. Then he laughed, saying, "You are dead, why should I fear you?" and fell asleep again, though the cold crept about his heart and numbed his brain—and when he awoke the sun shone brightly, a blackbird sang lustily outside the window, and he said, "Here is an end of dreams!"

That day, while eating, he felt a cold wind upon his cheek, and turning to look he found that the Dead Man touched him. At this he said nothing, others being there, but presently got up and left the room. In another place, he and the Dead Man going side by side, he said again, "You are dead, why should I fear you?" But this time the Dead Man answered, saying, "Because I am dead," and vanished.

After that the Dead Man came often, choosing, mostly, the times when the other would be for amusement or sleep, sometimes coming while he laughed, when the laugh died in his dry throat, for the thing began to wear him away, as many light feet will wear away a stone. Often he looked at his flesh where the Dead Man touched him, wondering to see no mark there, until, even by looking, he saw one.

Then, at last, he told his wife all, hurriedly, under his breath, bending to her ear, but with a wandering eye for the Dead Man, who never came.

"For this thing," he said, "I cannot sit quiet in my house by day, or sleep in my bed at night; but I have a way that will fool him. There is a trick that I learned in the East, by which I can myself be like a dead man, breathless and with a still heart. In that state you shall have me buried deep, the earth well trodden down. Let it be on a hill top so that at nights I may sleep alone with the wind and the stars. A twelvemonth hence you shall come and dig me up again. By that time the thing will have forgotten me, and I, sleeping, maybe shall have forgotten it."

At this the Dead Man, standing unseen at his elbow, laughed, but said nothing.

Afterward the other seemed to die, too, the breath leaving his body, the blood ebbing from his cheek, until his enemy came and stood one day looking down upon him, while he looked back from half-closed eyes, upon which they had already put death pennies, to keep down the lids.

"You have escaped me!" said the other in his ear, but went away, laughing quietly.

Then his friends found a lonely resting place, and carried him up where sunrise and sunset could be seen, and where one felt every wind that blew, and was watched by all the stars.

"I shall sleep here," said the man to himself, "for I shall have peace."

He had none.

The blades of grass as they sprouted over him called to one another, saying, that they covered the man who was hiding from the dead. The threads and beginnings of springs babbled of it as they began their journey, and he knew that their voices would grow louder, even unto the sea. The passing wind told it to the stars, who knew it already, and the earth whispered it in her sleep at night.

As for the man, he could neither sleep nor move, and at last he prayed for the year's end, which came neither sooner nor later for his praying, but in its own appointed time.

With it came the sound of a releasing spade, and the man sobbed in his grave, saying, "Now I shall see my wife, and look upon the world once more."

But it was the Dead Man who dug down to him.

*Travel in England.....London Telegraph*

You are apt to begin finding out the dissimilarity between English as it ought to be spoken and English as it is spoken the first time you go shopping in London.

In traveling it is worse. It is like this:

You—A ticket, please.

He—Wot fur? (He means to what place.)

You—I want to take the elevated for—

He—Wot s'y, lydy? (What did you say, lady?)

You—The elevated for—

He—Never heard of the nime. Maybe you mean Elephant and Castle; that's 'bus line.

You—No; I want a railroad ticket.

He—Oh, rileway; you mean Underground.

You (doubtfully, as you look at the long stairs you must climb to get to the "Underground" and hear a train thunder overhead)—Well, yes; Underground.

He—What fur?

You—Why, to get uptown.

He (exasperatingly)—W're do you want to go? (Imploringly) 'Urry up, lydy; don't tike all dye.

You—Notting Hill.

He—Notting 'ill or Notting 'ill Ghyte Station?

You (at a venture)—Ghyte Station, I think.

He looks at you sourly, and you return the look blandly, unconscious that you have to his face mimicked his cocknification of the words Gate Station.

He—What clawss?

You (like all American idiots)—First, please.

He—Return ticket?

You—Return? No, I want to go there.

He (sarcastically)—Iynte you nuvver coming back ageyne? If you h'are, don't you want a return?

You—Oh, a round-trip; yes, of course.

He—'Ere you h'are (meaning here is the ticket), and 'ere's your chaynge. Mykyste!

This last word, translated into American English means haste. And you, as you frantically sweep up an unassorted mass of half crowns, florins, shillings, sixpences and three sorts of coppers into your purse, wish to say that you are making haste. But, unconsciously dropping into a Londonese dialect, you ejaculate: "I am a-myking hyste."

*The Difference.....London Academy*

The clanging factory bell had ceased a minute since, and the strings of disordered girls leaving behind the echo of their gaudy laughter straggled off.

Pausing in front of a common jeweler's window I was not aware that one of them was standing by me till she spoke, without preface, pointing toward a cheap "dress" ring on which the letters "love" were traced in colored stones. "I shouldn't—should you? care to wear it," she said simply.

"Why not?" I asked, answering simply too, as an unknown friend. "Some way or other we all do."

"Not on my finger," she amended softly.

I turned round upon the speaker, to discover in her a sweet alien of her race.

"What!" I cried, "and yet you are wearing it in your eyes quite openly."

At which she dropped them, smiled, and with an "Oh! that's different," drifted on.

*Dandy and Dandizette.....Elsa D'Esterre Keeling.....Sunday Magazine*

[England, a century ago. The young Lady Marget has married her music-master, despite family opposition, and they are living their little idyll, true "love in a cottage," known to each other and to their friends as Dandy and Dandizette.]

Exactly a year and a day had passed since Dandy had won Dandizette.

They had been man and wife for eleven months, and the sun of their happiness had shone very brightly, albeit out of clouds.

It has been said that there were people who shook their heads over the roses that blossomed in Dandizette's cheeks, people who said that Dandizette would die young. It was the fading of these roses that put the clouds about the sun of Dandy's happiness.

Dandizette never complained, and the first inkling that Dandy got of her ailing was her saying, day after day, at dinner, to his, "Love, shall I help you to a pigeon?" "No, Love, I thank you."

Dandy and Dandizette had baptismal names, but each called the other "Love."

Dandizette came to have relish for no meats, and then came to have relish for no sweets. At last a time came when Dandizette could not even eat a custard-pudding which Dandy told her he had himself "tossed up" for her.

Dandy told the doctor of that, with the bright tears in his eyes. He was conscious of their being there, and said:

"Sir, grief ungentlemans me."

It was typical of Dandy to say "ungentleman" for "unman."

The doctor strode to his window.

He had known many married couples, but never a married couple so happy as Dandy and Dandizette, and he would have foregone the fees of a year and a day to dower Dandy's wife with health. But it was not to be done.

Speaking gruffly, because of his anger with himself that he found it difficult to speak, he put a string of conventional questions, the answers to which he had received times and again, and wound up by asking in an unnecessarily severe tone, if Dandy obeyed to the letter all his injunctions.

As Dandy only lived for Dandizette it was im-

possible that any injunction bearing upon her health should be ignored by him. His pained look said this plainly, and Dandy added:

"Whatso I do, she mends not in the least. She had her color when I left her, the hectic of a moment, which passed her cheek, to see me dressed to go abroad, for all her talk had been, 'You tarry too much with your Marget'; but when I saw her through the keyhole"—Dandy confessed without a blush to peering thus at his wife—"her cheek was white, and her look all hip and melancholy."

"I warrant you went back to her," the doctor said, again looking out of his window.

"I did so," Dandy confessed. His voice then changed suddenly, sinking almost to a whisper, as he approached the medical man:

"Sir, I then seemed to see in her face what said to me, 'this little candle goes out.' Did you, sir, ever note a dyingness in Marget's eyes?"

The doctor said nothing, but put his hand on Dandy's shoulder, as who should say:

"Bear up, man."

Dandy bore up, and went on speaking to the doctor.

"Being returned to my wife," he said, "I sate down by her on her bed, and could find nothing to say. I think, sir, we were thus together an hour, when she said: 'There is a ravishing sweetness in silence which I knew never before!' When a young lady, sir, finds a ravishing sweetness in silence, is not death near?"

Dandy said this so gravely that the doctor checked the smile which almost started to his face. Then he averred, either in pity of Dandy, or in mercy to young ladies, that death is not necessarily near because a young lady finds a ravishing sweetness in silence.

Dandy eased his mind by talking on.

"She spoke a great deal after that," he said, "all, sir, in towering tragics. 'Now we see,' says she, 'that flounces, feathers, fallals and finery is show and superficials all.' When a young lady speaks thus, shall one not fear, sir? I am put into the utmost consternation."

Again the doctor only placed his hand on Dandy's shoulder.

"You speak not, sir!" Dandy exclaimed, and for the first time his manner showed something that was not only grief. "Now I shall put to you a question," he added, "which your not answering shall make me the angriest man that you saw ever. My sweet wife, sir, is like one at point to die. Is it any of my fault, sir?"

The doctor faced round unhesitatingly.

"No, sir," he said, "'tis none of your fault. When the Lady Margaret was a little child I was called to attend her in a sickness, and said then. 'There is not here what will last twenty years.' What age is her ladyship of?"

"Her age is eighteen years," Dandy said brokenly.

A heavy silence fell here.

"Would you, sir," the voice was the doctor's "that I should return with you to her ladyship?"

Dandy signified an affirmative, and an hour later preceded the doctor into his wife's room.

A bullfinch was hung in the window of this room,



and piped "Britons, rouse up your great magnanimity!" The doctor, with a face of protest, explained himself as of opinion that this martial music was out of place in a sick room. Dandy smiled, and pointed to his wife.

"She is fallen soundly asleep," he whispered; "only her baby wakes."

Dandizette's baby lay open-eyed in her arms.

The doctor bent and took the baby, and then he broke to Dandy as gently as might be that Dandizette was dead.

Dandy looked at the doctor with wide, dry eyes. "Docthor, sir," said an Irish voice, "give him the babby."

The doctor had retained hold of Dandizette's little child, and now put it into Dandy's arms.

Dandy looked at the baby as he had looked at the doctor, with wide dry eyes.

The doctor turned to the Irishwoman, and whispered:

"Biddy, you women can do these things. Make the man cry. He will else go mad!"

Saying this, the doctor went to the window, unhooked from it the cage, and taking it with him, left the room, and shortly after the house.

Biddy remained with Dandy and his child.

For a time Biddy did not speak. Then she said, in the coaxing lilt of her people, as she looked at the desolate man with the baby in his arms:

"Arrah, sir, darlin', sing to the gurl'y."

Biddy's white head robbed the phrase "sir, darlin'," of any impropriety. For the rest, the outrageousness of her request fell in with the mood of Dandy, which was out of joint, and he said, as the wavering glance of his eyes sought the straight glance of hers:

"What shall I sing?"

"Musha, sir, annything," answered Biddy.

Dandy appeared to think for a moment, then he sang in his wonderful voice:

Sorrow hath twined a wreath for me,  
Made of the weeping cypress tree.

Here he paused, and asked:

"How goes it on, Biddy?"

Biddy was making the wail of her people, "Wirra! wirra!" and did not answer.

Dandy looked at her and then looked away from her at Dandizette, and changed his song to:

Sweetest love, I'll not forget thee,  
Time shall only teach my heart  
Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,  
Lovely, gentle, as thou art.  
Farewell, Bessy!

He seemed to be arrested by the name Bessy, and with a look in his face that said, "Her name is Marget," sought in the disordered rooms of memory for a song, fit threnody for Marget. He was not long before he found one. Tightening his hold on Dandizette's child he sang:

Ah, willow! willow! droop with me  
Still bend thy verdant head;  
For I have lost my own true love,  
Ah! wherefore is she fled?  
Sad willow tree,  
She's gone from me,  
So, willow, I will weep with thee.

"The rest is gone."

With this confession, made in the tone of courteous regret with which it would fitly have been made to a drawing-room audience in Belgravia, whereas Dandy's audience was composed of his little week-old child and an Irish peasant woman, Dandy made slow transition to a song, the music of which was his own, while the words were by Charles Wolfe of Not-a-drum-was-heard fame. This song ran:

If I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not mourn for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be.  
It never through my mind had passed  
That time would e'er be o'er,  
When I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look  
And think 'twill smile again,  
And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain.  
But when I speak thou dost not say  
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;  
And now I feel—as wel' I mav!  
Sweet Mary, thou art dead.

"Mary?" the singer repeated the name in a speaking voice, heavily charged with perplexity.

Biddy here signified with an arm gesture that the baby should be rocked.

Dandy mechanically imitated the rocking movement, and when the Irishwoman added, "Sing, sir, now a hushaby," he found that his repertory contained one, and sang:

A baby wandered from its home,  
When day was gently breaking;  
Long did the pretty infant roan,  
Each simple wild-flower seeking  
But night came on, the dreary sky,  
The wind so bleak, the leaves so dry,  
Sung the poor baby's hushaby.

The frantic mother sought her child,  
While the chill rain was falling;  
Its lisping voice, its features mild,  
At every blast recalling.  
She wept, and, with a heartfelt sigh,  
Fell on a green turf that was nigh,  
Hummed her poor baby's hushaby.

The baby, near her slumb'ring, 'woke,  
Like some sweet, op'ning blossom;  
Then through the spreading branches broke  
And leaped upon her bosom.  
The mother gave a piercing cry,  
Wiped every rain-drenched garment dry,  
Hummed her poor baby's hushaby.

"But how came that?" said Dandy, passing his hand across his forehead. "The baby had no mother."

The mother died when her child was born,  
And left me her babe to keep,  
Rocked its cradle even and morn,  
Or silent hung o'er it to weep.

Biddy here crept away.

The tears were running down Dandy's face. His reason was saved.

## A PROBLEM IN HONOR\*

BY OCTAVE THANET.

The doctor's boy caught Miss Conway's sally in the West End and handed Mrs. Reynolds' note to her. Miss Conway read it. There were only a few lines hastily scratched with a lead pencil on a card and pushed into an envelope. They ran:

"DEAR PEGGY—My brother feels worse, and is very anxious to see you. I am afraid the end is near, but perhaps not—it is so hard to tell.

"ANN."

"Tell Mrs. Reynolds I will be there at once—as fast as we can drive," said Miss Conway; and the doctor's boy sped away on his wheel. "To Mr. Wainwright's," she added to the coachman, who touched the horse lightly with the whip. . . .

Wainwright had received the message sent by the doctor's boy, who unluckily liked to "scorch," and seized upon this admirable excuse to whirl back to the Wainwright house at a breakneck speed. Wainwright lived in an old-fashioned square brick house, with a wooden cupola, and a narrow piazza supported by slender pillars running on three sides of the house. The house, which had been built when the town was new by one of the pioneers and later bought by Wainwright, stood in the centre of a lawn covering half the block. Wainwright's own chamber looked out on the street and his bed faced the window. Therefore he saw the boy rolling down the gravel, hunched over his handle-bar and chewing gum as he rode. A dull resentment seized him.

"Tell that little devil to come up here—into this room," said Wainwright.

He spoke sharply, although a minute before he had whispered his wishes.

The boy was heard shuffling through the hall, clattering upstairs.

He was shown into the room by the nurse, a professional nurse brought from the hospital, who viewed him so coldly that he grew embarrassed. He stared about the room, comfortably but tastelessly furnished in the florid and heavy fashion of the black-walnut age. At last his eyes drifted to the great black bed, the carved top of which nodded its clumsy arabesques and rosebuds within a scant foot of the ceiling, and thence sank to the gray face on the pillows. He was staring at it when the eyes unclosed.

"Miss Gass, will you fetch me my purse?" The boy watched the thin lips part and speak painfully. He looked awed.

"Take a five-dollar bill out of it." The boy had some difficulty in breathing naturally.

"Did you find Miss Conway?"

"Yes, sir." The boy spoke in a small, scared voice.

"Did you tell her—give her the note?"

"Yes, sir. She said she'd come right away. She was in a carriage—out riding."

"I thought," said Mr. Wainwright, speaking more distinctly, and keeping his eyes, which were large in contrast with his hollow cheeks, fixed on the shrinking lad, "I thought I'd like to give this to the messenger if he did his duty." He paused and beckoned for the glass on the table, but he only pretended to drink, watching the boy over the rim. The boy looked a shade less solemn.

"Yes," said Wainwright, "I thought I'd give you this bill," he rubbed his finger and thumb over it, and held it up the better for the boy to see, "but when I saw you coming up the road to a dying man's house, chewing gum and not caring a rap for him or anything else but yourself, I concluded I'd give it to a little kinder-hearted person. That's all; you may go. Miss Gass, put the bill away."

The boy gasped, but he moved away without retort.

Wainwright leaned back on his pillow and smiled. He was deadly faint with the exertion, but he mustered strength to open his eyes and watch the boy wheel away out of the yard. At the gate he dismounted. Perhaps it was for the outlet of some boyish insult of gesture which he knew the sick man could see, for he turned and looked up at the window, but he must have had a streak of rough chivalry about him—he looked, lifted his cap and flung himself lightly on his wheel.

"A pretty disappointed boy, I guess," said Wainwright.

The nurse made no comment; but she looked at the handsome, haggard face on the pillow and thought her own thoughts. To judge from the curl on her lip they were not approving.

Little Wainwright would have cared had he read her criticisms. He was busy thinking of his money. He had thought of his money for thirty-five years. He had scraped it together, dollar by dollar at first, then by the tens and the hundreds; later by the hundreds and thousands. When he was a boy he had vowed to make a fortune. Well, he had made it. Half a million was a big lump of money for a country town. He had said he would do it, and he had done it. He had done most of the things that he said he would do. Except—yes, he hadn't married Margaret Conway. . . . But why didn't she come? He grew feverish. . . . His imperious hatred of defeat was chafed to the raw by disappointment and irritating fancies of her carelessness and indifference to his state.

When the nurse finally announced: "She's come, Mr. Wainwright; she came up the side street," he was in his worst mood.

"You send over for Mrs. Reynolds; I want her, too," he said.

"Mrs. Reynolds is downstairs."

"Then have her come up, too. I want them both together. You go down yourself—it won't take a minute. Oh, I'm better; I shan't die while you're out of the room. Give me my box and my key, and you go down."

Unwillingly the nurse went. . . .

\*From *A Slave to Duty and Other Women*; a collection of short stories by Octave Thanet. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, publishers; cloth, 12mo., \$1.25.

The two women entered together. He held out his hand and very faintly smiled. His sister, guessing his wish, fell back behind Miss Conway, that he might take her hand first.

She saw Peggy take his hand and the claw-like fingers close on her white, smooth hand. He smiled. "I thought you weren't going to come," said he. His voice was a whisper.

"I came as fast as I could," said she. "I was delayed."

"Oh, I guess it's all right, now you've got here. Peggy—do you mind my calling you Peggy?"

"Not now—not here—call me anything you like."

"Peggy, you know—say, is that nurse woman here?"

The nurse moved into his sight with professional gentleness and her professional smile.

"I wish you'd go downstairs, and stay there until I send you word to come up," said Wainwright.

The nurse murmured something about the doctor's orders.

"There'll be a new doctor to order if you don't," Wainwright retorted. "I've got something to say to these ladies in private."

The nurse hesitated, then she said: "Very well, sir. You take the responsibility of any excitement. Shall I fetch the ladies some chairs first?"

"No," snapped Wainwright, "they can get their own chairs. Now, Ann, you look out of that door"—the nurse had gone, still gentle, but with disapproval bristling in every stiff line of her back—"see she isn't peeking and prying somewhere. Peggy!"

There was something painful and rasping about his voice. He spoke breathlessly, as if some inner, strong impulse pushed his words out of exhausted lungs.

"Yes," said Miss Conway.

"You know how long I've wanted to marry you?"

"Yes," said Miss Conway, again; but it was in a different tone.

"I want to marry you now. No"—as her cheek burned and she opened her lips—"wait, you wait. I'll put it as a business proposition. I can't last two days. You'd only be my wife two days—that's nothing—just look after me a little—I won't be troublesome. Nurse will take care of me—you won't have to—just sit around a little so I can see you. And—no, don't speak yet—I've made my will." He fumbled in the box and painfully lifted out a paper in an envelope. "You read that." He unfolded it and dropped it on the bed. "That's not the one. That gives everything to found—a—never mind, that's if you won't do what I want. Here—*here*—take it out!"

He was trembling with eagerness. He gasped hideously for breath, but his eyes rolled on Ann, who would have summoned assistance. "No; just you two—whisky!"

The whisky revived him. He unfolded another paper and read: "To my beloved wife, Margaret Conway Wainwright, and my sister Ann Wainwright Reynolds—residuary legatees, share and share alike—that's what you'd like, isn't it? Marry me, and the minute we're married I'll sign it. You want to make Ann comfortable—rich—there's two

hundred and fifty thousand and up apiece! Marry me—she gets it. Don't, and she—does not get one penny."

Margaret Conway caught her breath. Her indignation rose, but she looked at her friend. Was the man in earnest or had his mind gone? And, there was Ann, too proud to be helped by her as it was, but in this odious way she could—

"Oh, you ask a wicked thing!" she cried passionately.

"Where's the wicked? It—it isn't as if I was going to live!"

"You make—a—a mock of the sacredest, the solemnest—a sacrament. You ask me to swear to love and honor and obey you when you know—"

"You needn't have an Episcopal clergyman and say all that; I'm not—particular. Have a justice of the peace. But—don't cheat Ann out of two hundred and fifty thousand dol—"

"Oh, Annie, what shall I do?" cried Miss Conway, suddenly turning on her friend. "If you say so—"

It was what Wainwright had expected—it was the contingency for the sake of which he had kept Ann in the room. His lips relaxed into the feeblest, strangest of smiles. Ann was very white.

"There is something you haven't counted in, Peter," she said, in a very quiet voice, "the doctor told me this morning that there was a bare chance of your recovery—"

He interrupted her with a scream of rage. "There isn't, there isn't!" he shrieked. "Ann, go downstairs! call Miss Gass!"

He clutched Miss Conway's hand and rolled his head over on her arm, writhing. Mrs. Reynolds really feared that he would have a paroxysm and die then and there. She obeyed him as rapidly as she could. The instant she was gone, however, he turned a white, wolfishly eager face on Margaret.

"Don't believe her," he pleaded; "it isn't true. Promise, promise!"

"I can't promise," Margaret began, but the awful change in his face stopped her.

"I guess it has come—well, Ann won't get a cent, that's one good thing," he gasped.

He rolled off her arm and the crumpled wills lay on the bed before her.

Then the meaning of it all came to her as the lightning strikes and sears.

She had been bending over him, but she leaped to her feet. Her eyes blazed into his. "Oh, don't do it!" she begged. "Peter, don't do it! Let me burn this wicked will—just nod your head. There's a piece of paper in the grate—and matches! Peter, dear Peter, say you won't punish Ann for my fault! You know that—that there was some one that I loved and he loved me and we couldn't marry. I'm sorry for you, Peter; won't you make me like to think of you and regret you and feel kindly—and affectionately to you? Please let me burn the will?"

"No!" said Wainwright. He thought that she would yield.

"Then I'll do it, anyhow!" she flashed back at him, and took two steps to the grate with the paper in her hand. She scratched the match, and the



same second he made a supreme effort to rise in bed, stretched forth his hand and fell back with a groan.

"I've killed him," thought Peggy; but she lit the paper in half a dozen places and watched it blaze high before she ran to his side and raised him tenderly and put the whisky to his lips. But he could not swallow.

"I've killed him!" she thought again.

Yet even with the thought her eyes darted over to the grate and the lean brown triangles spreading downward under the flames, eating the closely written lines. She poured out the whisky with frantic haste over his lips, and it trickled hideously down the corners of his mouth. She forced a few drops between his teeth; but she did not make a motion toward the bell to summon help until the blazing sheets were only a heap of light, black ashes. Then she rang. Already, however, Mrs. Reynolds and the nurse were in the hall. They came into the room before her fingers left the bell. The nurse pursed her lips and almost imperceptibly nodded her head. She was too well trained to say, "I told you so!" but outraged talent must have some vent for its scorn. Instantly she had her hypodermic syringe out and into the whisky glass, and having charged it, bared Wainwright's arm and ran the tiny needle into the flesh, making each motion with an extraordinary rapidity and certitude.

"He was talking to me, and he had this attack suddenly," said Miss Conway, "and I'm afraid——"

"Heart, of course," said the nurse, not interrupting Miss Conway, whose words had died away unfinished. "There was always the danger. You fan him, please. There ought to be a reaction. Yes."

Wainwright had opened his eyes. He looked feebly from his sister, who was fanning him, to Miss Conway. He tried to move his hand. Margaret took it in hers. Her own eyes sank into his, which had a strange, dull, peaceful, solemn expression, while hers were filled with entreaty and pain.

"You won't mind, Peter?" she said. "It will be all right?"

He did not speak. He did not even try to speak. Only there was a light quiver of the fingers loosely clasping hers, and he turned his head very slightly and coughed. The nurse bent over him. Then she gently disengaged Margaret's hand.

"You ladies better go now," said she.

"He isn't——"

"Yes," said the nurse, "we can't do anything more for him."

[Miss Conway having told her friend of her action, Mrs. Reynolds confides the matter to Pat Butler, the only other near relative of the dead man, the son of another sister, to whom, until a recent breach, it had been supposed that Wainwright would leave the bulk of his fortune.]

Pat made no comment until the very end. He jumped out of his chair and paced up and down the room.

"Well, wouldn't that kill you dead!" he remarked. Then he asked: "Is it perfectly safe? Nobody suspects anything?"

"It's absolutely safe. But what shall we do, Pat?"

"Do?" Oh, there's only one thing to do. Follow this d—— skinflint will. It was his own money. He

had a right to do what he chose with it; and Aunt Peggy threw it into the fire! And she can't see she did anything wrong! Mads the old man into a fit that kills him, and burns his will before his eyes, and goes home to say her prayers without a ripple! Well, give me a sweet, good, pious, womanly little woman to play smash with the commandments!" . . .

Pat rose.

"I have a queer sort of notion," said he. "Let us go upstairs, where he is, and talk of it before him. If there is such a thing as his being around, he ought to give us a tip."

"You know Peggy is there?" she said, as she stood before the closed door.

She answered his look of astonishment. "Yes, she said that he would like her to be with him, his last night here."

"Well, I give up women," said Pat. "They're too deep for me."

Peggy was sitting quietly beside her old lover. The room was brightly lighted, and his uncovered face wore the look of infinite peace that is death's first merciful token.

"I wish to God I knew what is right to do!" cried Mrs. Reynolds, with a sob. "Peter, what do you want us to do with your money? We'll do anything you say if we only knew!"

But Peggy laid her hand almost caressingly on the thin hands clasped above the quiet heart.

"I know what Peter wants," said she; "it has come to me, sitting here and praying. I don't think I did wrong to make Peter do right. He doesn't see things through a blurr now; he would rather have our kindly, forgiving thoughts and our gratitude than have you scatter the money. Give some of it away to something that will be called by his name and divide the rest between you."

"I don't know but she is right," said Pat.

"If you had only seen a line in the will to guide us," said Ann.

"I only saw the date," said Peggy; "January 3——"

"What!" screamed Mrs. Reynolds, "are you sure. January?"

"I am perfectly sure; but why?"

"They told me of that will. It gave everything to Pat. He must have destroyed the other will himself."

"By Jove! he was only using that will for a bluff," cried Pat.

"I know he destroyed one will," said Peggy, "not long before he died. Miss Gass told me. It was one of March 10, she said. He told her the date. But, Annie, do you mean that will give everything to Pat? Ought he——"

"No," cried Pat, putting his arm about her waist, "I'm the one to talk now. You burned up my rights, Aunt Peggy, and for that you will say your best for me to Mabel to make me your own true nephew, and you will say nothing while we share the estate, Aunt Ann and I, and give Uncle Peter his memorial. Uncle Peter, isn't that right?"

And as Peter Wainwright's placid mask lay before them, almost seeming to assent, his old love suddenly bent and kissed his forehead.

"Poor Peter," she said, "you will forgive me, I know; and it will be all right."

## SONGS FROM NURSERIES OVER THE SEAS\*

*Slumber Song* ..... *From the Dutch*

Sleep, little heart-thief, art thou not weary?  
Do close those bright eyes, my own, my dearie.  
All in thy cradle is snug for the night,  
Flies nor mosquitoes buzz not nor bite.

Sleep on, my dear boy, mother guards here,  
She will defend thee if harm cometh near;  
Thinking of what might befall her dear boy,  
Her slumbers are broken and robbed of their joy.

Ah, why art thou smiling, my angel, my bird?  
Hast thou no faith in thy dear mother's word?  
Thou art thinking, I see, by thy sweet baby smile,  
One higher than mother doth watch all the while.

True, dearest baby, thy wise, trustful thought  
Comfort and peace to thy mother hath brought.  
Praying to Him that He keep us from harm,  
I'll slumber full sweetly with thee on my arm.

*A Birth Song* ..... *From South Greenland*

Because he is a human child, the world seems gay and bright;

Because he is a little lad, we'll sing with all our might.  
If this had been a little lass, we should not have been glad;  
If this had been a little lass, no love would she have had.

Here is my son, the one who gives me joy!

Here is the lad who doth all grief destroy!

Oh, some fine day, when he goes up the hill,  
The great reindeer and their fleet young to kill,  
Of fresh deer-meat we all shall have our fill.

*From the Swedish.*

Toss, little longlegs, toss;  
Thy legs are long as a cross.  
If thy life be also long,  
Thou, like father, shalt be strong.

*From the Danish.*

Lullaby, my heart's delight!  
Mother winds the yarn so bright;  
Father goes to gather corn,  
Brother goes to blow his horn,  
Sister trips the bridge nearby,  
Brand new shoes for thee to buy;  
Shoes with silver buckles gay,  
Sleep, then, baby, sleep away.

*From the Swedish.*

We Swedish children play a game  
In which we thus the fingers name;  
The first one on the hand to come,  
Is sturdy little Thomas Thumb;  
And next to him is, "Lick the pot";  
A funny name now, is it not?  
"Long Pole" the middle place doth hold  
And next to him is "Burning Gold";  
The little one, so small and thin,  
Is, "In the ashes sit and spin."

*Wake-up Song* ..... *From the Danish*

"Up, little Hans! Up, little Hans!  
Hear how the lark doth sing!"  
"No, little mother; no, little mother,  
The creaking door doth swing."

"Up, little Hans! Up, little Hans!  
And go to school straightway."

"No, little mother; no, little mother,  
I feel too ill to-day."

"Up, little Hans! Up, little Hans!  
And beat your fine new drum."  
"Yes, little mother; yes, little mother,  
In greatest haste I come."

*Slumber Song* ..... *From the Dutch*

Sleep, childie, sleep;  
Outside goeth a sheep,  
A sheep with wee, white feet,  
Doth drink his milk so sweet.  
His coat is made of white wool, wool,  
And he doth drink his belly full.

Sleep, childie, sleep;  
While I rock thee, drowsybye,  
Fast we'll rock, thou and I.  
Pull the cov'ring o'er thy head,  
Then no fly shall plague thy bed.

*Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!* ..... *From the Danish*

Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

The Count he rides away up high;  
The peasants' wooden shoes go by.  
Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

The Knight on his good steed doth prance  
Which now doth rear and now doth dance.  
Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

My Lady's light as feathers, see,  
Just like this rider on my knee.  
Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

Which road shall we now try to take?  
On Granpapa a call we'll make.  
Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

When we dismount we'll surely say,  
"Good-day, dear Grandpapa, good-day!"  
Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

Now here we'll call, so's not to miss  
Grandmother's sweet and hearty kiss.  
Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

Through Auntie's parlor door we'll go  
Our kind regards to her to show.  
Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

To Uncle now, gallop-a-trot,  
Is he not home? Well, then we'll stop.  
Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

By night we've ridden all we're able,  
Come, little horse, come to your stable.  
Ridey-Ridey-Ronkey!

\*Compiled for Current Literature.

## CHILD VERSE

"My Ma, She Knows" ..... Birch Arnold ..... Detroit Journal      We Two ..... W. L. Fogg ..... Boston Transcript

My pa, he scolds me jes' becuz  
He says I'm gittin' tough;  
He says my face is never clean,  
My hands are always rough;  
I'm not behavin' like I should  
An' goin' wrong, I s'pose,  
But ma, she takes an' pats my hand  
An' smiles, becuz she knows.

My pa hain't got no use fer boys;  
I s'pose he wants 'em men;  
I wonder if he's clean forgot  
The boy he must 'a' been;  
Fer ma, she says they're all alike  
Bout face an' hands an' clothes,  
An' says I'll learn to be a man;  
An' ma, I guess she knows.

My pa, he says I ain't no good  
At doin' anything;  
I'd ruther fool away the time  
An' whistle, dance an' sing;  
But ma, she smiles an' says I'm young,  
An' then she up an' goes  
An' kisses me, an' shows me how;  
Fer ma, you bet, she knows.

My pa, he says I'll never be  
A business man, like him,  
Because I hain't got any "drive"  
And "get-up," "pluck" and "vim;"  
But ma, she says, so solemn like,  
"A man's a boy that grows;"  
"An' boys must have their playin' spells;"  
An' ma's a trump, an' knows!

My pa, he shakes his head an' sighs,  
An' says he doesn't see  
Where I get all the careles ways  
That seem jes' born in me;  
An' ma, she laughs, an' laughs, an' laughs,  
Till pa's face crimson grows,  
An' then she says, " 'Tis very queer,"  
But, somehow, ma, she knows.

My ma, she knows 'most everything  
'Bout boys, an' what they like;  
She's never scoldin' 'bout the muss  
I make with kites and bike;  
She says she wants me to be good  
An' conquer all my foes,  
An' you jes' bet I'm goin' to be,  
'Cuz my sweet ma, she knows.

Old Gaelic Cradle Song. .... Mother-Song and Child-Song (F. A. Stokes & Co.)

Hush! The waves come rolling in,  
White with foam, white with foam;  
Father toils amid the din,  
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! The winds roar hoarse and deep,  
As they come, as they come;  
Brother hunts the lazy sheep,  
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! The rain sweeps o'er the knowes,  
Where they roam, where they roam;  
Sister goes to seek the cows,  
But baby sleeps at home.

Sit here with me,  
My little girl,  
And while the red  
And gold flames curl  
With pretty sparks  
Far up the flue,  
I'll stroke your locks  
And talk to you.

The mother's eyes  
Were just like yours—  
Blue as the waves  
On Naples' shores;  
Her hair was brown,  
Like yours, too, dear,  
And rippled o'er  
As pink an ear.

She used to sit  
Beside me here,  
When nights were harsh  
And woods were sere—  
Ah! she was fair,  
Dear, very fair,  
With firelight  
Upon her hair!

The black midnight  
Would find us still  
Before the blaze,  
And here, until  
The crumbling sticks  
Had spread in two,  
We'd sit, my child,  
And talk of you.

Now, little girl,  
'Tis you and I—  
Your mother went  
When fall passed by;  
And here we sit  
And list the purr  
Of burning logs,  
And talk of her.

Up on the hill  
Your mother sweet  
Rests quietly—  
Her head and feet  
Deep under snow  
From stormy skies;  
But you, my pet,  
Have her blue eyes!

A Scientific Grandpapa ..... Margaret Johnson ..... St. Nicholas

"See, grandpa, my flower!" she cried;  
"I found it in the grasses!"  
And with a kindly smile, the sage  
Surveyed it through his glasses.

"Ah, yes," he said, "involucrate,  
And all the florets ligulate.  
Corolla gamopetalous,  
Compositæ, exogenous—  
A pretty specimen it is,  
Taraxacum dens-leonis!"

She took the blossom back again,  
His face her wistful eye on;  
"I thought," she said, with quivering lip,  
"It was a dandelion!"



## SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN \*

—Dot was very fond of Bible stories, and one day after her mother had read the story of Lot's wife, she asked, "Mamma, what did Mr. Lot do when his wife turned into a pillar of salt?" "What do you think he did?" asked mamma. "Why," replied the practical little miss, "I s'pose he went out and hunted up a fresh one."

—Marjorie's papa is a photographer, and Marjorie is always very much interested in all his experiments. One evening, as they sat together watching the playing of the lightning and listening to the distant thunder of an approaching storm, Marjorie looked up and said: "Papa, are the angels taking flashlight pictures now?"

—Charlie (aged six—as the bass solo came to an end)—Papa, did he make all that noise on purpose?

—Kittie, aged three, received a letter from her cousin the other day, and her mamma read it aloud. When it was finished Kittie said: "Mamma, I bet if grandma would lend me her specs I could read it myself, 'cause then my eyes would be older than yours."

—A Sunday-school teacher not long ago gave her class a rather graphic description of how Eve was created from the rib of Adam. "Mamma," said the youngest member of the class, that same evening, pressing his hand to his side, "I'm afraid I'm going to have a wife."

—A little four-year-old occupied an upper berth in the sleeping-car of the Scotch express. Awakening once in the middle of the night his mother asked him if he knew where he was. "Tourse I do," he replied, "I'm in the top drawer."

—"Step lively," came the conductor's familiar cry, as the crowd started to board the cars; "step lively, please." The first of the recruits was a man carrying a small boy; behind him came a chubby-cheeked little girl of six, perhaps; while the mother brought up the rear. There were seats for the father and mother and for the small boy upon his father's knee; the little girl had to stand. But she didn't stand still. First on one foot and then on the other she hopped, up and down, fast and furious, her eyes dancing no less than her feet. "Papa," she stage-whispered when she presently slipped into a seat, "didn't I step lively?"

—A teacher, lately wishing to turn the young idea toward the mission-field, asked: "What are good men called who leave their homes and go to foreign lands to teach the heathen?" "Prodigal sons," was the prompt and triumphant reply. A class of boys when asked: "What were the ten plagues?" answered, with more fervor than galantry, "The ten virgins, sir."

—Dorothy, aged five, is much given to rhyming. Her mother coming into the room not long since found her seated on the floor with a book of child verse on her lap, and her three-year-old brother at her side. Upon being asked what she was doing she replied: "I am reading to little

brother. I make the pieces up myself, and they are just poemys as they can be!"†

—In a Southern school the other day the teacher asked the class what bulldozing meant. The faces before him became absolutely blank; no one dared guess the meaning of such a strange word. The teacher had hardly expected the correct definition, nevertheless felt that with a little coaching some little fellow might strike it right. "You see it every day," said he, "every day of your life." An expression of intelligence passed over the face of a little colored boy. "Why, Sam Davis knows," remarked the instructor. "Tell me, Sam, what does bulldozing mean?" "It means — it means," he hesitated and looked out of the window as if to refresh his memory—"dat dere word means a gen'leman cow sleepin' aside a haystack, sah. Dat's whot it means!"†

—"Mamma," said a little boy, "why didn't Jesus arrange it so that He could look right down on us, and we could look up to Him once in a while and say 'Hello!' to Him?"†

—Gertie, who has been taught that a Divine Providence guides the affairs of the world, was in the barn while her father was tending a new-born colt. The animal was trying to get on its feet, but fell over at each attempt. Gertie clasped her hands and called out: "Oh, coltie! coltie! try again—do your very best, and God will help you!"†

—Willie has been attending a singing school this winter, and is very much taken up with musical matters. Some remarks of the teacher about more bass voices being wanted impressed themselves on his memory, so when a new baby boy arrived at his home his greeting, when allowed to go in to see his little brother, was: "Oh, mamma, do make him cry and let us hear if he has a bass voice for the singing class."†

—Mamma was telling her little daughter Hazel about Teddy Roosevelt and his bravery during the recent war. Hazel listened with evident interest till mamma finished, and then said: "Oh, yes, I know! He plays the piano, doesn't he?" "Not that I know of," answers mamma; "but why do you think so?" After a moment's thought she said: "Oh, I was thinking of Paddy Roosevelt" (Paderweski).†

—A little girl was taken to see the baptism in a Baptist church. She was very much interested in the ceremony, and seemed devoutly impressed. The next day her mother found her standing by a wash-tub filled with water, and heard her say to her doll: "In the name of the father, son and in the hole he goes!" and then gravely ducking it.†

—One Sunday recently George, a boy of eight, attended the first meeting of a new Sunday-school, and was asked by the leader of the school to repeat the Lord's Prayer. With all the importance of one who had known his subject well he arose and deliberately said: "I beg to be excused. I am a little out of practice." His mother is a musician, and he had often heard her offer this excuse.†

\*Compiled from *Contemporaries*.

†Contributed to *Current Literature*.

## CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

*Menelik* Menelik II., Emperor of Abyssinia, is the most interesting native personality of Africa, and the one most considered by European powers in their schemes for the partition of the continent. He is thus described by Edgar Sanderson in his book, *Africa in the Nineteenth Century*:

"The Abyssinian ruler's triumphant success at Adowa at once raised him to the highest position, apart from Egypt, among native African sovereigns. He enjoys the rare distinction, for an African potentate, of finding his friendship courted by great European powers—France, Russia and Great Britain. The character of this 'King of Kings of Ethiopia' has been revealed as that of a most enlightened ruler, a 'strong man' who has welded into something like harmony the heterogeneous and disloyal elements of Abyssinia, and has gained the respect and affection of his people. King Menelik, well aware that any monarch who aspires to rank as a civilized ruler, must be in touch with European nations, keeps himself well informed of what is going on outside his country, not only in politics, but in miscellaneous affairs, and even in science. Dignified, courteous and kindly in demeanor, with an un-Oriental disregard of compliments, verbiage and pompous etiquette, he showed his appreciation of European esteem by receiving the British envoys in the spring of 1897 with his person adorned by the Orders of Catharine of Russia and of the French Legion of Honor, and in accepting with surprise and delight the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the British Order of St. Michael and St. George. Six feet without his shoes, stoutly built, very dark in complexion, with a strong, heavy, small-pox-pitted face, rendered comely by a most pleasant expression and by eyes of rare intelligence, the King of Abyssinia looks worthy of the part which he has to play in Africa. The feudal force has now been superseded by a standing army of 70,000 men, capable of being raised to thrice that number, mostly armed with modern rifles."

The Richmond Times gives the following account of King Menelik's realm and followers:

Menelik II. is not only the chief of a nation of 7,000,000 inhabitants, the mysterious origin of which is lost in the night of ages, the sovereign of a kingdom 800,000 square miles in area, but also of a country which from a political and commercial point of view is destined to play a leading part in the future history of the dark continent.

The "Switzerland of Africa," as Napier, commander of the expedition against Theodoros, once called Abyssinia, excites alike the interest of savants by its past, and of statesmen by its present and future. But from every point of view the country is interesting to the mere dilettante tourist. A people of farmers and warriors, the Abyssinians have great affinities with our races and civilization. The upper and ruling class of the empire is of Jewish origin. The Abyssinians firmly believe that they have as king a descendant of Menelik, son of Solomon and of the Queen of Sheba.

This Menelik, who was sent to Palestine to complete his education, is supposed, according to Abyssinian tradition, to have returned home accompanied by 12,000 Jews, belonging to the upper classes of the twelve tribes, and to have founded a government in conformity with the laws of Moses. It is from these 12,000 Hebrews that are supposed to be descended the 400,000 nobles who form the governing class in Ethiopia to-day. The state church in Abyssinia, though termed a Christian church, is in reality an offshoot of the Jewish rites, and maintains all the Jewish traditions not specially abolished by Scripture. Like the tenacious Israelites that they are, the Abyssinians resisted during many centuries the assaults of Islam. At one time Stephen, brother of Vasco da Gama, Governor of India, came to their assistance when the famous Turkish warrior, Mohammed Grain, threatened their independence. Da Gama's soldiers, to the number of 10,000, established themselves permanently in the country, increased the ranks of the Christian aristocracy, and came near bringing about the definite triumph of the Roman Catholic Church in the kingdom. But the intrigues of the Jesuits resulted in a reactionary movement favorable to the Greek Church, to which Abyssinia has become definitely affiliated.

The Philadelphia Bulletin thus describes a Menelik court of justice:

Each class of personages was arrayed in prescribed robes. The advocates were, for all the world, garbed like the pictures we see of Roman Senators in the time of the early republic. To prevent the accused attempting his own life or escaping, he was chained to a couple of guards and stood sullenly in the centre of this imposing mass, looking as if he knew that there was no hope. He was a hideous-looking, dwarfish nondescript, and the hatred of the throne seemed to have the effect of making him shrink still farther into himself. Menelik began the case by asking the accused: "You killed the courier. Why?" "I was hungry; I wanted to get something to eat." "Did you have no other reason?" "None." "It is well; thou shalt be fitly punished. Hast thou anything to ask?" The wretch hesitated, looked appealingly at the crowd about him, and then stammered: "Thy clemency would have an immortal renown. If thou wilt pardon me thou wilt have no equal but God." Then the Negus turns toward the advocates and makes a slight gesture. A very old man, patriarchal as the ideal of the Scriptures, both in raiment and speech, advances a step, and, raising his hand, cries out: "He merits death by hanging!" He retires, and another, quite as venerable, takes his place. He, too, is for punishment to fit the crime. He declares that the realms of the Negus have never been desecrated by a crime so foul, that such a monster deserves to be burnt at the stake to purify the place! A third gives a similar verdict. Then, for an hour or more, arguments and expositions of the law are propounded to make the people understand why the man is to be put to death. When this is

done the crowd signify their verdict by raising their hands. So far as the spectators on the dais could observe, every hand was raised. Then the volume of the laws, cherished as the treasure of treasures of the empire, is brought out and laid before the Negus. The book is claimed to have been sent to the Ethiopian monarchs by Solomon or his descendants, and contains the laws of life and death. The page read awarded burning for the crime just proven; but Menelik, who probably wanted to impress his European allies with his humane methods, announced that he would sentence the prisoner to be hanged. The verdict and sentence were all given within two hours. A half-hour later the man's body was dangling from the gibbet in the gulch beyond the fortifications.

Booker T. Washington, the slave-born philanthropist, is thus described in the *Washington Star*:

To be the best-known individual of a race of 10,000,000 of people is no small responsibility, and yet that is probably the position which Booker T. Washington holds to-day with regard to the negroes in this country. As Frederick Douglass grew to be an old man the question was often asked who was to take his place as a leader of the colored people in the United States. Until the time of the Atlanta Exposition, in 1894, there had appeared no probable successor. The address of Booker T. Washington at the exposition challenged the attention of the entire country. He was at the time the comparatively unknown principal of a recently established, struggling school for colored young men and women in the middle of the "Black Belt" of Alabama. In the short time which has elapsed since the delivery of the Atlanta address Mr. Washington's achievements, and the very general recognition of his talents and ability, have brought him so prominently before the public that it seems quite proper to speak of him as the best-known colored man in the United States to-day. A few among the many causes which have led to this result are the conferring of a degree upon him by Harvard University; his notable address at Boston on the occasion of the unveiling of the Shaw monument on Boston Common, with many other able addresses all over the country; his selection by the trustees of the John F. Slater fund to conduct for them, with the assistance of Mrs. Washington, a series of meetings for colored people in all the cities of the South, this work to cover a period of two years; his successful administration of the affairs of Tuskegee Institute, a great school of a thousand pupils; his selection to be one of the orators at the Peace Jubilee in Chicago in October of 1898, where he spoke to an audience of 15,000 people in the presence of President McKinley, who took the occasion to pay Mr. Washington a most distinguished compliment; and last, the visit which the President and Mrs. McKinley made to Tuskegee in their recent journey through the South.

He was born a slave in the State of Virginia in either the year 1857 or 1858. His home for those first years, near the village of Hale's Ford, was one of those one-room log cabins, with uncouth chimney of clay and wood glued upon the end, such as

any one may even yet see in all parts of the South. The floor of the cabin was the hard-trodden earth, and the walls had no windows, a circumstance which was not of so very great account since the door was rarely closed, and when it was both light and air found free passage between the logs of the walls where the mud chinking had fallen out.

Mr. Washington must have been about eight years old when the war closed. "We knew there had been a war," he says, "and in our cabins talked about it. One morning word was sent over the whole place for all the hands to come up to the 'big house.' Standing there in the yard in front of the porch a paper was read out loud to us, and my mother, bending over me, whispered to me that we were free. I was too young to really understand what that meant then."

There was now the family to be provided for, and soon after freedom was declared the Washingtons migrated to West Virginia, where work in the coal mines offered employment and money wages. The journey over the mountains was made in a rude cart. The determination to rise in life, which then could have only been an instinct, was already stirring the soul of the boy, and finding that life in the mines gave no opportunity for advancement, Booker looked for other employment. He was so fortunate as to be hired to work in the kitchen and run errands for a New England woman of unusual intelligence and great force of character, who was married to a Southern gentleman, and Mr. Washington has always felt that to her training and example he owes much of his success in life.

When young Washington was fourteen years old the reputation of General Armstrong's great work at Hampton penetrated to the West Virginia mountains. To hear of this was to realize at once that this was a means for "getting on." It was not a question of whether he should go, or when, but of how quick he could reach Hampton. He had no money to spare, for all he had earned had gone to help support the family.

Of this turning point in his life let his own words tell: "When I found out that Hampton was a place where a black boy could study, and at the same time have a chance to work for his board, and that in addition to study he would be taught how to work, I made up my mind to go there. Telling my mother good-bye, I started out one morning to find my way to Hampton, although I had but a very few cents in money, and did not have even any definite idea where Hampton was. But I inquired my way, and by walking, begging rides and paying for a portion of the journey on the steam cars with money earned on the road, I finally reached the city of Richmond, Va. I was without friends there and entirely without money. I found a good, dry place under a plank sidewalk and crawled in there to sleep the first night. The next day I found work on a vessel where I could earn some money. As the job would last for several days I kept at work, sleeping every night in the same place under the sidewalk. It was a comfortable place, and I was in that way enabled to save the most of my wages to help me to go on. When I reached Hampton I had fifty cents left.

"While I was at Hampton I resolved that when



I had finished my course of training there I would go into the 'Black Belt' of the South and give my life to providing the same kind of opportunity for self-reliance and self-awakening that I had found at Hampton. My work began at Tuskegee, Ala., in 1881, in a small shanty and church, with one teacher and thirty students, without a dollar's worth of property. The spirit of work and of industrial thrift, with aid from the State and generosity from the North, has enabled us to develop the school to its present proportions."

Tuskegee Institute is now a school where over 1,000 young colored men and women are taught each year how to make their lives count for the most possible, both for themselves and for their race. It is an intensely practical school, and does not teach books so much as it does facts, and how to use them. The school now owns several thousand acres of land and about forty buildings. The pupils who are studying farming do all the work upon the land, and of the forty buildings, many of them three and four-story brick structures, all except the first three small ones have been built, beginning with the making of the bricks and the cutting of the lumber, by the pupils in the mechanical arts classes. Tuskegee is the largest school in the world for colored pupils conducted wholly by colored teachers. Its executive force and instructors, numbering nearly 100, are all men and women of the negro race, and except for the board of trustees, none of whom reside at the school, there is no one connected with the institute who is not of the race for the helping of which its efforts are directed. One unique feature of Tuskegee is its negro conference, held there in February of each year. There are many other schools for colored young men and women in the country, but nowhere else is there a school for the fathers and mothers of these young people. That is what the conference really is, a school, even though its sessions are for only one day in a year, and the most of the pupils who come to it have gray hair and cannot read or write. As I heard a grizzled old negro say, when he made the prayer which opened one of these sessions: "Oh, Lawd, we wants to t'ank de for dis our one day ob schoolin' in de whole year."

Mr. Washington's reply to President McKinley's address at Tuskegee shows the breadth of mind with which he has approached the problem with which he has had to deal: "We welcome you all to this spot where, without racial bitterness, but with sympathy and friendship, with the aid of the State, and with the aid of black men and white men, with Southern help and Northern help, we are trying to assist the nation in working out one of the greatest problems ever given to men to solve. In the presence of the chief magistrate of the nation I am glad to testify that in our efforts to teach our people to put brain and skill and dignity into the common occupations of life, we have not only the active help of all classes of citizens in the little town of Tuskegee, but of the best people of the South."

*Tay Pay*

Particular interest attaches to Curtis Brown's sketch in the New York

Press of T. P. O'Connor because of the possibility of a renewal of the Home Rule agitation:

One of the most interesting and broad-minded of

the Irish Nationalists is Thomas Power O'Connor, M. P., and likewise "M. A. P.," journalist, biographer of Parnell and Beaconsfield, and founder of newspapers. Mr. O'Connor is one of the most approachable men in Parliament, and it is not excessively difficult to get into his inner sanctum at the office of his latest journalistic enterprise, "M. A. P.," which, being interpreted, means "Mainly About People." The offices are a stone's throw from Trafalgar Square, and are guarded by a preternaturally small boy, whose dignity is even greater than that of his employer.

Mr. O'Connor is universally known as "Tay Pay," but that hardly does justice to his brogue, of which you can catch an inflection only now and then, and which is marked just strongly enough to lend charm to his conversation. Yet it is related that after talking into a phonograph for the first time, and upon hearing his voice reproduced, he exclaimed with some alarm: "Good gracious! have I a brogue like that?"

He usually dresses in the soberest black, even to his satin four-in-hand, but there is fun enough in his brown eye to prevent any suggestion of sombreness about him. He is tall and well built, and would give a good account of himself if the occasion arose. When I asked him if it ever had arisen, he laughed and said "No." He is not one of the fighting Irishmen. He is more shrewd and worldly than the other Nationalist leaders, and is the only one of them who goes very much into London society.

A fluent, not to say multiloquent, observer of Mr. O'Connor recently published a sketch of him. The introduction to that sketch is especially interesting, because the subject of it pointed it out to me and said it was all right:

"Most people know 'T. P.,' but few are acquainted with T. P. O'Connor. 'T. P.' is an open secret, an emotional organization, an entity that is public as St. Paul's; 'T. P.' reads his history in the nation's eyes; the door of his personality is wide open all the day like that of a seaside boarding house in the summer; he is forever frank on the ills and achievements of himself and humanity through the whole expansive gamut from dietary to doom; but T. P. O'Connor is a shrinking and uncommunicated individuality. 'T. P.' is an acting drama, coherent, simple and preserving all the unities; T. P. O'Connor is a fortuitous concourse of contradictions; an Irishman with an aversion to potatoes, an M. A. who despises the classics, a skeptic who is superstitious, a wistful Pagan, a polished political Pepys with a dash of Launcelot, a realist who admits that he has got his guiding notions of life from the pages of fiction; finally, a humanitarian who has subtly turned Om into Ego.

"Trained in the Queen's College, Galway, he began his London journalistic career on the Daily Telegraph, resigned early, and was sorry for it; because he starved, and studied wistfully, as he says, the windows of sausage-shops through a melancholy procession of unbefriended days. He scribbled his slashing study of Disraeli upon odd scraps of wrapping paper, got it published, and made a leap into the light. Drifting deeper into politics, he was attracted to Parnell and Biggar in the period

when Obstruction was king, and at last entered Parliament as member for Galway in 1880."

In the opinion of Mr. O'Connor, and of other members of Parliament, the Home Rule question is going to assume an importance in this session that it has not had before since the Unionists announced in 1895 that Home Rule was dead. Oddly enough, it is to the Unionists themselves, as much as to their old Liberal allies, that the Irishmen look for aid. The House of Lords would pass a Home Rule measure for the Unionists when they wouldn't do it for the Liberals. Besides, Home Rule is not one of the strongest planks in the Liberal platform these days.

It may be a matter of news that Mr. O'Connor is getting ready to start a six-penny illustrated weekly paper, and also at the end of the year another paper, for which the plans are not yet formulated definitely. It will not, however, be a daily. "I'm about done with daily journalism," he said. These two papers will make six that this ambitious Irishman has founded, the other four being the *Star*, the *Sun*, the *Weekly Sun* and *M. A. P.*

Perhaps one of the new papers will concern women especially, for Mr. O'Connor has been conspicuous in the advocacy of "women's rights," even in the days when to speak up in behalf of "advanced womanhood" was to be reviled. "Women in England," he said, "ought to come up to the standing of women in America. I'm not talking about political rights, in which English women do not begin to approach the equality with men that American women have."

*Oscar of Sweden* The Crown Prince of Sweden, who, because of the serious illness of King Oscar, was recently declared regent, is described in the *New York Tribune*:

Crown Prince Gustavus is on terms of the most intimate friendship with Emperor William. The latter has no more enthusiastic admirer than the Prince, who, in the belief, probably, that imitation is the most sincere form of flattery, has adopted many of his German cousin's traits and characteristics. He agrees with the Kaiser that the mailed fist is preferable to the velvet glove in solving difficulties, and a couple of years ago availed himself of the opportunity of some public meeting at Stockholm openly to express his opinion that the only way of putting an end to the quarrel that has been raging for years between Norway and Sweden was by force, and added that he asked nothing better than to be intrusted with the command of the Swedish army for the task of reducing his father's rebellious and disloyal subjects in Norway to entire submission. As soon as the tenor of this extraordinary speech became known at Christiania, the Storting, or National Legislature, which happened to be in session at the time, immediately passed by an almost unanimous vote a measure suspending until further notice the payment of the Norwegian moiety of the civil list of the Crown Prince, the Norwegians taking the ground that it was ridiculous to subscribe to the maintenance of a Prince who publicly expressed the wish to lead a Swedish army of invasion into Norway.

Much pressure was brought upon the Crown

Prince, even by his father, to retract his remarks, or, at any rate, in some way to smooth them over. But this he has refused to do, and the result is that Norway still withholds the payment of her share of his annual civil list. Fortunately, he is wealthy and can thus afford to dispense with any allowance from Norway. But at the same time it must be confessed that the strained relations indicated by this condition of affairs existing between Norway and its new Regent, are scarcely calculated to foster the hopes of any peaceful settlement between the two sister kingdoms.

Indeed, there is much reason to believe that the Crown Prince will now take advantage of his powers as Regent to reduce the people of Norway to submission to Sweden by means of force, following therein what is known to be the advice of Emperor William, who is even understood to have promised to send the German fleet to menace the Norwegian coast in the event of its becoming necessary to dispatch a Swedish army across the Norwegian frontier.

One thing is certain, the present condition of affairs between Norway and Sweden cannot continue. The Norwegian Legislature, by an overwhelming vote, and in defiance of the King's opposition and veto, has lately passed a law removing all emblem of the union with Sweden from the Norwegian flag, while Russian and French agents have long been busy at Christiania, the object of their intrigues being to promote the ill-feeling between Norway and Sweden, and, if possible, to bring about a rupture between the two countries. For Norway and Sweden together command the entrance and the exit of the Baltic, and the King of Sweden is known to be bound by a secret military convention to co-operate with the Triple Alliance in the event of a European war by closing the Baltic Sea to French and Russian ships.

Sweden is strongly German, whereas all the sympathies of the Norwegians are in favor of France, and particularly of Russia, and if Norway were a republic Sweden would find it almost impossible to fulfill the part to which she is pledged to the Triple Alliance, namely, the closing of the Baltic Sea. It is doubtful whether Sweden could even do so at present, so long as the Norwegians have not been reduced to subjection.

The new Regent is the first of his line to enjoy the support and the consideration of the Swedish aristocracy. The latter is among the proudest, most influential and exclusive in Europe, and has made a point of holding aloof from King Oscar and his three predecessors on account of the peasant blood in their veins and of their plebeian origin. They cannot forget that Marshal Bernadotte, the first King of the present line, owed his rise in life to the revolution, that he had taken part in the massacres of the French aristocracy and royal family, and that at his death the words, "Death to the tyrants and to the aristocrats," were found tattooed on his arm, for which reason he had always refused to allow his physicians to bleed him.

The new Regent is regarded as having, to a great extent, eliminated the peasant strain of blood from his veins, and can rely upon the support of the entire Swedish people.

# AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

EDITED BY ROBERT BLIGHT.

"Among the Plants" in spring time! Can anything be more interesting or more suggestive of deep thoughts of science and philosophy? We except not even the con-course of men or the places "where merchants most do congregate." In the "garden" we watch for the first tender shoots of the flowering plants and the gracefully curving fronds of the ferns; in the "field" we note the brilliant masses of green in the farmer's acres, and the expanse of meadows studded with the gems of spring blossoms; in the "forest," as the trees put on their garb of most delicate hues, we stand gazing, wrapped around with an indescribable peace and calm, as

"The long drooping boughs between  
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
Alternate come and go."

In all alike we realize that we are face to face with the greatest mystery that this earth holds—the mystery of life. It is asserting its existence in an unmistakable manner, which is all the more striking, because we contrast the scenes before our eyes with their lifeless aspect during the winter. Bare spots are clothed with verdure, russets are tinged with livelier hues, gaunt skeletons are draped in beautiful garments. We stoop to pick one of spring's earliest blooms, and murmur with Tennyson:

"Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is."

But, as we look at the little plant, we realize that in addition to the mystery of life there is another, only of less degree because it is a consequence of life, and that is the mystery of growth. If we stand under the spreading boughs of a majestic oak and hold an acorn in the hand, it is a thought of surpassing wonder that the giant monarch of the forest has "grown" from such a comparatively small object; and yet experience tells us that such is the case. Truly the mystery of growth is second only to the mystery of life.

If you examine carefully, under a microscope, a small portion of some succulent stem (some of the pulp of the stewed rhubarb on the table is excellent for the purpose), you will see a number of egg-shaped bodies. These are cells. Each is a hollow sac filled with fluid. Of such as these, or of modified forms of these, every plant in every part is built up. Growth is the multiplication of these cells which are invisible to the naked eye in their individuality. Their constitution is marvelous. The cell-wall is built up of cellulose, a ternary compound of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen. The contents, called protoplasm, are formed of the same elements, together with nitrogen and sulphur. In this protoplasm lies the activity of life. If a cell is examined with a sufficiently strong power, there will be seen in each cell a nucleus of this activity. This is called the cytoblast. Here we have the centre from which growth springs. This cytoblast divides into two, and between the halves a thin wall of cellulose forms. The two new cells so formed increase in size until they equal their parent, and subdivide in their turn. Thus the process goes on, with this constant increasing and multiplying.

The whole subject is one of the most fascinating interest, if we merely investigate the process from the standpoint of the wonderful power of assimilation of the necessary elements possessed by the living plant. There is, however, another phase which must strike the most casual observer; and that is the display of energy in the form of mechanical force, which one often sees associated with the phenomenon of growth. There are few persons who have not noticed how, when a seed has dropped in a cranny of a rock, the growing plant, sending down its roots into

the crevices, ultimately rends the rock asunder. Instances of this kind are known to every one who has spent a day in the mountains. There is, also, a story (well authenticated, I believe), of a cask of wine having been left in an inner cellar which was rarely opened. When the owner, after a long interval, did visit his storeroom, in the hope of finding the wine well ripened, he discovered, to his dismay, that a fungus had grown around the cask, had drunk up the contents, and had raised the receptacle to the ceiling. Another instance of the immense lifting power of growing plants is well worth repeating: At a little distance from Walton Hall, in Yorkshire, in England, the beautiful home of the naturalist Charles Waterton, a hazel nut had dropped into the hole of a disused mill-stone. There it grew, and as the trunk filled the hole, it gradually lifted the mill-stone from the ground, and annually raised it a little higher, until the massive and heavy encumbrance was elevated to a considerable height. The quaint old naturalist delighted to take his visitors to see the strange sight, and with considerable humor named the phenomenon, "John Bull and His National Debt."

The mechanical force exercised in the process of growing has lately been the subject of investigation, and in the following extract we have some of the latest results:

*Amazing Lifting Power of Plants.....Philadelphia Press*

Experiments have demonstrated that one of the most amazing things in nature is the lifting power possessed by a growing plant. Science has proved that such an insignificant, commonplace vegetable as a squash is capable of elevating a 5,000-pound weight by the mere force of its resistless living power of expansion. Given the requisite number of these products of nature and the squash could elevate a modern sky-scraper or rend a rock.

Experiments to show the marvelous force latent in the vegetable world have been conducted by Charles H. Ames at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst. The attention of the president of the college, W. S. Clark, was directed to the matter, and he, together with other gentlemen interested in opening up new pathways to knowledge, made further experiments. A squash was procured and a harness constructed on such principles as would enable the plant to exert to the utmost its lifting powers. In describing the preliminary experiments and the theories on which they based their plans, Mr. Clark says:

"The following considerations suggested the idea: First—It is a well-known fact that beans, acorns and other seeds often lift comparatively heavy masses of earth in forcing their way up to the light in the process of germination. Secondly—We have all heard how common mushrooms have displaced flagging stones many years since in Basingstoke, and more recently in Worcester, England. In the latter case, only a few weeks ago, a gentleman, noticing that a stone in a walk near his residence had been disturbed, went for the police, under the impression that burglars were preparing some plot against him. Upon turning up the stone, which weighed eighty pounds, the rogues were discovered in the shape of three giant mushrooms. Thirdly—Bricks and stones are often displaced by the growth of the roots of shade trees in streets. Cel-



lar and other walls are also frequently injured in a similar way. Fourthly—There is a common belief that the growing roots of trees frequently rend asunder rocks, on which they stand, by penetrating and expanding within their crevices.

"Having never heard of any attempt to measure the expansive force of a growing plant, we determined to experiment in this direction. At first we thought of trying the expansive force of some small, hard, green fruit, such as a hickory nut or a pear, but the expansion was so slow and the attachment of the fruit to the tree so fragile that the idea was abandoned. The squash, growing on the ground, with great rapidity and to an enormous size, seemed, on the whole, the best fruit for the experiment."

"Accordingly, seeds of the mammoth yellow Chili having been obtained they were planted in the propagating pits of a plant-house, where the temperature and moisture could be easily controlled. A rich bed of compost from a spent hotbed was prepared, which was four feet wide, fifty feet long, and about six inches in depth. Here, under the fostering care of Professor Maynard, the seeds germinated, the vine grew vigorously, and the squash lifted in a most satisfactory manner. The experiment was watched day and night by relays of the scientists interested. An ingeniously constructed apparatus for testing the lifting power of the plant consisted of a frame of seven-inch boards. In this framework the harnessed squash was deposited, the harness consisting of iron straps completely encircling the squash. To the harness was attached a lever on which were placed the weights to measure the lifting capacity of the vegetable. As the growing squash elevated the weights, others were added.

"A careful record kept shows that the lifting done was as follows:

	Pounds.
Twenty-first of the month.....	60
Twenty-second of the month.....	69
Twenty-third of the month.....	91
Twenty-fourth of the month.....	162
Twenty-fifth of the month.....	225
Twenty-sixth of the month.....	277
Twenty-seventh of the month.....	356
Thirty-first of the month.....	500
Eleventh of next month.....	1,100
Thirteenth of next month.....	1,200
Fourteenth of next month.....	1,300
Fifteenth of next month.....	1,400
Twenty-seventh of next month.....	1,600
Thirtieth of next month.....	2,015
Third of third month.....	2,115
Twelfth of third month.....	2,500
Eighteenth of third month.....	3,120
Twenty-fourth of third month.....	4,120
Thirty-first of third month.....	5,000

"When the squash had lifted this amazing weight the harness gave way under the great pressure, and it had to be removed. The result, however, proved that what have been regarded as fairy tales were actual facts; that a growing plant can lift a tree, split asunder the solid granite and move masses in a manner that prior to these experiments may well have been deemed incredible."

This is a wonderful story and is an excellent instance of the force of the adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction." We can, however, say that in this case the evidence is

given by persons whose scientific training and profession give the sceptic little room for doubt as to the accuracy of their observations. Doubtless, now that the idea of measuring the mechanical force of growth has been originated, numerous experiments of a similar nature will be carried out; and while mere wonder at many a strange story is lessened, due appreciation of the marvelous powers of nature will be increased. The following passage, read in the light of the above investigation into the mystery of growth, will also have interest—not perhaps as illustrating the immense mechanical force of growth, but the devastating power of minute and soft vegetable cells:

*Devoured by a Fungus.....Edinburgh Scotsman*

"In August last I sought out a large number of working plans and working details of scientific research, work I have done during the last ten years, with the intention of tabulating the same prior to bringing them before the scientific world. I put them all into a large box I got for the purpose from the grocer. Before using the box I brushed it thoroughly out and put it out into the sun in the garden for two bright days. Then I kept it in the kitchen beside the fire for fourteen hours. Thinking all was safe enough, I placed my drawings in it, and there they remained till the other week, when I was about to begin a very serious task (for it meant a deal of work). But, alas! what was my surprise and astonishment on opening the box to find it full to the lid with a snow-white fungus. My wife thought it was a box full of wadding.

"After removing several handfuls I came on the rolls, but none of them would unwind. The fungus had crept into every turn of the coils and destroyed the very structure of the paper. Varnished drawings, mounted on cloth and wooden rollers, crumbled away between the fingers, and the wood snapped like pith. Tracing paper, used and unused, suffered the same as ordinary drawing paper, but a few pieces of tracing cloth escaped disintegration, but were rendered useless through stains all over them. I tried all I could think of to save my ten years' work, but it would yield to nothing. The box had remained undisturbed under the window on my laboratory floor for several months, and, strange to say, another box of similar size and kind lies within six inches of it, and filled with papers of minor importance, yet it has escaped and is untouched with fungus. I have not yet examined the fungus microscopically, but hope by doing so to ascertain the name of the organism, and under what conditions it lives."

The unfortunate writer of this communication could scarcely have chosen a worse receptacle for his valuable drawings than a box obtained at the grocer's. In the crevices there might remain some food for fungi, such as sugar, dust from rice, etc., which no amount of sweeping would remove, and no amount of exposure to the sun or the warmth of the fire would sterilize. On such pabulum a "Pencilium," for instance, would readily seize, and, when once established, would have no difficulty in destroying almost anything that was of an animal or a vegetable nature. Moulds are independent of light even for growth. They have been found in places where no one would ever expect to find them; not merely in situations open to the air, although hidden, but where one would almost think that air was excluded. They have been met with in the interior of apparently perfectly sound hazel-nuts, in the cavities in tomatoes with unbroken skins, in the inside of polished bonduc nuts which are almost as hard as metal,

and in the bubbles within pieces of amber. Here again we have another instance of the mystery connected with growth.

When we once realize the mysterious power of vegetable growth, much that would otherwise be merely marvelous becomes intelligible. Waterton's hazel and mill-stone, the many interesting objects admirably illustrated in a recent article on Wonderful Trees in the Strand Magazine, a box full of vegetable wool, and the like, become interesting curiosities, and nothing more. It was not always so. Ignorance of causes led to utter misapprehension and credulity. Take, for instance, the travelers' tale, that on a salt plain, west of the Volga, there grows a wonderful plant, with the appearance of a lamb, having feet, head and tail distinctly formed, with a skin covered with soft down. They used to tell us that this lamb, to which the name "Agnus Scythicus" was given, grew upon a stalk about three feet high, that it turned about and bent to the herbage, which served as its food, and that it pined away when the grass dried up and failed. And after all this remarkable Tartarian Lamb was only the curious form of root-stock of a fern known as "Cibotium Barometz."

Combining our knowledge of the wonders of nature and our experience of the credulity of ignorant man, we are not surprised that some of the vagaries of growth have been regarded as supernatural, and have been made objects of worship. The following passage, taken from an article in *Cosmos* (Paris) by M. Leveille, treats of a phase of such superstition:

*The Worship of Double Trees in India..... Public Opinion*

"The trees described in this article belong to the category that we have qualified as divine, since among the pagan peoples of India, where, in the words of Bossuet, everything is god, excepting God Himself, they are almost regarded as gods, and special virtues are attributed to them. These venerated plants are, usually, two different species that by chance have become intimately associated. It is just this association, this intimate union of two species, that secures to them the worship that is paid them—paid not to the individual, but to the more or less complete mixture of the two beings. The Indians see in the cohesion or union of two plants an image or symbol of reproduction. It is, therefore, not surprising that they render to this principle, veiled under the poetic appearance of two plants, a worship that follows logically from the foundations of paganism, and accords with its traditions. In the immense extent of the territory of India these facts of the mutual grafting or the union of two plants, although not common, are still not extremely rare. They present themselves spontaneously and naturally, and it is just because they are a freak of nature—which is itself a god for the pagan—that they provoke astonishment, admiration, and so, finally, the worship of the people of India. We shall see in what follows when we have given the rational explanation of these phenomena, that it would not be difficult to reproduce them artificially.

"At Vellore, in the principal street of the city, is a "*Melia Azadirachta*" (the Neem or Margosa tree), completely surrounded by a *Ficus religiosa* (Sacred fig), so that the first tree appears to grow from the second. The effect produced is very curious. These trees are the object of great veneration on the part of the inhabitants of the region. At Courtallum, is a "*Borassus flabelliformis*" (the Palmyra plam), that is completely imprisoned by a "*Ficus bengalensis*."

This group, hidden in the midst of a jungle, is no longer the object of worship, being doubtless not noticed by the infrequent visitors to the place. The third time that we witnessed the close union of two trees of different species was in the colonial garden of Pondicherry. There we were able to form an exact idea of how it took place. A "*Ficus bengalensis*" (Bengal fig), having sprouted and grown on the top of a "*Caryota urens*" (one of the most beautiful of Indian palms), let fall its adventitious roots, destined to be transformed into trunks, and already one of them was about to bury itself in the soil. A fourth example of dendrologic union is at Colombo. It is again a "*Borassus*," which is closely held at its base in a "*Ficus*," whose roots can be seen—veritable vegetable serpents, which seem to imprison yet more the palm tree, whose higher head overtops that of the fig tree that encloses it.

"We will now give the explanation of the phenomenon. It has doubtless been remarked that in the four cases that we have mentioned the "*Ficus*" is always one of the factors of these unions. We may say that it is an important factor, the most important even; in fact, the adventitious roots that it lets down from its branches are so many tentacles that singularly facilitate its rôle when it is placed in the proper conditions to surround another tree. Although the ultimate cause of the union of the two trees is none other than the great germinative faculty of the seeds and the development of adventitious roots in the banyan tree, the immediate and effective cause, at least in the majority of cases, should probably be attributed to a bird of the family of climbers. The ruffed parrot, so abundant in India, is very fond of the glutinous drupes of the fig, on which it generally feeds. When a parrot carries the ripe fruit of the fig in its beak and lays it down, either on the top or in some accidental cavity of a tree, the development of a figtree on that tree becomes possible, and will take place if, on the one hand, the hosts of the air and the various insects respect the seed, and if, on the other hand, favorable circumstances, such as the rainy season, preserve it from the sun, and by abundant and continued humidity favor its germination. There are cases where we must look for another explanation. It is probable that in this case there was a simple approximation (a rare thing) of the two trees. There would have resulted simply a kind of graft by proximity, if the property of letting fall adventitious roots and the incredible suppleness of the woody tissues of the "*Ficus*" had not brought about the union of the two trees."

Thus knowledge is ever uprooting superstition; but centuries may elapse before the pagans of India cease to regard as sacred the trees so strangely united. Even in Christian countries, there still lingers more superstition connected with plants than most people are aware of, for ancient beliefs die hard, and plant worship is almost as ancient as the origin of man himself. And, indeed, if we lay aside matter-of-fact science, who can wonder that the untutored mind of man, observing and reasoning only in the light to which he has attained, should imagine that in a plant, which exhibited the mysteries of life and growth, there exists spirit akin to that which marks his own individuality?

## ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

*Birds in Peace and Anger*.....C. A. Witchell.....Knowledge

When a dog or a cat snarls, for instance, we know that the sound is intended to express hatred and a threat of attack. The lowing of a cow or of a calf, the bleating of a kid, the snorting of a horse, and its whinneying, can hardly be misunderstood. But the meanings of the cries of birds are less obvious. The cooing of a dove, or the warbling of a fluent singer, may seem to be as expressive as any note of the quadrupeds just mentioned; but when attention is given to the actions which accompany the cries of birds, an observer finds that some very pleasant sounds are incidental to very unkind behavior. In a few cases the combativeness of a bird is fairly well suggested by its cry—as occurs in the common fowl, whose “crow” is as defiant as a bugle blast. The shriek of the woodland jay, also, is very expressive. These sounds, however, do not represent the greatest passion. We must listen to birds actually engaged in combat in order to hear the expression of their utmost hate—their worst language; and, listening thus, we often make the discovery that the sound accompanying an attempt at murder is closely like (sometimes apparently identical with) sounds which seem to be joyous song. The little brown wren mounts the top of the hedge and sings a sprightly song. The notes seem to be the spontaneous outpouring of joy. Twenty yards farther along the hedge another wren mounts to the top-most twig, perks his tail and utters a similar lively tune. Number one flies a little way toward number two, and sings again. Here, then, is a pleasing sylvan duet! But soon the wrens are fighting furiously, tumbling over and over each other at the bottom of the hedge, while at intervals snatches of the same little ditty are heard. They sing, in the intervals of fighting what seemed a song of peace and love. In view of what the birds are doing, it may be surmised that their language at this moment is very bad indeed. But instead of the sprightly wren the sedate robin may be under observation. If a singing robin be watched, and especially in autumn, he will be seen to attack any other singing robin which may be near; yet the birds will be singing all the while, and their songs will be like the ordinary songs of the species, though a trifle sharper in tone. The music is evidently intended to convey the animosity of the birds. The hedge-sparrow twitters in quite a subdued tone when fighting; yet it nevertheless seems to be singing. The willow wren sings its ordinary song when about to attack a rival. The chiffchaff, however, does not employ his cheerful strain on the like occasion. The nightingale is somewhat pugnacious, and I have several times seen two fighting (I once saw three), but no song notes were then given.

Among the finches and buntings a combat is often accompanied by a slight twittering, somewhat similar to rapid repetitions of the call note, malice and love having thus the same tone; but some species employ a particular note. The chaffinch has only one cry when fighting, be his enemy bird or beast. That cry is the common note, “tink,” or “fink.” The male house-sparrow is one of the most

silent of fighters. When male sparrows intend to fight, they hop about restlessly near each other, their feathers held very close, and their tails flitting up and down almost continuously. Presently one of the birds darts at the other and tries to give him a lance-thrust with the bill, the other springs aside, and the aggressor alights near, and the flitting of the tails continues. But all this time the birds utter no cry. When the contest has reached the stage of a struggle in the nest-place, however, there is some noise, scuffling and screaming. The cries are not the tones of love; they are expressions of fury. When male sparrows are noisily clustering around a female bird, their cries may be those both of love and fear; but these assemblies require close attention before the nature of the cries employed can be ascertained.

There are many species which give the full song during combat. I have heard the full song of the tree pipit sung by a bird fighting furiously. When first seen the birds were fighting in flight; they fell to the ground together, and in this position, and when I was not more than three yards distant, one of them uttered the full song, including even the final “whee whee whee,” which is usually uttered while the bird is descending on outstretched motionless wings. The common pied wagtail, when attacking another, utters cries which seem to be his ordinary call-notes; and the same incident may be observed in the skylark. Last summer a lark was singing as usual above his meadow, and another singing lark approached and swooped at him. The newcomer was vigorously repulsed, though not until some pretty flying and stooping had been performed; and the birds were singing all the while. They were evidently rival neighbors, but in this instance, as in those above mentioned, mere rivalry and emulation would not account for the behavior of the birds. This must be credited to hatred and ill-will. These remarks are intended to prove the importance of carefully analyzing a bird's notes before attempting to define their meaning. The subject is so new that any one who will carefully notice may do good work, and at no cost of bird-life. Nor can it reasonably be urged that this analysis would rob the poet of some common symbols: No one would unnecessarily deprive him of any, but he should know that while the blackbird, starling, chaffinch and others may be pouring out the truest love-notes, the robin, thrush, hedge-sparrow and others, though also singing, may be using the very Billingsgate of birds.

*Insect Music*.....A. B. Comstock.....Chautauquan

It is true that the great majority of our species of insects are silent; and because they are silent, noises do not enter into the economy of their lives and they are as deaf as they are dumb. The few insects which make sounds do not have true voices. As insects do not breathe through their mouths, but through holes arranged along each side of the body, they naturally possess no such arrangement for making noises connected with breathing as we find in our larynx.



The sounds made by insects may be divided into three classes: First, sounds emitted to frighten the foe; second, sounds made in connection with flight; third, true love-songs. The insects making sounds of the first sort are few; they make clicking or grating noises and clearly do not belong to the musical tribes.

The buzzing and droning notes given off by insects when flying may be accidental or may be of some significance to the insects; we really know very little of the methods or reasons for these songs. When we hear a certain buzzing we are just as sure that a fly has been caught in a spider's web as we are after we see the remonstrating little victim. But whether or not this noise is of any use to the fly, we do not know. Those of us who have had experience with bees know very well by their buzzing whether they are happy, distressed or angry; we know, too, that they are well aware of each other's emotions; but whether they gain their intelligence through hearing different sounds, as we do, is a matter not yet settled. We know, however, that the piping of a young queen in her cell just before a second swarm emerges excites the whole colony greatly; thus we have evidence that bees are sensitive to at least one sound.

The older naturalists made experiments to discover whether the sounds of the bees and flies were caused simply by the vibrations of the air made by rapid motions of the wings, or if the note given off was caused by air expelled from the spiracles against the vibrating wings, on the same plan as the note of the jews'-harp. The evidence seems to favor the latter theory, but as yet no conclusive experiments have been made. As for myself, I prefer to believe that the mellow hum which pervades the air of mid-summer afternoons is a voluntary hymn of praise for sunshine and blue skies.

The poets have not been generally complimentary to flies. Tennyson in one of the most bitter stanzas of *Maud* says:

Far off from the clamor of liars belied in the hubbub of lies

Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies.

Shakespeare alludes to them several times in much the same spirit.

Of all the members of the families of flies the mosquito has received most personal attention from the poets; perhaps because she has been lavish in personal attentions to them. Bryant has deemed her worthy of a separate poem in which he recognizes her as a fellow singer:

Thou'rt welcome to the town; but why come here

T bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?

Alas, the little blood I have is dear,

And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.

How much we might enjoy the song of the mosquito if it were not associated with the unwilling yielding of blood to the singer is problematical. Perhaps if Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony were always to be played in our hearing when we were occupying the dentist's chair, we should soon become averse to its exquisite harmonies. Therefore it is no wonder that we do not think of music at all when we hear the distant horn of the mosquito;

instead, we listen with patient exasperation as the sound grows louder, and we wait nervously for the final sharp "zzzzz" which announces that the audacious singer has selected a place upon us which she judges will be a good site for a pumping station. We do not like her noise a whit better even though it be a love-song. The mosquito is an exception to all other insect minnesingers, for she is the only one among them all that belongs to the female sex. The lover for whom she sings is a quiet, gentlemanly fellow who never troubles us, as he has no taste for blood; he may be found upon the window-panes and may be recognized by his feathery antennæ, which stand out in front of his head like a pair of pompons.

*A Fight and Its Consequences*..... New York Journal

A terrible battle was recently waged in the aquarium at Bayeux between two crocodiles, who tore each other's hind legs off in a struggle, while hundreds of visitors looked on. It was a thrilling scene for those who happened to be present in the aquarium when the two brutes engaged each other. According to the keeper they were comfortably sleeping on the sanded floor, where they have been on exhibition for many years, and the flies were buzzing around just as though the two amphibians were pine logs. Presently Jacques, the younger, opened his eyes and glanced sideways at Pierri, who slept on unconcernedly. Whether in a moment of playfulness or whether to balance some grudge dating back to the Nile and freedom, will never be known, but the next instant Jacques whipped his tail across Pierri's nose, and, with a lunge, closed his powerful jaws on the left hind leg of his associate. Pierri was awake in a second. A rush of air escaped from his throat like the roar of a blast furnace, and with a deep clap as if a trip-hammer had closed its jaws, he buried his teeth in the right hind leg of his antagonist.

Their armored tails whipped the air and struck the sand like huge flails swung by powerful arms. Writhing, rolling, straining and biting as the air whistled through their nostrils, they fought from side to side of the cage, never letting go for an instant.

Only the cracking of bones brought them to their senses, for in the thickest of the strife Pierri tightened his grip on Jacques' leg, and his teeth crashed through the femur bone of the offending one. Jacques curved like a bow, and bit back with the same results, munching Pierri's mangled joint in his frenzy.

This separated the two, and they lashed themselves around the inclosure, splashing each other with blood. The space in front of the crocodiles' cage was so congested with spectators that the keepers had to fight their way through to get the veterinary surgeon, who was summoned as soon as the combatants were properly separated and tied down, so that they could be easily operated upon. The work of amputating the two shattered limbs was very delicate, indeed. Strong straps were brought in to hold the crocodiles down. A keen butcher knife and a butcher's saw were brought into play. The flesh was first cut away under the heavy armor, and the bone was carefully sawed off

while the thick epidermis was rolled back against the body. Then arose the problem of how to sew up the overlap. It was finally compromised by punching holes with a bradawl and sewing the skin together with antiseptic linen twine and a sack needle.

Neither of the crocodiles evinced the slightest concern during the operation, and merely blinked and blinked while it was going on. To all appearances they were not even aware that anything unusual had happened. The blood was washed out of their eyes and away from their jaws, and the two fighters were separated for all time. A careful record is being kept of their condition, and the veterinary assures the keepers that Jacques and Pierri will get well, and suffer no great distress beyond that of having to stump around on three feet instead of four.

*Road-Making Animals.....Country Life*

The Welsh mountain sheep have obtained legal recognition of their capacity to distinguish boundaries and assert rights of way. On certain farms the flocks know the boundaries of their mountain pastures, and presumably transmit this knowledge to their lambs. They also maintain their rights against intruders, and if they meet trespassing sheep on the paths which generations of flocks have worn on the mountain side they do battle for the right of way, and, if possible, knock the intruders down the hill. This sense of locality augments the value of flocks bred on these hills, and the enhanced value was settled at Dolgelly Assizes as half a crown per sheep.

We should expect this assertion of rights of way by sheep, though their knowledge of boundaries is more difficult to account for. Sheep have for unknown ages been the great path-makers on mountains and downs, and have left their mark on the faces of the everlasting hills. The sheep walks are only made intentionally in so far that the flocks, having once settled which is the shortest, easiest and best route across these roadless hills, never seem to abandon what their reason has decided to be the best. Out on the hills these animals are almost in their primitive condition before domestication, and not the least interesting feature of their conduct in this relapse to the wild life is, that in spite of the highly artificial conditions in which they live to-day, they retain the primitive instincts of their race. That this "peremptory and path-keeping" impulse is part of their early instinct, is clear from an account of the habits of the musk-ox recently written by the Times correspondent in Canada. The musk-ox, the "ovibos," is as much akin to the sheep as to the "bovidæ," and in habits more like what we imagine the undescended great original of our sheep was, than are the wild sheep of to-day. It naturally assembles in great flocks, and is migratory, just as all the domesticated flocks of Spain are, and those of Thrace and the Caspian steppe. These flocks always return from the barren lands in the far north by the same road, and cross rivers by the same fords. Nothing but too persistent slaughter at these points by the Indians who beset them induces them to desert their ancient highways. Pictures and anecdotes of the migrations of these animals, and of the bison in former

days, represent them as moving on a broad front across the prairie or tundra. The examples of all moving multitudes suggest that this was not their usual formation on the march, and their roads prove that they moved on a narrow front or in file. On the North American prairie, though the bison are extinct, the bison roads still remain, as evidence, after the destruction of a species, of some part of its habits. These "trails" are paths worn on the prairie, nearly all running due north and south (the line of the old migration of the herds), like gigantic rabbit tracks. They are hard, the grass on them is green and short, and, if followed, they generally lead near water, to which a diverging track runs from the highway.

Even in so simple a matter as road-making there is room for diversity in the motives of the constructors. It will be remembered that among the items of expenditure debited to the account of the firm of brigands directed by the Roi des Montagnes was that of mending the road to Thebes. It had so fallen out of repair that travelers declined to use it, and "business" in this part of his dominions had fallen off. Though not rivaling the powers of foresight possessed by Hadgi Stavros, some animals do put their roads to uses more complex than mere ease of travel. The most sinister purpose for which a seeming roadway is constructed is devised by certain spiders. The species in question frequent sunny heaths, commons and furze brakes, and select by preference some portion of ground which has been trenched by a field-vole or mole. Frequently these animals make a half-burrow or open excavation—the former by biting the lower stems and roots of the rough grasses away, and the latter by tunneling with their backs level with the surface. These open trenches, as the vegetation wears away from above, are occupied by big spiders, which cover the bottom with curving sheets of web woven close like silk. At the end, perhaps four inches or five inches from the beginning of the trap, they form a continuous funnel-shaped arch of web, in which they lie hidden. Grains of earth and seeds of grasses fall on to the open trap, which looks like a nice, even little road leading to a hole. Insects of many kinds see this smooth, groove-like path, and attempting to run along it, are entangled, and then pounced upon by the spider. Even a mouse is embarrassed if it is frightened into one of these trammel-roads hung with "toils" of web. Great numbers of industrial insects make paths for use on expeditions which involve the transport of all kinds of loads. But it would be difficult to name a single instance in which they consciously improve the road to facilitate traffic. The roofed paths of many African ants are not rationally designed for this purpose. The roof is mainly intended to keep off the sun, and to enable the creatures to work in the darkness or twilight which seems a necessary condition for their activities. It has also a secondary and important use in protecting them from the attacks of birds. But ants in general are bad engineers in the road-making department. They do not clear away obstacles, but climb over or around them, and though willing and able to combine, do not seem to realize that co-operative road-clearing would help the community in general.



## SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

*The Prairie Wolf Hunt*.....*New York Sun*

"The coyote chase," said an Eastern man, who has lately returned from the West, "is, I believe, a new diversion peculiar to Colorado Springs. I know of no other American city, indeed, where so novel a form of amusement could have been devised. It is one of the most interesting results of that mingling of Englishmen and native-born, which is the rarest feature of the social and business life at the Springs. The coyote chase, which during the present winter has become the prevailing recreation, is thus, in every sense of the word, an international sport. It may be described briefly as the regulation English fox hunt with transatlantic trimmings. You simply supplant the English fox by an up-to-date American prairie wolf, substitute the barren rolling plains for the hilly and wooded fields of the fatherland, and there you are.

"Shortly after my arrival, glancing down the road, I caught a glimpse of a leisurely couple on horseback, proceeding quietly to the El Paso stables, the appointed meeting place. They were two bright dots upon the landscape; the man in knee breeches, high-top boots and a close fitting hunter's coat, the lady in a long, dark blue skirt, a bright red jacket and a natty derby hat. The horses were the finest Kentucky breed; large and sleek, with erect head, a step that sent the sporting blood thrilling through your veins, and a tail docked in true English style. Simultaneously, in the opposite direction, and far in the distance, appeared another pair, similarly clad; and in a few moments the whole landscape east, south, west and north was dotted with these dainty figures.

"In a moment we were off with a clattering dash—that is, the horsemen and horsewomen were. The master of the hounds kept about 200 yards ahead of Pete and the hounds, and directly back of them came the party. I humbly brought up at the tail of the procession. It was a beautiful and unusual sight; the ladies with red cheeks and sparkling eyes and brilliantly hued riding habits, the men tall and muscular, the very pink of Western chivalry. All rode their horses superbly, now at an easy canter, now at a trot, and now at a leisurely walk, talking and laughing the while and making pleasant wagers on the outcome of the day's sport.

"Suddenly the master of the hounds paused upon the crest of a hill and gave the signal to halt. The horses were at once reined in, and a silence of death settled upon the whole company. The master of the hounds had detected in the heavily weed-grown ravine below a pack of sneaking coyotes. There were five or six of them lying low in the tall prairie grass, but they had not escaped the practiced eye of the master of the hounds. In a half-second we saw him wave his cap, the signal for the unleashing of the dogs. Pete gave the rope a sudden pull, the back of the box opened, and all the hounds darted into the air in a bunch. With their tails and noses almost on a line, they started quickly for their master. Then they paused for a single second, got one glimpse of the coyote pack, and in a jiffy were upon its heels. The coyotes, however, know too much to

keep together. They know that the hounds never separate, and that by dividing their forces the larger number can escape. The hounds, selecting one of them, gave chase. The skulking beast had probably about 300 yards start, and began to fly across the prairie like the wind.

"Of course the whole company was after him in a flash. Even the poor old nag that I had been belaboring all the morning entered into the spirit of the game, and at the unleashing of the hounds sprang, it seemed to me, about five feet into the air and started with strides about six feet long after those dashing Kentucky high-breds. I tried to hold her in, for I was thrown ten inches from my seat at every stride; but I might as well have tried to hold in an express train. She kept constantly in view the scampering cavalcade, which in turn had its eyes upon the hounds and the prairie wolf. Up and down hill we went, constantly keeping our eyes upon the coyote, which was running as though the devil were after him—as he was, for anything more savage and unrelenting than those hounds I have never seen.

"The distance between the two was gradually lessening, and, in spite of all his efforts, it was evident that the coyote was losing his strength. At one time the hounds were within 100 yards of the beast when a friendly barbed wire fence gave him the advantage. The coyote redoubled his pace as he approached this obstruction, and turning abruptly sideways sprang through without a scratch. The dogs, however, with eyes less keen than those of their prey, knew nothing of the fence until they came plunk up against it, lacerating their flesh in a way that did not improve their feelings toward the coyote. By the time they had extricated themselves the prairie wolf was far ahead, and, momentarily encouraged, increasing his pace. The hunters, of course, were also somewhat delayed by the necessity of taking down the fence and replacing it, but in a few minutes the lost time was regained and we were all closely upon the heels of the coyote.

"The poor animal knew that his force was nearly spent, but he was game. And when the dogs were within about a hundred yards, he turned abruptly around and showed his teeth with a snarl. Under ordinary circumstances the coyote much prefers to run; but if the worse comes to worst he can put up as pretty a fight as the rest of them. This peculiar specimen had plenty of grit, and as one of the dogs fastened his teeth in a hind leg and another made a spring at the throat, the fur began to fly. There was a great deal of blood shed in that day's battle, and not all of it belonged to the prairie wolf, and more than one of the hounds limpingly withdrew from the struggle, covered with gore. That solitary coyote seemed to be in all places at once, and wherever he happened to be the blood began to spurt. Once or twice it seemed as though he would get away, for after making a big hole in the hind leg of one of the largest hounds the pesky thing sprang into the air in a bold dash for liberty. He got about ten rods ahead when he was overtaken



by the exasperated hounds and the fight renewed. This time it was short and to the point, for in a flash a couple of dogs got a good grip upon his throat and the struggle was over. Some time before this had happened, of course, the hunters had arrived, flushed and panting, upon the battleground; and just as the coyote keeled over in death agony, my own fiery steed, all oblivious to the constant stream of 'whoas' that I had been emitting for half an hour—to say nothing of much stronger expletives—came to a dead halt.

"No great ceremony was enacted over the dead coyote. In a jiffy the pelt was awarded to the woman who was first in at the death—the 'brush' of the coyote is not regarded as an attractive trophy—and all were again scampering across the prairie in hot pursuit of more animated game."

*Sport in Cuba.....New York Evening Post*

The Cuban sport or pastime seldom carries with it much physical exertion. There is something in the climate that renders muscular effort unwelcome. The average Cuban could not put a medium-weight shot fifteen feet, and would not if he could.

Most to his liking is a simple and non-fatiguing game called "Taba," named after the kneebone of the ox, which is the principal implement used in the play. The bone is about the size and shape of a small, flat potato, and is convex on one side and concave on the other. The game is simplicity itself, and is never played except for money.

A certain distance, not more than fifteen feet, is measured off, and care taken that the earth at one end is hard and beaten down. A player takes his place at the other end, and, grasping the taba carefully in the right hand, gives it a toss. He and his companion lay bets as to whether it will fall upon the concave or the convex side. That is all there is to it. It is said, however, that skilled players have been known to land the bone much as they pleased, and there is a tradition in Santiago that a player from Havana once deceived local bettors by the use of a taba that was concave on both sides. The American game of craps arouses no more enthusiasm in its devotees than does taba in the breasts of the native Cuban.

The national game of Cuba is, of course, like that of Spain, bull-fighting, but much attention is paid to cocking-mains. Both are now forbidden by the American authorities, but it is safe to say that a Sunday never passes in the island without a number of mains being held. The Cuban game-cock is a powerful bird, and is much larger than those used in other countries. It is very light upon its feet, nevertheless, and a battle between two blooded roosters is usually to the death. One visit to a pit is generally enough for the average American—that is, for those who do not patronize prize fights in their own country—and love of cock-fighting, like cruelty to dumb beasts and birds, is a permanent part of the composition of the lower class of Cubans. The latter is shown by the manner in which they yoke their oxen and bridle their horses. To torture a bull or an animal of any description apparently seems to them the acme of pleasure.

The greatest pleasure of the lower class of natives besides cock-fighting is fandango dancing. On

Saturday nights about eight o'clock a peculiar, weird, hollow, thumping noise becomes audible from the direction of the lower quarters of the town. It is slow and monotonous, and when the wind is fresh can be heard plainly at a distance of a mile. Occasionally a sound as of voices chanting will mingle with the drumming, and at times shrill cries can be heard.

A visit to the spot reveals a picturesque scene. In the narrow street little stands are arranged, each with its oil-lamp or tallow candles, and an array of bottles containing various grades of "aguardiente" and ordinary wine. Near the middle of the street, which swarms with natives dressed in bright colors, in a cleared space, are a dozen or more couples dancing. They do not waltz, nor bow as in the cotillon, but each man and woman face and circle about with barely a touch of hand to hand.

And the music! Overhead, upon a jutting balcony, are four picturesquely clad natives each playing an instrument as picturesque as himself. One beats a species of tom-tom. It is simply a bucket with the bottom knocked out and a rudely tanned sheepskin stretched across the top, and when beaten with the hands the sound it gives forth is barbaric in the extreme. The next musician has a long curved gourd, which is hollow, with two holes cut in the under part and the top slashed into a number of little ridges. The "music" of this instrument is produced by rasping these ridges with a steel rod. Then comes a Spanish "mandolina," and a native-made flute, these two carrying the air and the other instruments accentuating the time for the dancers. It is no uncommon thing to hear these instruments going from eight o'clock until daylight, and their power to murder sleep is past belief.

In the mountain regions, where the natives are more energetic, horse-racing is popular to a considerable extent, for if he is not much to look at, the Cuban horse has both stamina and speed. It is surprising to see an animal you would not use as a cart-horse tear over the ground like a Kentucky thoroughbred, and he furnishes a lesson in turf matters which has cost more than one sporting army officer a few dollars. After the fighting at Santiago had passed into history, and the long dreary days of garrison duty bore heavily upon the army of occupation, certain young officers of the volunteer regiments set about teaching the natives who live in the hills back of the city how not to win at horse-racing. They succeeded in setting an example in this respect beyond their most sanguine expectations, and it is scarcely safe nowadays to mention the "delights of the turf" in the officers' messes in this province.

*Perils of Ice-Yachting.....Outing*

Many years ago "Tom" Parish established the reputation of being the most fearless and reckless ice-yachtsman on the Hudson River. Nothing daunted him; snow hummocks and jagged masses of heavy ice were jumped or smashed into, until his boat was torn and splintered, as if raked by shrapnel. His favorite amusement was to take out for a sail any unsuspecting visitors from the metropolis, and, if there was not wind enough to enable him to

capsize, or by a sudden turn fling them sprawling and helpless from the yacht, he would deliberately sail into the nearest air-hole or ferry track!

Dick Knight came next, with his rare ability to handle the tiller in many winning races, until he became so aggressive as to disregard the rules governing the course.

Boys often take chances with recklessness. One unfortunate boy I knew was being towed on his sled by a rope from an ice-yacht when another yacht came up so fast on another tack that the helmsman did not see him till too late, and ran over him, badly crushing the unfortunate boy's legs. The ferry track at Poughkeepsie is a source of frequent involuntary ice-water baths. The very day that Woodbury Kane's Reindeer started on her initial spin, the veteran "Jake" Buckhout, at the helm, deceived by thin ice, ran her into this treacherous place.

Late in the season—if the ferry has been frozen up—she takes advantage of each warm day to buck the ice and cut out a channel across the river. Sometimes she gets a third or a half-way across, and then a cold night will stiffen up the main ice too hard for the next day's breaking up, and leave a thin coat of glare ice to cover the previous day's work.

This always catches the unwary. Once, however, when there was about sixty feet of open water, a party from Marlborough, going at the rate of a mile a minute, flew directly into this dangerous place. The velocity of their yacht carried them to the farther edge, where a bordering of thin ice prevented rescuers from coming to them. Two of the crew, who could swim, managed to break through this to safety; the third, mostly immersed in the freezing water, clung to the boat, moaning like some wounded beast, utterly helpless from terror. When, after a seemingly unconscionable delay, a rope was brought he could barely get the loop over his shoulder to enable his rescuers to drag him through the water to safety. He was never seen on an ice-yacht again.

A reef about two miles down stream, opposite Blue Point, has always been a dangerous place, the swiftly whirling water causing air-holes and treacherously thin ice. Many an ice-yachtsman has taken an involuntary bath here, but there have been no fatalities.

Jumping cracks is always risky. The owner of the *Æolus*, with a friend, once took a memorable trip up to Rondout. The ice was safe and wind strong, so they went ashore and spent some time at lunch. Meanwhile the wind increased, but the sun's rays had caused the ice to expand until some bad cracks had opened. On the return trip the yachtsmen, unaware of anything serious, and uttering unsuppressible yells of exhilaration at each startling burst of speed, were suddenly paralyzed to see a long reach of water, about twenty feet across, directly ahead!

Before their course could be altered, splash went the yacht, the runner plank throwing a sheeted mass of water as high as the gaff. The sudden stop, as the rudder caught the farther edge, tossed the man from the runner-plank into a grand somersault, landing him many feet away, while the grip of the helmsman was not strong enough to prevent his

sliding forward into the water and partly under the box. He was wet from above and below, but neither party suffered any broken bones nor subsequent illness, while the wet clothing immediately formed an icy coat.

The Jack Frost had a similar experience while sailing in the race at New Hamburg, February, 1883. She ran into a large area of water, which had formed where the ice had cracked. She went into it like lightning, dashing up a wall of water as she flew along to clear ice beyond, completely dousing the clothing of the crew; and right off they were covered with icicles from head to foot.

There have been many collisions and many more narrow escapes, wrecking the yachts and bruising the crews. They are generally caused by sudden squalls lifting the windward runner so high that the rudder loses its grip on the ice, and the yacht immediately veers from her course. If another yacht is approaching on another tack and is near by, as is frequently the case, there's a good chance for trouble.

In one of the big races the helmsman of the *Avalanche* changed his course on approaching a dangerous tract, when suddenly the *St. Nicholas*, closely following and unprepared for the change, jammed her bowsprit directly over the two men in the box of the former. They were crushed and bruised, but fortunately escaped any lasting injury.

One of the most serious results from jumping a crack occurred near Marlborough. The sudden stop of the flying yacht, when her runners caught under the edge of the farther ice, thrust a man from the box with such force against the runner-plank that his life was long despaired of.

When masts or runner-planks give way, there is very small chance of harm. If this occurs to a yacht about a mile or two distant from the spectator, and his gaze for the moment has been in another direction, he is sure to be startled by her sudden disappearance. When her standing rigging lies flat on the ice the absence from the horizon of the gleaming canvas is a puzzling mystery.

So great a speed is attained by ice-yachts that they are sometimes lifted from the ice, and fairly fly for yards. An incident of this kind happened last year. A large yacht of the New Hamburg Club went scudding down the river in the direction of Newburg. It was the owner's intention to go to West Point, if possible. He sailed there, but nothing could induce him to make the trip again. Everything went smoothly for a time, so it is related, the wind sending the skeleton craft along at forty miles an hour. Just above Newburg a gale struck the sails and the yacht attained a terrific speed, clouds of ice spray whirling in her wake; she reared and screeched like a mad thing broken loose. The sailor's eyes were pointed ahead, but a film covered them and almost blinded him.

Suddenly he heard a whistle blow right behind him, and as he looked back he saw that he had crossed the Newburg and Fishkill ferry cut, and that he had crossed just in front of the steamboat. His hair stood on end and fairly turned gray. He landed at West Point, transacted his business, took his boat apart and shipped it home, having had enough for that season.

## TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES RECALLED

*Man is for the Woman Made*.....Anon

Man is for the woman made  
 And the woman made for man;  
 As the spur is for the jade,  
 As the scabbard for the blade,  
 As for digging is the spade,  
 As for liquor is the can,  
 So man is for the woman made,  
 And the woman made for man.

As the sceptre's to be swayed,  
 As for night's the serenade,  
 As for the pudding is the pan,  
 As to cool us is the fan,  
 So man is for the woman made,  
 And the woman made for man.

Be she widow, wife, or maid,  
 Be she wanton, be she stai',  
 Be she well or ill-arrayed,  
 Scold, or witch, or harri-dan,  
 Yet man is for the woman made  
 And the woman made for man.

*Domicile Erected by John*.....Anon

Behold the mansion reared by dædal Jack,  
 See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack  
 In the broad cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade  
 The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.  
 Anon, with velvet foot, and Tarquin strides,  
 Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides;  
 Grimalkin grim that slew the fierce rodent  
 Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault  
 That vexed th' avenger of the stolen malt,  
 Stored in the precincts of that lofty hall  
 That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn,  
 Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,  
 Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew  
 The rat predaceous whose keen fangs ran through  
 The textile fibres that involved the grain  
 That lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks the sad-eyed damsel, crowned with rue,  
 Lactiferous spoils from lacteal dugs who drew,  
 Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn  
 Tossed to the clouds in fierce vindictive scorn  
 The baying hound whose braggart bark and stir  
 Arched the lithe spire and reared the indignant fur  
 Of puss, that with verminicidal claw  
 Struck the weird rat in whose insatiate maw  
 Lay reeking malt that erst in Ju n's courts we saw.

Robed in senescent garb that seems, in sooth  
 Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth,  
 Behold the man whose loving lips incline  
 Full with young Eros' osculative sign  
 To a lorn maiden whose lac-albic hands  
 Drew albu lactic wealth from lactic glands  
 Of that immortal bovine by whose horns  
 Distort, to realms ethereal was borne,  
 The beast ululean, vexer of that sly  
 Ulysse quadrupedal who made die  
 The old, audacious rat that dared to devour  
 Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo! here with hirsute honors, cefied, succinct  
 Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked  
 In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift  
 Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift

Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn  
 Who milked the cow with implicated horn  
 Who in fierce wrath the canine torturer skied  
 That dared to vex the insidious muricide  
 Who let auroral effluence through the pelt  
 Of that sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous shanghai comes at last  
 Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,  
 Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament  
 To him who robed in garments indigent,  
 Exosculates the damsel lacrymose,  
 The emulgator of the horned brute morose,  
 That tossed the dog that worried the cat that kilt  
 The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack  
 built.

*The Swans of Wilton*.....Anon

O how the swans of Wilton  
 Twenty abreast did go,  
 Like country brides bound for the church,  
 Sails set and all aglow!  
 With pouting breast, in pure white dressed,  
 Soft gliding in a row.

Where through the weed's green fleeces,  
 The perch in brazen-coat,  
 Like Golden shuttles mermaid's use,  
 Shot past my crimson float:  
 Where swinish carp were snoring loud  
 Around the anchored boat.

Adown the gentle river  
 The white swans bore in sail,  
 Their full soft feathers puffing out  
 Like canvas in the gale;  
 And all the kine and dappled deer  
 Stood watching in the vale.

The stately swans of Wilton  
 Strutted and puffed along  
 Like canons in their full white gown,  
 Late for the even song,  
 Whom up the vale the peevish bell  
 In vain has chided long.

O how the swans of Wilton  
 Bore down the radiant stream;  
 As calm as holy hermits' lives  
 Or a play-tired infant's dream;  
 Like fairy beds of last year's snow,  
 Did those radiant creatures seem.

*Experience*.....John Boyle O'Reilly

The world was made when a man was born.  
 He must taste for himself the forbidden springs.  
 He can never take warning from old-fashioned things.  
 He must fight as a boy; he must drink as a youth.  
 He must kiss, he must love; he must swear to the truth  
 Of the friend of his soul. He must laugh to scorn  
 The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes  
 That are clear as the wells of Paradise.

And so he goes on till the world grows old;  
 Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has grown  
 cold;  
 Till the smile leaves his mouth and the ring leaves his  
 laugh,  
 And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to quaff.  
 He grows formal with men, and with women polite,  
 And distrustful of both when they're out of his sight.  
 Then he eats for his palate and drinks for his head,  
 And loves for his pleasure—and it is time he were dead.



# NEWSPAPER 'VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

*Dandelion*.....*Anonymous*.....*S. F. Bulletin*

When March comes roaring through the wood,  
She doffs her green and silken hood  
To give him fearless greeting;  
Through April's showery reign she stays,  
And still beside the dusty ways  
Blooms on while summer's golden days  
Are softly fleeting.

She lifts to dull November skies  
The look of Spring, a fair surprise,  
The dreary day beguiling;  
And Winter, pausing on his way,  
Forgets to mourn his barren sway  
When at his feet, in brave array,  
He sees her smiling.

No frail, fastidious maid is she  
To choose her place and company,  
Her special friends to bloom for,  
She links her lot with high and low,  
She loves the daisies and the snow,  
And every weed the waysides know  
Her heart has room for.

She touches hands with Spring and Fall;  
The flowers, she knows them one and all,  
Red rose and cowslip yellow;  
She greets the windflower on the hill,  
The crocus and the daffodil,  
And goldenrod and aster still  
Find her their fellow.

In June she gossips neighborly  
With butterfly and bird and bee  
That flit and pause above her;  
And when her summer friends are gone  
A kindlier grace her favors don;  
True-hearted still, she smiles upon  
The winds that love her.

What though she blooms by common ways?  
A little sunshine darkest days  
From her sweet looks may borrow;  
Nor any other flower there is  
So constant, brave and true as this;  
The whole round year may never miss  
Her blithe good morrow.

*Camp Life*.....*Boston Post*

Singing ballads, playing cards,  
Eating sidemeat, running guards;  
Marching, drilling, exercising,  
Lying 'round philosophizing;  
Digging ditches, learning tactics,  
Standing guard until your back aches;  
Doing laundry, picking trash up;  
Cleaning camp and dishing hash up;  
Cooking pork and taking baths,  
Eating hardtack, cleaning paths;  
Getting yellow as a tanyard,  
Wondering when we'll meet the Spaniard;  
Getting letters from our folks,  
Snoozing, boozing, cracking jokes;  
This king of the folks—if not them,  
Then of sweethearts—those who've got them;  
Reading papers, reading books;  
Fasting, grumbling, "cussing" cooks;  
Writing letters, cleaning tents up,  
In our trousers sewing rents up;  
Stewing, growling, fretting, fussing,  
Kicking, howling, working, "cussing;"

Drilling like old-time cadets,  
Smoking pipes and cigarettes;  
Telling stories, making wishes,  
Splitting wood and washing dishes;  
Turning in at sound of "taps,"  
Spouting verse and shooting craps;  
Wanting fight with Spain's "conceitos,"  
Getting it with big mosquitoes;  
Taking quinine, sick or well,  
Castor oil or calomel;  
Running out to see the "dummies,"  
Calling one another "rummies;"  
Getting up at 5 o'clock,  
Wanting fight and hearing talk;  
Thinking we are not in clover,  
Wondering when the war'll be over.

*Dibdin's Ghost*.....*Eugene Field*.....*Chicago News Record*

Dear wife, last midnight whilst I read  
The tomes you so despise,  
A spectre rose beside the bed  
And spoke in this true wise:  
"From Canaan's beatific coast  
I've come to visit thee,  
For I am Frognall Dibdin's ghost,"  
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

I bade him welcome and we twain  
Discussed with buoyant hearts  
The various things that appertain  
To bibliomaniac arts:  
"Since you are fresh from t'other side,  
Pray tell me of that host  
That treasured books before they died,"  
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"They've entered into perfect rest,  
For in the life they've won  
There are no auctions to molest,  
No creditors to dun!  
Their heavenly rapture has no bounds  
Beside that jasper sea;  
It is a joy unknown to Lowndes,"  
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

Much I rejoiced to hear him speak  
Of biblio-bliss above,  
For I am one of those who seek  
What bibliomaniacs love.  
"But tell me, for I long to hear,  
What doth concern me most,  
Are wives admitted to that sphere?"  
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"The women folk are few up there,  
For 'twere not fair, you know,  
That they our heavenly joy should share  
Who vex us here below.  
The few are those who have been kind  
To husbands such as we;  
They knew our fads and didn't mind,"  
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

"But what of those who scold at us  
When we would read in bed?  
Or, wanting victuals, make a fuss  
If we buy books instead;  
And what of those who've dusted not  
Our motley pride and boast?  
Shall they profane that sacred spot?"  
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"Oh, no! They tread that other path,  
Which leads where torments roll,  
And worms, yes, book-worms, vent their wrath  
Upon the guilty soul!  
Untouched of bibliomaniac grace  
That saveth such as we,  
They wallow in that dreadful place!"  
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

"To my dear wife will I recite  
What things I've heard you say;  
She'll let me read the books by night,  
She'll let my buy by day;  
For we, together, by and by.  
Would join that heavenly host;  
She's earned a rest as well as I,"  
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

*The Last Summons*.....*Boston Post*

I would not die in springtime,  
When nature first awakes,  
When men get out their wheelbarrows,  
And spades, and hoes, and rakes,  
And twist their backs, and plant their seeds,  
And wait to see them sprout,  
While yet they stone their neighbor's hens  
That come to scratch them out.

I would not die in summer,  
When everything is ripe,  
And fallen man is writhing  
In raw cucumber's gripe;  
When baseball cranks are talking,  
And all the landscape o'er  
Is sprinkled thick with flowers  
And "garden sass" galore.

I would not die in autumn,  
When football has the call,  
And long-haired youths are training  
Some other youths to maul,  
When politics are booming,  
Thanksgiving close at hand,  
And cider-mills are running  
Throughout the happy land.

I would not die in winter,  
E'en though it be so drear,  
For then, you see, there's Christmas,  
With all its goodly cheer.  
No, I'd not die in winter,  
Nor summer, spring or fall;  
And, come to think it over,  
I would not die at all

*Don Juan*.....*L. H. Foote*.....*S. F. Chronicle*

Don Juan has ever the grand old air,  
As he greets me with courtly grace;  
Like a crown of glory the snow-white hair  
That halos his swarthy face;  
And he says, with a courtesy rare and fine,  
As he ushers me in at the door,  
Panchita mia will bring us the wine,  
And the casa is yours, senor.  
His fourscore years have a tranquil cast,  
For Time has tempered his heart and hand!  
Though the seething tide of his blood ran fast  
When he ruled like a lord in the land.  
In the wild rodeo and mad stampede  
He rode, I am told,  
In the days of old,  
With his brown vaqueros at headlong speed.  
From the Toro Peaks to the Carmel Pass  
His cattle fed on the rich, wild grass;

And far to the west,  
Where the sand-dunes rest  
On the rim of the heaving sea;  
From the Point of Pines to the river's mouth,  
From the Gabilan Hills to the bay on the south,  
He held the land in fee.  
It was never the same  
When the Gringos came,  
With their lust of gold and their greed of gain;  
And his humble cot,  
With its garden plot,  
Is all that is left of his wide domain.  
But he says with a courtesy rare and fine,  
As he ushers me in at the door,  
Panchita mia will bring us the wine,  
And the casa is yours, senor.

*Volapuk*.....*London Answers*

Take a teaspoonful of English,  
A modicum o Dutch,  
Of Italian just a trifle,  
And of Gaelic not too much;  
Some Russian and Egyptian  
And then unto the whole,  
With just enough of flavor  
Of the lingo of the Pole.

Some Cingalese and Hottentot;  
A soupçon, too, of French,  
Of native Scandinavian  
A pretty thorough drench;  
Hungarian and Syriac,  
A inch of Japanese,  
With just as much Ojibbeway  
And Turkish as you please.

Now stir it gently, boil it well,  
And if you've decent luck,  
The ultimate residuum  
You'll find is Volapuk.

*Mary O'Malley*.....*Nixon Waterman*.....*L. A. W. Bulletin*

Mary O'Malley lives down in our alley,  
Upstairs, in the rear of a flat,  
With her father and mother, her sister and brother,  
A parrot, two dogs, and a cat.  
Her face is a posy, her cheeks are so rosy,  
Her mouth is like honey and dew;  
Your heart's in a shiver, your lips in a quiver,  
When Mary is looking at you.

O me! O my! O Mary O'Malley!  
The neighbors all know you're the pride of the alley!  
You're fair as a dream, you're peaches and cream,  
You're sweeter than clover, a thousand times over!  
And would you but marry,—you dear little fairy!—  
Is it single I'd tarry?  
Nay, nary!

The first time I met her—how can I forget her!—  
She was bringing a basket of clothes;  
I looked at her sweetly, she spurned me completely,  
And turned up her beautiful nose.  
She's cunningly saucy and very criss-crossy  
And stubborn, yet once in a while  
Your heart gaily dances because her sweet glances  
Have wrapped you all up in a smile.

O me! O my! O Mary O'Malley!  
Your glance is the light and the life of our alley!  
You're better than gold to have and to hold!  
Be done with your teasing, your melting and freezing!  
O could I possess you I'd feed you and dress you  
And love and caress you,  
God bless you!

## FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA \*

—German science announces that everything needed to make a man weigh 150 pounds can be found in the whites and yolks of 1,200 hen's eggs. Reduced to a fluid the average man would yield ninety-eight cubic metres of illuminating gas and hydrogen enough to fill a balloon capable of lifting 155 pounds. The normal human body has in it the iron needed to make seven large nails, the fat for fourteen pounds of candles, the carbon for sixty-five gross of crayons and phosphorus enough for 820,000 matches. Out of it can be obtained besides twenty coffee spoons of salt, fifty lumps of sugar and forty-two litres of water.

—The elevator originated in Central Europe. The earliest mention of the elevator is made in a letter of Napoleon I., addressed to his wife, the Archduchess Maria Louise. He writes to her that, when in Schœnbrunn, then the summer residence of the Austrian Emperor, near Vienna, he used the "chaise volante" (flying chair) in that castle, which has been constructed for Empress Maria Theresa. It consisted of a small, square room, sumptuously furnished with hangings of red silk, and suspended by strong ropes with counter-weights, so that it could be pulled up or let down with great ease in a shaft built for the purpose about 1760.

—Some ten years ago a French missionary started the systematic rearing of two kinds of spiders for their web, and the Board of Trade Journal states that a spider-web factory is now in successful operation at Chalais-Meudon, near Paris, where ropes are made of spider-web intended for balloons for the French military aeronautic section. The spiders are arranged in groups of twelve above a reel, upon which the threads are wound. It is by no means easy work for the spiders, for they are not released until they have furnished from 30 yards to 40 yards of thread each. The web is washed, and thus freed of the outer reddish and sticky cover. Eight of the washed threads are then taken together, and of this rather strong yarn cords are woven, which are stronger and much lighter than cords of silk of the same thickness.

—Coffee, the drink more highly regarded today than any other, was first used in Abyssinia in 875. Thence it was brought to Arabia. A Greek first introduced it to England and made himself famous by the act.

—The increased consumption of candy in the United States makes business for the manufacturers, certainly, and for the physicians, probably. A representative to the Pure Food Congress, himself a candy manufacturer, claimed that about \$100,000,000 is invested in the business.

—A German biologist has calculated that the human brain contains 300,000,000 nerve cells, 5,000,000 of which die and are succeeded by new ones every day. At this rate we get an entirely new brain every sixty days.

—In certain parts of the Himalaya mountains the native women have a singular way of putting their children to sleep in the middle of the day. The

child is put near a stream of water, and by means of a palm leaf or a tin scoop the water is deflected so as to run over the back of the child's head. The water pouring on the child's head apparently sends it to sleep, and keeps it so, while the mother proceeds with her work in the fields. No one seems ever to fear that baby may be drowned.

—The heart of a vegetarian beats, on an average, fifty-eight to the minute; that of the meat eater, seventy-five. This represents a difference of 20,000 beats in twenty-four hours.

—Some of the machines for making matches make 200 revolutions a minute each, and turn out about 2,500,000 of matches daily, or about 900,000,000 annually.

—Railway whistles inflict torture on so many people that the efforts abroad to check the plague will be followed with interest. Austria has introduced a system of dumb signaling to start and stop the trains, Belgium is trying compressed air whistles instead of steam, and Germany experiments with horns.

—An ingenious mechanical device pastes paper labels on 100,000 cans in ten hours. Down a shoot rolls a ceaseless procession of cans, and each can picks up a label as it passes.

—A device to prevent sleep-walking is to lay upon the floor, by the side of the somnambulist's bed, a sheet of iron, zinc, or other metal, wide enough to insure that he will step upon it. When the sleep-walking fit comes upon him his foot touches the cold surface of the metal and he instinctively draws that leg into the bed again. After two or three attempts the somnambulist gives it up and settles down in bed.

—Starting with Manila as a centre, and striking a circle large enough to include China, Japan, British India, Australasia, Siam, Korea and the Dutch and French East Indies, one finds a population of 800,000,000 people—more than ten times the population of the United States. The chief ports of many of these countries are not further from Manila than Havana is from New York. Into their markets are pouring a hundred million dollars' worth of goods every month in the year, and the trade is rapidly increasing. American goods are more and more in demand, and we have always been large buyers in the East. The commercial importance of the Pacific is but just now dawning on the nations of the earth. A hundred years will see greater changes there than the last century has witnessed in the countries whose interests have so largely centred in the Atlantic.

—Dr. J. Marty, a French criminologist, has recently made an examination of 4,000 delinquent soldiers of the French army, and has found that in height, weight, breast measure, muscular power and general condition, they averaged much better than the well-behaved soldiers. Dr. Marty does not imply that criminals are by nature better physically than non-criminals, but suggests that the condition of criminal families is so much more wretched than respectable ones, that only the uncommonly strong survive.

\*Compiled from Contemporaries.



## SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

*Scientific Imagination.....The Speaker*

Mr. William Crookes, so well known among scientific men as a distinguished experimentalist and theorist, in an address before the Society for Psychical Research, starts by reminding us how absolutely the human body depends for its powers of acting, feeling, thinking on the conditions by which it is surrounded, how entirely we are governed by the strength of the force of gravitation, how much our own size and weight have to do with our conceptions of the world. He then asks us to consider what effect a variation in our size alone would have upon our view of the laws by which the universe is ruled. A giant from Brobdingnag would be insensible to a hundred minute physical influences which vitally affect our lives. A man subjected to such vast sensations would lose all belief in the natural laws that he had learned, and would forget as entirely all theories of proportion as did Gulliver when he fell from the eagle's clutches in his Brobdingnagian box, and called out to the sailors of a passing ship to haul his box in at the cabin-window, unmindful that his box was bigger than the cabin itself. So, too, a Lilliputian isolated on a cabbage-leaf, as Mr. Crookes ingeniously suggests, would, on the other hand, be sensitive to a hundred influences which mortal men despise. Sitting aloft in diminutive grandeur, as Gulliver sat among the salt-cellars at meals, he would view the motes in the sunshine as "portmanteaus flying through the air," and would probably form conceptions wholly different from our own of the phenomena which the universe presents. From these examples of the extent to which our size affects our views of nature, Mr. Crookes goes on to question whether we are not, like the giant or the mannikin, subject to illusions, too; and whether the knowledge of natural laws, which we lay claim to, may not be largely the result of our environment, and liable to an element of subjectivity which we have never measured or suspected yet. Working along a chain of reasoning and illustration suggested by a calculation of the vibrations which produce sound and light, and in its ingenuity fascinating to follow, Mr. Crookes supposes a pendulum beating with increasing velocity, the vibrations increasing at each step. At the fifth step—we quote from the summary of his argument in the Times—the vibrations are thirty-two a second, the point where sound begins for us. As we ascend higher up the scale, the vibrations, ever more and more rapid, reveal themselves as electrical rays. From the thirtieth step to the forty-fifth extends a region as yet unexplored, where the secrets of many physical mysteries may perhaps be found. Still higher in the scale comes the region of light, and beyond that another unknown region, where Mr. Crookes thinks is possible that the X-rays of Professor Röntgen may lie. Ascending still higher, "it does not require much stretch of the scientific imagination to conceive that at the sixty-second or sixty-third step the trammels from which rays at the sixty-first step were struggling to free themselves have ceased to influence, and that these rays pierce the densest medium with no diminution of intensity,

and pass unrefracted and unreflected along their straight path with the velocity of light." Even beyond that may come minuter orders of vibration, rays which may cease to have the properties of those known to us, and which may be able to overcome all obstacles of matter and of space. Is it not conceivable that these rays may transmit intelligence from one mind to another? Is it not conceivable that "intense thought concentrated toward a sensitive being with whom the thinker is in close sympathy may induce a telepathic chain, along which brain waves can go straight to their goal without loss of energy due to distance?"

*The New Planet.....London Academy*

Considering that several hundred minor planets are known, it may be asked why the discovery of planet DQ should be thought so interesting as to be worthy of a paragraph in the newspapers. The reason is, that the orbit of the new planet lies between the earth and Mars, instead of between Mars and Jupiter, as is the case with all the other minor planets. This fact alone places it in a separate category, and entitles its discovery to rank in importance next after the discoveries of Uranus, Neptune, and the first few minor planets. But the comparative nearness of the new planet is of interest in other ways than as a mere anomaly, a kind of record-breaking. At intervals of a little more than two years the new planet comes into opposition to the sun—that is to say, the earth lies very nearly between the planet and the sun. It will be readily understood, by drawing two circles with the same centre to represent the orbits of the earth and the planet round the sun, that it is in this position that the planet's distance from the earth is least. When, however, an opposition occurs in January the distance is unusually small, for the planet does not move in a circle round the sun, but in an ellipse, and it will then be in that part of the ellipse which is nearest to the sun. These conditions are fulfilled in 1900, though the opposition in that year will by no means be exceptionally favorable. It will be looked forward to by astronomers with considerable interest, for the planet will then supply a means of determining the sun's distance from the earth with at least as great accuracy as any other method available. Newton's law of gravitation determines accurately the plan of the solar system, but it does not give its scale. The scale can only be determined by measuring one line or distance, and all other distances are then immediately determined. When the favorable opportunity arrives, astronomers will try to measure the distance of the new planet. The principle of the method in which this will be done is this: Two observers at some considerable distance from each other will see the planet in slightly different directions, the difference in direction being, of course, the angle at the planet formed by the two lines of sight drawn from the two observers to the planet. As a refinement on the method, it may be mentioned that it is not absolutely necessary to have two observers, since the rotation of the earth on its axis will in a few hours carry an observer sev-

eral thousands of miles away from the position in space that he occupied earlier in the evening. Now, if this angle can be measured, the distance of the planet is known, and the nearer the planet the bigger the angle will be, and the easier to measure. The distance of the sun is supposed to be about ninety-three million miles, but this estimate may, possibly, be wrong by about a quarter of a million miles. The new planet may be the means of reducing this uncertainty.

The brightness of the planet, of course, varies considerably with its distance from the earth and its position relatively to the sun. When at its nearest it will probably be visible with opera-glasses, not, however, in all probability, to the naked eye. It is not expected that it will even then be more than a point of light. Its diameter, by a very rough estimate, may be put down as twenty miles, and at a distance of twelve million miles—the nearest it ever reaches—twenty miles is not large enough to measure. Finding the distance of the planet from the earth is, in fact, finding how big the earth (in diameter 8,000 miles) looks from the planet, and even this will be difficult. To measure twenty miles at the same distance is altogether out of the question. The planet is now too faint to be seen. It may, however, be photographed; in fact, it was in this way that it was discovered. A photographic plate attached to a telescope moved by clockwork to follow the apparent diurnal motion of the stars from east to west was exposed to the sky. The stars are thus made to appear at rest, and are seen on the negative as round points. The planet, however, is moving, and appears to trail across the plate. Hundreds of minor planets have been discovered in this way, but none so remarkable as this one.

"Kjokken-Modding".....H. W. Brown, M.S.....*Popular Science*

A heap of old and dilapidated oyster shells will not usually be regarded as an object of much interest; but when that heap contains an aggregate of 45,000,000 cubic feet and lime enough to fill 10,000,000 ordinary casks, what may be said of it? Such a heap, with others of less dimensions, is to be seen in the town of Damariscotta, in Lincoln County, in Maine; while many others, very much smaller, are scattered irregularly along the banks of the Damariscotta River, for a distance of some twelve miles, to the sea.

Shell heaps are world-wide in their distribution. In Denmark, and upon the shores of the Scandinavian peninsula, especially, they have been found and studied. In Denmark they appear to be the refuse of food preparations by the aboriginal tribes, and they have received the not very euphonious name of "kjokken-modding" (kitchen-refuse). This term is now very generally applied to all such remains.

The figures give but a slight idea of the Damariscotta heaps, nor does a casual observation of them impress one fully with the enormity of the deposit. By means of a small boat one can approach the shell heaps through a narrow creek, an arm of the Damariscotta River. This creek flows at the base of the largest one, and in several places it has considerably undermined it. For nearly a mile the banks of the creek are almost entirely built up of the shell deposits. It is as if the shells had been

dumped—as we would now dump such refuse—over the banks, until the accumulation had largely encroached upon the river bed. From the base of the largest heap one may look up over a white, almost perpendicular exposure of oyster shells, to a height of twenty-five feet. This shell-bank extends several rods in the two lateral directions and has a surface area of several acres. At a point some distance back from the verge of the bank an excavation has been made, vertically, to a depth of nearly thirty feet, without reaching a sub-soil.

This is all one great mass of crumbling oyster shells; and by removing the turf anywhere in the region the presence of shells may be revealed. Here and there upon the deposits large forest trees have grown, flourished and decayed; and in one place, roots, nearly as large as a man's body, are exposed, where they have penetrated the shell mass to a considerable depth. All vertical sections show the shells to be deposited in horizontal layers, alternating with thin irregular strata of vegetable mould.

The shells themselves are of a species of oyster not anywhere now to be found. They are thinner than those of oysters now found at the mouths of tidal rivers and are mostly of enormous size. One such found measured a strong eleven inches.

For the origin of the majority of such heaps of shells in America one does not have to look back farther than to the Indian tribes formerly inhabiting the locality; but the magnitude of these accumulations at Damariscotta would appear to preclude the possibility of their being "kitchen refuse"; and the people in the neighborhood quite generally refuse to believe that man had anything to do with them. One theory is that by some local upheaval the oysters of the region were raised to their present level. That this theory cannot possibly be correct may be shown by the following facts: Oysters have never been known to accumulate in such vast numbers. Among these shells it is very rare to find one valve attached to its mate, except in the case of a "mud oyster." The presence of layers of vegetable mould which are clearly not of marine origin, and which, in some places, are found very near the bottom, precludes it. Charcoal and ashes are found in small quantities here and there throughout the pile in which, often, the bones of carnivora, birds and fish are found. Arrow-heads, gouges, bone needles, flint chips, and the like, and even human bones, are occasionally found.

One conclusion, and but one, can be drawn from these facts—the heaps were formed by man. But when and how were they formed? These questions cannot be positively answered. The Indians who were found in that region by early settlers are said to have had no tradition with regard to them. Oysters are not now found in that immediate locality, nor is even the period known at which they ceased to thrive there.

Professor Morse, the well-known lecturer upon such subjects, after an examination of the Damariscotta shell heaps, in the summer of 1887, lectured before the Maine Historical Society, and he there displayed a human bone found by himself near the base of the heap in question. This he believed to be the shin bone of an Esquimaux, because of a characteristic peculiarity in its form.



It is quite generally believed that the Esquimaux, in earlier times, lived in latitudes as far south as this; and, if we accept Professor Morse's opinion, we must place the origin of these heaps away back in the post-glacial era of geological history. The very uppermost layers have revealed traces of comparatively recent life in the shape of one or more axes of a kind commonly used in Europe in or near the sixteenth century. What a vast history is wrapped up in those silent heaps of white shells!

To my mind the following custom, even now practiced by certain tribes in the West, throws some light upon the manner of the deposition. It is known that Indian tribes in the vicinity of the Columbia River make annual visits, "en masse," to the brakish waters near the mouth of the river, there to gather oysters, which they "shock," spreading the fleshy parts upon the ground to dry. When cold weather comes on, they return to their own hunting grounds well laden with dried oysters for the winter's food.

May not these heaps at Damariscotta have been made in accordance with such a custom? Also, may not certain religious feasts of great magnitude and of some duration, as well as repeated fêtes of victory, have largely contributed, during all these centuries, to the vast aggregate of shells? Archæologists have not as yet settled these questions, and there the heap remains, a monstrous problem from long forgotten men.

*The Future of Great Telescopes.....T. J. J. See.....The Forum*

Since the time of Sir William Herschel, no subject has more constantly occupied the attention of astronomers than the making of great telescopes. It is, however, only within the last twenty years that the efforts of opticians have attained practical perfection, and only within the last five years that astronomers have discovered how to utilize their instruments to the best advantage, by placing them in climates where the atmosphere enables them to perform to their full theoretical effect. That the atmosphere directly affects the definition of great telescopes, and that good air is as essential to definition as optical perfection itself, are facts which have been very recently fully realized; and, as a consequence, we are only now beginning to utilize the optical discoveries of which this century has been so prolific.

Largely on account of the work of the Herschels, the reflecting telescope has always been a distinctively English instrument; and to-day Common and Roberts maintain the ancient tradition by the manufacture and use of large telescopic mirrors, with which they have obtained good results in work on nebulae and other vague objects not requiring very sharp definition. Neither the silver-on-glass mirror, constructed and used at Paris, nor the large reflector at Melbourne has been very productive of new revelations, and, consequently, in recent years astronomers have practically ceased to look to reflectors for important discoveries. This change of opinion among men of science is due mainly to the development of the refractor by Fraunhofer about the middle of the first half of this century, and more recently by the famous American firm of Alvan Clark & Sons, who are ac-

knowledgeed to be the foremost telescope makers. The history of the making of great refractors by this firm is so well known and so fully illustrated by large instruments scattered over the country—veritable monuments to their genius—that I shall not recount even their most memorable triumphs.

It is admitted by men of science that, in the hands of the Clarks, the refracting telescope has come as near to perfection as it is possible to approach with the optical glass now available. Indeed, the marvelous instruments produced by American genius leave little to be desired, either as to size of glass or perfection of workmanship. Nor is the cost of production any longer very great. So fully are these facts realized in European countries that there is no contention abroad regarding the superiority of the Clark glasses.

Fortunately, American observers have shown themselves equally worthy of their country; and now the question of the existence or non-existence of difficult celestial objects is no longer debated by the savants of Europe, but is referred at once to Americans for decision. . . . It is now conceded that the three most powerful telescopes in the world are in America, consisting of the Lick, the Yerkes and the Lowell. Each of these Clark glasses is admirable in workmanship; but it is known that the maker held the Lowell lens, which was his last great objective, to be the best piece of glass he ever worked. If three such telescopes as the Lowell, the Lick and the Yerkes were located side by side, and, from an optical point of view, were equally perfect, it might be assumed that their power would increase with the size of their lenses. Such, however, is not the case, save in the one feature of collecting light; for it is found that relatively the atmosphere handicaps a large telescope more than it does a smaller one. . . .

Our recent studies prove conclusively that it is only by improving the locations of great observatories that a gain can be made in telescopic power—the more quiescent the atmosphere, the better being the performance of our great telescopes. Hence, it follows that, with a sufficiently good atmosphere, a large, but not abnormal-sized, telescope can accomplish more work and reveal more difficult objects than the largest instrument in the world if badly placed. . . . It is sheer nonsense to infer that a big lens implies the most important discoveries. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Yet this idea is very generally held, and has only recently been abandoned even by astronomers. In order to be perfectly clear, I assert that large lenses are still desirable; indeed, we need some larger than any that have yet been made; but a need still more pressing is an atmosphere in which they can perform to advantage. As good atmosphere is just as important as good workmanship on the lens, the paramount question of the future is to find the best possible location for our great telescopes, if they are ever to show the most difficult objects. . . . Perhaps the greatest future a giant telescope could have would be insured by its location in Peru or Northern Chile, where the visible heavens are least explored, and the climate, from an astronomical point of view, is one of the best known.



## UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

*Dread to Save the Drowning.....Boston Globe*

A strong antipathy once prevailed to rescue a drowning man, the idea being that the person saved would sooner or later do some sort of injury to the man who preserved his life. Sir Walter Scott, in *The Pirate*, tells how Bryce, the peddler, refused to help Mordaunt save the shipwrecked sailor from drowning, and even remonstrated with him on the rashness of such a deed. "Are you mad," said the peddler, "you that have lived sae lang in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if ye bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some injury?"

This prejudice, which was deeply rooted among our seagoing community in many parts of the country, existed not very long ago in Cornwall. It is found among French sailors and the boatmen of the Danube, and is widely credited in Russia.

The Bohemian fisherman shrinks from snatching a drowning man from the waters, fearing that the water demon will take away his luck in fishing and drown him at the first opportunity. This is a lingering survival of the ancient significance of this superstition, the explanation being that the water spirit is naturally angry at being despoiled of his victim, and henceforth bears a special grudge against the unlucky person who has dared to frustrate him. Thus when some one is drowned in Germany the remark is made, "The river spirit claims his yearly sacrifice," or "The nix has taken him."

Out of Europe also the accidental drowning of a person is attributed to a similar seizure, and the Siamese dreads the Pnuk, or water spirit, that seizes bathers and drags them under to his dwelling. The Sioux Indians have a similar fancy and tell how men have been drowned by Unk-Tahe, the water monster. For the same reason, it appears, the Kamtschadales, far from helping a man out of the water, would drown him by force. If rescued by any chance, no one would receive him into his house or give him food.

The Chinese reluctance to save a man from drowning arises from quite a different belief, it being supposed that the spirit of a person who has met his death in this way continues to flit along the surface of the water until it has caused by drowning the death of a fellow-creature. A Chinaman therefore who attempts to rescue another from drowning is considered to incur the hatred of the uneasy spirit, which is desirous, even at the expense of a man's life, to escape from its wanderings.

*Superstition in Russia.....Denver Times*

Superstition is very rife throughout Russia and the East. Not only does this apply to the lower orders, who firmly believe in the existence of good and evil spirits which have influence upon the lot of mankind, but there are many intelligent and educated people who are extremely credulous in this respect. The story of "the devils of St. Petersburg" is not yet forgotten here. In this case a certain medical man, who occupied apartments in the Rue Titejuaja, was afflicted by goblins, which every

night changed the position of the furniture, knocked down china and copper ornaments, upset tables, etc., much in the same way as did the devils of Woodstock, celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in one of his novels. Later on it was ascertained that these "devils" were no other than the doctor's servants, who had been "squared" by certain people who wanted to get him out of his lodgings. Another characteristic story of this sort relates to a country house in the little island of Kanmenz, near St. Petersburg. The establishment in question was built for a lady of high rank, but she only lived in it for eight days, since which it has remained empty. It is alleged that apparitions and visions were seen during the night. Horrible groans and sighs and cries for help were heard. The mistress of the house stood this sort of thing for several nights, but finally was obliged to quit. In this case, also, it turned out that the servants, whom Mme. ——— is said to have treated harshly, were at the bottom of the trouble.

In some parts of Russia the people believe that devils can enter into the organism of human beings, whose actions they thereafter guide, and there are sorcerers who profess to be able to cast out the spirits. These men are utterly without scruple, and the sufferings which they cause their victims to undergo may be easily imagined. Very few cases ever come before the law courts. The people look upon the wizard as a powerful personage who can work them much evil, and therefore not lightly to be provoked. Hence complaints are rarely laid before the tribunals. However, a typical case of the sort recently came before the court of Vladicaucase.

A Mohammedan mollah, or priest, named Ahmed Ramasanoff, was charged with torturing a peasant woman named Kotcheretova, his object being to drive devils out of her. At the beginning of the present year Kotcheretova, who was only twenty, fell ill, her malady being accompanied by epileptic fits. The villagers and her husband, a man named Aslan-Bek, came to the conclusion that she was afflicted by evil spirits, and the husband called upon the mollah Ramasanoff to cast them out. The priest came to the house and commenced his treatment. First of all they made a big wood fire, and when there were plenty of hot ashes they stripped the young woman and tied her hands and feet. Seeing these ominous preparations, Kotcheretova began to cry and begged them to desist. "Cut off my arms, put out my eyes, do what you like, but do not burn me." They paid no attention to her pleadings, and, picking her up, placed her on the fire. She then became insensible. She was covered with burns, which the doctor, who examined her, declared to be of a very severe character. When brought before the court the priest explained that the woman's husband had sought his advice. He counseled Aslan-Bek to force his wife to name the spooks, and he (the priest) would be able to restore her to health. He had put her on the fire until she gave the names of the evil spirits, which he then wrote upon a piece of paper and threw it into the flames, after which he was quite sure that the devils

would leave her. He added that when she cried before being put on the hearth it was not she that wept, but the devils. The inquiry showed that the woman had been kept on the hot ashes for eight hours. The headman of the village deposed that such methods of treatment were often employed, and were always successful. The court found the priest guilty, and sentenced him to deprivation of all his civil rights, and to one year's imprisonment. The husband would have been also tried, but his wife declared that she forgave him.

*Weather Signs.....Ladies' World*

If swallows fly near the ground, there will be rainy or windy weather.

If chicks seek shelter, the weather will be wet.

If chickens and other fowls pick their feathers, there will be cloudy and damp weather.

If, during severe frosts, roosters crow very early, the weather will become moderate or even warm.

When ducks bathe and quack there surely will be rain, and when they are quiet there will be a thunderstorm.

If geese bathe it will rain.

If a cat searches for a warm place, there will be cold weather. If a cat scratches a door, table, or other object with its claws, there will be windy and snowy weather.

If dogs roll in the winter, there will be snow; if in the summer, there will be rain.

If mice make their nests above the ground in ricks, the fall will be rainy and prolonged. If they make their nests under ricks upon the ground, the spring will be fair. If they make their nests before the crop is reaped, rainy weather will begin in August, and the fall will be bad.

Fish appear on the surface of water before rain, and go to the bottom before a strong wind.

Lobsters crawl upon the banks before rainy weather.

If oak lands grow plentiful, the following winter will be severe, and the summer fruitful.

If smoke sinks to the ground when there is no wind, in winter it will snow, and in summer it will rain. If smoke rises even during bad weather, fair weather will follow.

If at sunset there are no clouds, the next day will be fair; if the sun sets in clouds, the next day will be cloudy, and perhaps rainy. If the setting sun is red, the next day there will be a strong wind.

If the horns of the new moon are long and sharp, then in winter the whole month will be cold, and in summer fair.

*The Mystery of Dreams.....T. S. Doyle.....New York Evening Post*

So long as the mysteries of sleep remain unsolved the fascination of dreams must survive. And those dreams which by some strange trick of memory seem to have been prophetic lead us into all manner of vague speculations and bring to the most prosaic soul a feeling of awe and wonder. There are few who cannot recall such coincidences in their own experience, and if they happen often to one man, it is small wonder that he should become, to a greater or less extent, a "believer in dreams." I had one of this kind which was so vivid and which included so many points of coincidence in the

dream and in the actual events which followed it that I will relate it here.

On an occasion during the civil war I dreamed that I was standing beside a road when there came marching along it a strong column of prisoners with guards, at intervals, on the flanks. I asked one of these guards who the prisoners were and where they had been captured. He informed me that they had been taken in an engagement with the enemy on the day before, and that there were nineteen hundred of them. I then asked some bystander what day of the month it was, and was told that it was such a day of a certain month, some six weeks later than the date of the dream.

The whole dream was extremely distinct, and it made a strong impression on me. I related it to a number of my comrades within the next few days, and then thought of it no more. Six weeks later, on the morning of the very day which had been mentioned in the dream as the date when the column of prisoners had passed before me, I was on picket a couple of miles distant from the point where I had seemed to be when I saw them. It was soon after breakfast, and I was standing by the side of the road at the fire, talking to the officer of the picket, when an aide of the commanding general came riding down the road. He had been a school-fellow of our officer at West Point, and reined up when he recognized his friend. He told us that he had good news, that there had been a sharp engagement with the enemy the day before, and that our people had captured nineteen hundred prisoners, who had just passed the headquarters that morning on their way to the rear.

Here, now, beyond contradiction, were several very remarkable coincidences. The date, the number of prisoners, the route over which they marched, and, I believe, the place where they were captured were the same, actually, as they had appeared to me in my dream of six weeks before!

Looking over an old note-book the other day I found that Lord Byron came to me in a dream upon one occasion and offered me a share of the proceeds of a poem that he had just completed. This generous offer must have been withdrawn as quickly as it was made, for I find no mention of my having accepted it.

The numerous poems that I have myself composed in dreams, while they seemed to be of a high order of excellence, were never sent to a publisher of the country in which they were composed, and I have not been able, in a single instance, to recall enough of any of them to justify me in offering it to a publisher doing business in this country. This loss to literature, great as it probably is, seems likely never to be made good.

Seriously speaking, however, just why a purely literary effort, made in a dream, should not survive the awakening I cannot understand, for I recollect having, on one occasion, worked out a mathematical problem of unusual difficulty in a dream. I had been engaged upon it for several days, and was nearly ready to give it up, when the solution of it came to me suddenly in my sleep. Upon awakening I lighted my lamp and worked it out immediately, according to the method indicated in my dream, which proved correct.

## OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS\*

**An Unconventional Canon.**—The mother superior of a convent in a little Irish town bought at the local bookseller's a volume which, being somewhat shortsighted, she thought was written by "Canon" Doyle, and for the edification of the community it was read aloud at meal times. The novices were thrilled at the freedom with which love-making was alluded to. "Well, well," said the mother superior, "the dear canon is preparing us for a miracle of grace. The frivolous flirt, by the mercy of heaven, no doubt ends by taking the veil." Presently, however, some one looked at the title page and discovered that the word Conan and not Canon stood printed there. "Well," said the mother superior, "the bookseller is a pious man, and now that we have paid for it, we should be wasteful not to read it."

**The Retort Courteous.**—The old sexton of a certain English country parish church, who did a little as a monumental mason as well, was once found at work by the local doctor. Noting some furious mistakes in spelling, the doctor twitted him therewith. "Cover it over, doctor—cover it over," answered the clerk; "I've covered over many blots o' yours."

**Been Lazy.**—In the great meteoric shower of 1833 the wildest alarm prevailed among the negroes. On my father's place they were perfectly wild, shouting that "Jedgment Day had done come," etc. But somewhat apart from the rest of the cabins dwelt a negro by the name of Handy, a man of Herculean frame, using an axe heavier by six pounds than any man on the farm, and a cradle a foot longer. To this day the tradition of his caustic wit lingers among the negroes. Handy was a great runabout, and in spite of "patter-rollers," spent much of the night wandering about the country. It so happened that just before the shower began old Handy had been awake for some nights, and on the night in question he was sleeping the sleep of the just. So the night wore on, and it was past daybreak when the old man appeared at his cabin door. To the eastward the increasing light had rendered the meteors invisible, but they could still be seen in all their glory to the westward, as they seemed to hide themselves behind the mountains. Glancing carelessly up, the unusual spectacle caught his eye, and in a moment he noticed that they were only to be seen in the west. With an air that he understood exactly what was the meaning of the weird sight, he remarked quietly, "Ah, yes—done been fooling about dar all night long, tell day done cotch you, an' now you got to run fur it!"

**Lord Bacon's Wit.**—The famous and erudite Lord Bacon, scientist, courtier and lawyer, had a keen appreciation of wit. While solicitor for the Queen of England, a man named Hog, having been condemned to death for malfeasance in office, sent the day before his execution for Bacon. Bacon re-

paired thither and the prisoner pleaded for interference because of his distant relationship to Lord Bacon. Bacon, never at a loss for a rejoinder, replied: "Of our relationship I have no proof. You are mistaken, undoubtedly; at all odds, the execution must take place, for that alone could set matters right. Hog is not Bacon until dead."

The poor prisoner laughed in spite of himself.

**Only Half a Job.**—A Scotch farmer, celebrated in his neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of contending with people who came to try their strength against him. Lord D., a great pugilistic amateur, went from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an enclosure at a little distance from his house when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree and addressed the farmer. "Friend, I have heard marvelous reports of your skill, and have come a long way to see which of us two is the better wrestler." The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman, pitched him over the hedge and then set about working again. When Lord D. got up: "Well," said the farmer, "have you anything to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship, "but perhaps you'd be good enough to throw me my horse."

**His Head.**—A passenger on a Cunard steamship had an experience which led her to believe that a seaman is not apt to waste many thoughts on his personal troubles. The sailor who brought her to this opinion had a fall which resulted in a bad cut on the head, the second day out. She was solicitous in her inquiries as to his welfare when she saw the captain that night, and would undoubtedly have continued her sympathy had not a rough sea called to mind her own sufferings. Four days later, when she emerged, white and weak, from her stateroom, she suddenly remembered the poor sailor. In the course of the day she saw him, with a strip of plaster on his forehead. "How is your head?" she asked, kindly, as he passed by her bent on some duty. "West by south, ma'am," was the reply, delivered with respectful but hasty clearness, and he was gone.

**A Disappointed Bishop.**—The "Banbury Bun," celebrated in song and story, has sustained its reputation for more than a hundred years. Since kings have esteemed it a dainty, it is not surprising to learn that the Bishop of Worcester, when passing through Banbury, was desirous of trying it for himself. When the train stopped at the station, the bishop saw a small boy standing near, and beckoning to him, inquired the price of the celebrated buns. "Threepence each," said the boy. The bishop thereupon handed the boy sixpence and desired him to bring one to the car, adding, "and with the other threepence you may buy one for yourself." The boy soon after returned, complacently munching his Banbury, and handing threepence to the bishop, said: "There was only one left, guv'nor."

\*Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.



## WIT AND HUMOR OF THE PRESS\*

—Q.—Why was Eve low church before she was expelled from Paradise, and high church afterwards? A.—Before her expulsion she was Evangelical, and afterward she wore vestments.

—An old Scotch body, who could not abide long sermons, was hobbling out of kirk one Sunday, when a coachman, who was waiting for his people, asked her: "Is the minister dune wi' his sermon?" "He was dune lang syne," said the old lady, impatiently, "but he winna stop!"

—He was the son of a worthy citizen, and had just returned from college. His father was a brusque, matter-of-fact man, who had no liking for anything pronounced, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with the latest thing in collars, and various other insignia of fashion. The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office, and then blurted out: "Young man, you look like an idiot." Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in. "Why, halloa, Billy! have you returned?" he asked. "Dear me, how much you resemble your father!" "So he has been telling me," replied Billy. And from that day to this the old gentleman has had no fault to find with his son.

—A well-known man and woman were discussing the Anglo-American alliance at a London reception the other evening, when, a sudden silence falling upon the company, the woman, in heartfelt accents, was heard to exclaim: "And the more we know of one another, the more dearly we must love one another!" All their eager explanations as to the entirely political character of the remark were powerless to stop the laughter of the hugely delighted audience.

—An Irishman, seeing a donkey ready saddled, and thinking of having a cheap ride, jumped on his back. He had not gone far when the donkey started kicking and jumping about, so much so that he got his hoof hung up in one of the stirrups. "Shure," says Pat, "if you're going to get on I'm going to get off."

—An M. P. tells a good story of an out-of-the-way country clergyman, who did not keep up to date in what was going on in the world. One Sunday he asked his sexton: "Is the prayer for Parliament to be used to-day? Is Parliament still sitting?" The sexton's reply came pat and prompt: "Well, sir, I don't know; but, anyhow, better pray for them, for they're a precious bad lot!"

—"Did ye go to the Socialist meetin', Mike?" "I did." "Fwat did yez make av it?" "I med out thot the or-rator av the avenin' was a chump. He got up an' said that a man who didn't ate could not worruk. I knew as much as thot befoor Oi wint."

—Grandma Jackson—Does de Bible say dat dar will be no marryin' in heaven, pahson? Parson Johnson—It suttinly does, Sistah Jackson. Grandma Jackson—Den, pahson, I must seriously doubt de authenticity ob de Bible; fo' a fortune teller done tole me on'y las' week dat I'd hab foah husbands. I'se on'y had free, so far, an' I suttinly

don't see how I'se gwine t' gait de foath 'less I gaits him in heaven!

—An Irishman who had been doing some work was given a small portion of whisky. This he speedily swallowed. He then looked at the glass and said: "Can yer honor tell me how they make thim glasses so nate?" The gentleman gave him the information how glass was blown. "Arrah, sure, thin," said Paddy, "he must have been mighty short i' the wind that blew that glass."

—The other day, as two friends were talking together in the street, a donkey began to bray and wheeze and cough in a distressing manner. "What a cold that donkey has!" said one of the men. "And, by the way, that puts me in mind—how is your cough?"

—"Hoot, mon!" shouted the Scotch contractor, "I canna manage wi' ye. Gang home, mon." "What for?" "Dinna I tell 't ye to tak the hurlbarra an' trun'le thae stanes doon there, an' ye stude an' glower't at me? I canna manage wi' ye when ye dinna understan' English."

—In these energetic go-ahead days, we are continually hearing of some new and curious way of making money, but the following method is, perhaps, as ingenious as any previously devised: A little boy entered a surgery the other day when the village doctor was in attendance, and marching up to him whispered, cautiously: "Please, sir, mother sent me to say as how Lizzie's got scarlatina awful bad; and, please, mother wants to know how much you'll give her to spread it all over the village?"

—Just before "Tom" Marshall made his first visit to Boston an ordinance had been passed imposing a fine of five dollars for smoking on the streets. "Tom" lighted a cigar, started down the street, and was arrested. He went before the proper officer, was duly fined, threw down ten dollars, and started away. "Hold on!" said the judge; "there is some change coming to you." To which "Tom" is said to have answered: "Oh, keep the change. I shall want to spit presently."

—The famous Thad. Stevens had a colored servant in Washington named Matilda, who one morning smashed a large dish at the buffet. "What have you broken now, you — black idiot?" exclaimed her master. Matilda meekly responded: "'Taint de fo'th commandment, bress de Lawd!"

—A Parisian swell recently had a crayon picture of himself made, which he afterward pretended to find fault with. "It does not bear the slightest resemblance to me," said he, "and I will not take it." The artist protested, but all to no avail. After the dandy had left, the painter added to the portrait a magnificent pair of ass's ears, and exhibited it in the window, thus altered, to the gaze of the curious public. It hadn't been long exposed when the dandy entered the artist's studio in a towering rage, and, finding that threats amounted to nothing, he at last offered to buy it, even at a considerable advance upon the original price. "It wasn't strange you didn't recognize your resemblance to the picture at first," said the painter, "but I knew you'd notice the likeness as soon as I added ears."

\*Compiled from Contemporaries.

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## BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

Ex-Empress Eugenie is said to be writing a book of memoirs.

Sir Walter Besant prophesies that in fifty years there will be as many dramatists as novelists.

A movement has been inaugurated to establish a Ruskin House at Oxford for the diffusion of light on labor and social problems.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has just completed a new novel to be called *Young Lives*, said to be more or less autobiographical.

A volume on Bismarck, by James W. Headlam, is to be included in the *Heroes of the Nations* series issued by the Putnams.

Joseph Jefferson has announced his intention of delivering a series of lectures on the drama before several New York dramatic schools in the near future.

Mrs. Oliphant's *Autobiography and Letters* will be published shortly by the Blackwoods, a house with which she had a life-long association, and whose history she wrote.

In England the tendency toward low-priced books is shown in the sixpenny editions lately issued of Maurice Hewlett's *Forest Lovers*, and Steevens' *With Kitchener to Khartoum*.

The Gospel for a World of Sin, by Dr. Henry van Dyke, a sequel in some sense to *The Gospel for an Age of Doubt*, is announced for early publication.

Swinburne, the poet, is said to be growing very eccentric as he nears his eightieth year. He is rarely seen in society, but has become intensely fond of children.

Pope Leo XIII. is reported as engaged upon an important literary composition in the form of a Latin ode to the memory of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria-Hungary.

There is much discussion in Scotland of a proper memorial to William Black. Lord Archibald Campbell has suggested a memorial in the shape of a lifeboat on the highland coast.

The urn containing the ashes of Blanche Willis Howard von Teuffel, whose body was cremated in Heidelberg, has been brought to this country, according to her wish, and placed at Mount Hope Cemetery in Bangor, Me.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will shortly publish *The Life of Edwin M. Stanton*, written with the full sanction of the Stanton family by Hon. George C. Gorham, for some years secretary of the United States Senate.

A life-size statue of Thomas Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown's School Days*, is to be erected at Rugby, the money for the work having been mainly contributed by old Rugbians. The artist is Thomas Beck, R.A.

J. M. Barrie has written more than half of the sequel to *Sentimental Tommy*, and hopes to have it ready for publication before the close of the present year. Mr. Barrie has not yet decided what the title shall be.

The grave of Keats is threatened with destruction at the hands of the municipal authorities of Rome. The ground is wanted for a new street. The

London World suggests that the poet's dust and memorial should be removed and placed in Westminster Abbey.

There is to be a memoir of Horace and James Smith, written by a lineal descendant and based upon hitherto unpublished material in the possession of the family. The *Rejected Addresses* preserve the memory of the brothers, but a biographical monument has been wanting.

Cecil Rhodes' literary tastes are thus described: "Reads chiefly the classics, of which he has a fine collection, with a separate library of typewritten translations executed specially for him; Froude and Carlyle he enjoys heartily; favorite reading, biography and history; knows Gibbon almost by heart; favorite work of fiction, *Vanity Fair*, which he admires more than any other single work in literature."

The memorial to Lord Tennyson in Hasleman Church is to take the form of a window, after a design by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, one of the last of a series illustrating the story of the Holy Grail, representing the vision which came to Sir Galahad in the little chapel. The window will cost about \$500.

The Paris Gaulois recently published a symposium of opinions of British authors as to the French writers most characteristic of the genius of France. Mr. Meredith votes for Montaigne, Molière, La Bruyère, Renan and Racine; Andrew Lang includes Victor Hugo, Dumas Père and Balzac; Justin McCarthy proclaims Montaigne, Pascal, Molière, Voltaire, Rousseau and Hugo; Sir Charles Dilke mentions the tragedies of Racine.

Dr. Maurus Jokai's *Hungarian Nabob*, which is considered by some authorities the best work of that very prolific author, was published last month by the Doubleday and McClure Company. It is a tale of Hungarian life in the early part of the century, and its pictures of the powerful Magyar noblemen, their vast estates, wild customs and despotic power are particularly striking to an American reader. R. Nesbit Bain is the translator.

A Connecticut newspaper nominates W. D. Howells for the Emily Sanford chair of English literature at Yale—an honor declined by Dr. Moses Coit Tyler, of Cornell, and E. C. Stedman. It is urged that Mr. Howells "would bring a prestige to Yale such as perhaps no other American could bring, and a personality that is as charming as the finish of his literary style, something, one may say, that is unusual if not unique among literary men."

*The Life and Letters of Archbishop Benson* will be published shortly by the Macmillan Company. The volume is edited by the prelate's son, and will contain portraits and illustrations. The biography will necessarily embrace not only the history of the Anglican Church during the Archbishop's life, but also much of the inner history of public movements, and his relations with the brilliant men who have guided the affairs of England during the past half-century.

The Russian authorities are greatly incensed



against Tolstoi, as the recent disturbances in connection with various heterodox sects are ascribed to his influence. It is said that every strike, every conspiracy, every approach to political activity on the part of the masses is attributed to him. A semi-official organ says: "There can be no toleration of such views, and not only the arch-fiend, Tolstoi, but all his followers, must be crushed and destroyed."

The Nineteen Hundred, an illustrated Paris (France) periodical, now appears regularly in both the English and French languages. Editor Frederic Mayer has made a great success of the journal, which treats of the coming Paris Exposition from a literary and pictorial standpoint. The directors and leading architects of the Exposition, and several literary men and women of Paris, are contributors to the Nineteen Hundred, which is a most successful example of American intelligence and enterprise across the ocean.

A. C. Armstrong & Son announce for early publication Book Auctions in the Seventeenth Century, by John Lawler, Esq., compiler of the Ashburnham and Sunderland sale catalogues; one volume, 12mo, printed in the best manner on antique paper, uniform with previous issues of the Book-lovers' Library. The volume deals very fully with the origin, method and progress of selling books by auction, the prices given for notable books and the books which were most in demand at that period.

Marie Bashkirtseff, the remarkable young Russian woman who died at the early age of twenty, has just had a singular memorial erected to her in Paris. It takes the form of an hotel, built in the Rue de Prony, and a veritable marvel of taste and comfort. It was formally opened and occupied the other day. It contains, among its attractions, a number of paintings, the work of this precocious young woman, taken from the walls of the superb studio, which she founded for herself on the Quai Malaquais.

In the Literary World, London, we find this notice: "We are asked to give publicly to an appeal on behalf of the widow and four children of Mr. Harold Frederick, the distinguished author of *Illumination*, *Gloria Mundi*, and other well-known novels. That his family is left entirely without resources must be a plea that will unloose the purse-strings of a book-loving public to whose pleasure Mr. Frederick has so freely contributed. Checks and postal orders should be sent to Mr. W. J. Fisher, honorable secretary and treasurer, 88 St. George's Square, S. W."

Frederick Harrison, in an article in the Nineteenth Century on Freeman's Historical Method, has some pointed things to say about what is called original work in history. What is meant is terrific labor in accumulating a mass of minute details never before brought to light. As Mr. Harrison says, it is this sort of research which is killing the art of historical narration, and rendering history, instead of a synthetic whole, instead of a lifelike picture, a mass of dreary facsimiles of queen's washing-lists and inventories of the number of swine kept on a baronial manor in the twelfth century.

A new book by the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the pastor-elect of Plymouth Church, will shortly be published by the Fleming H. Revell Company. The author has taken ten masterpieces of literature and treated them under the title of *Great Books as Life Teachers*. The books on which the studies are based are Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, George Eliot's *Tito*, Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, Browning's *Saul*, Emerson's *Conduct of Life*, Thoreau's *Walden*, Channing's *Symphony of Life*, and the personality of James Russell Lowell as the prophet of the new era of social sympathy and service.

Professor Dicey, the well-known essayist, historian and lawyer, is to succeed Sir John Lubbock as principal of the Workingmen's College, Great Ormond street, London. This institution was founded about half a century ago by Frederick Denison Maurice, Tom Hughes and Charles Kingsley, its purpose being to unite the students, who are for the most part workingmen, and the teachers, mainly members of the universities and of the different professions, by associating them in the common work of teaching and learning. During the half-century the teachers, who in the main are unpaid, have included such illustrious persons as John Ruskin, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Ford Madox Brown, Sir E. Mountstuart-Grant Duff, Lord Bowen, Sir Fitzjames Stephen, and Thomas Hughes.

Apocryph of Mr. George Arnold Wilkie's remark concerning Rudyard Kipling, that "he won't be lionized by any one" (see *Gossip of Authors*, page 306), the following paragraph, clipped from an article on Kipling by William E. Curtis, in the *Chicago Record*, is interesting:

A great deal has been said about Mr. Kipling's eccentricities and his rudeness to people who showed a desire to lionize him. Those who know him well tell me this is due entirely to diffidence; that he is as bashful as a country boy, and is never himself in the presence of strangers. Two weeks ago a prominent society lady of New York, whose home is the haunt of literary people, invited him to a musicale, and he went with his wife, expecting to be treated like ordinary guests. When he arrived, however, to his horror and amazement, he found the programme was almost entirely composed of his own poems, that had been set to music, and that he was expected to occupy a conspicuous position before the audience while the entertainment was going on. He emphatically declined to do so, and with an abruptness which his hostess and the other guests considered very rude, bolted from the house and went home. Of course, his behavior caused a sensation, but his intimate friends say he was simply frightened. Strangers, however, considered it one of the eccentricities of genius.

A communication from Marshall P. Wilder to *Current Literature* states that the author of *Cheer Your Fellow-Man*, which appeared on page 190 of our February number, is Captain Jack Crawford, and not James Whitcomb Riley, as given there. We cheerfully note the correction, with thanks to Mr. Wilder for his courtesy in calling our attention to this confusion of names.

## BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

## Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

- Dickens and His Illustrators: F. G. Kitton: New Amsterdam Book Company, cloth..... 12 00  
 Old Scores and New Readings: J. F. Runciman: M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, cloth..... 1 75  
 Old Violins: Rev. Hugh Reginald Haweis: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth..... 2 25  
 The Case of Rebellious Susan, a comedy in three acts: H. Arthur Jones: Macmillan Co., cloth..... 75  
 The Fringe of an Art; appreciations in music: Vernon Blackburn: M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, cl. 1 75  
 The Physician; an original play in four acts: H. Arthur Jones: Macmillan Co..... 75

## Biographic and Reminiscent.

- Gordon in Central Africa, 1874-1879; from original letters and documents, edited by G. Birbeck Hill: Macmillan, map, cloth..... 1 75  
 Life of General George Gor'on Meade: Richard Meade Bache: Henry T. Coates & Co., clo., illus..  
 The Autobiography of Charles H. Spurgeon, compiled by his wife and private secretary: Fleming H. Revell Co., cloth, illus..... 2 50  
 The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, 1845-1846: Harper, 2v., cloth..... 5 00

## Educational Topics.

- A History of Greece for High Schools and Academies: G. Willis Botsford: Macmillan Co., maps... 1 10  
 A Text-Book of General Physics; for the use of colleges and scientific schools: C. S. Hastings and F. E. Beach: Ginn & Co., leather..... 2 05  
 A Laboratory Manual in Astronomy; Mary E. Byrd; Ginn & Co., cloth..... 1 35  
 American Indians: F. Starr: Heath & Co., cloth.... 45  
 Annals of Eton College: Wacey Sterry: New Amsterdam Book Co., cloth..... 3 00  
 Classic Stories for Little Ones, new edition: Lida B. McMurry: Public School Publishing Co., 1898, cloth ..... 35  
 Elements of General Method: C. A. McMurry: Public School Publishing Co., 1898, cloth..... 75  
 How to Prepare for a Civil Service Examination, with recent questions and answers: Francis E. Leupp: Hinds & Noble, cloth..... 2 00  
 Pioneer History Stories, new edition: C. A. McMurry: Public School Publishing Co., 1898, cloth.. 50  
 Readings and Readers: Clifford Harrison: New Amsterdam Book Co., cloth..... 1 00  
 Special Method in Natural Science for the First Four Grades of the Common School, 2d ed. rev. and enl.: C. A. and Lida B. McMurry: Public School Publishing Co., cloth..... 50  
 The Public School Mental Arithmetic; based on McLellan and Dewey's "Psychology of Number": J. A. McLellan and A. F. Ames: Macmillan Co., clo. 25  
 Through the Year; Book I.: Anna M. Clyde and Lillian Wallace Silver: Burdett & Co., cloth, ill.. 35  
 Through the Year; Book II.: Anna M. Clyde and Lillian Wallace Silver: Burdett & Co., cloth, ill.. 35  
 Where to Educate: Edited by Grace Powers Thomas: Brown & Co., cloth, illus..... 3 00

## Essays and Miscellanies.

- Animals of To-day; Their Life and Conversation: C. J. Cornish: New Amsterdam Book Co., cloth.. 1 75  
 Euripides and the Attic Orators; A. Douglas Thomson: Macmillan Co., cloth..... 1 90  
 Gospel of the Stars, or Wonders of Astrology: son: Macmillan Co., cloth..... 1 90  
 Lectures on the Republic of Plato, ed. by G. R. Benson: R. Lewis Nettleship: Macmillan Co., cloth.. 2 75

- Literary Likings; R. Burton: Boston: Copeland & Day, cloth ..... 1 50  
 Prices of Books; an inquiry into the changes in the price of books which have occurred in England at different periods: H. B. Wheatly: Francis P. Harper, cloth..... 1 75  
 Principle in Art, new edition: Coventry Keasey Dighton Patmore: Macmillan Co., cloth..... 2 50  
 Reveries and Recollections of a Naturalist; edition de luxe: Oliver Davie: Columbus, O., published by the author, cloth..... 2 00  
 The Cathedral Church of Gloucester; a description of its fabric and a brief history of the Episcopal See: H. J. L. J. Massé: Macmillan Co..... 60  
 The Cathedral Church of York; a description of its fabric, and a brief history of the Arch-Episcopal See: A. Clutton Brock: Macmillan Co., cloth.... 60  
 The Gatling Guns at Santiago; introduced by Theodore Roosevelt: J. H. Parker: Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co., cloth..... 1 50  
 The Romance of Book Collecting: J. Herbert Slater: Francis P. Harper, cloth..... 1 75  
 The Secret of Good Health and Long Life: Haydn Brown: M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, cloth.... 75  
 The Story of the Cotton Plant: F. Wilkinson: Appleton, 1899, cloth..... 40  
 The Young Man of Yesterday: Judge Asa W. Tenny: Fleming H. Revell Co., cloth..... 30  
 Thoughts: Ivan Panin: cloth..... 30  
 Thro' the Year With Kipling: Rudyard Kipling: Brown & Co., cloth..... 1 00

## Fiction of the Month.

- A Circle in the Sand: Kate Jordan: Lamson, Wolfe & Co., cloth..... 1 50  
 A Hungarian Nabob: Maurus Jokai: Doubleday & McClure Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 Ananias: Mrs. Alar Broderick: New Amsterdam Book Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 An Experimental Wooing: Tom Hall: E. R. Herrick & Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 Deadman's: Mary Gaunt: New Amsterdam Book Co., cloth..... 1 50  
 Exiled for Lèse Majesté: James T. Whittaker: Curtis & Jennings, cloth.....  
 God's Rebel: Hulbert Fuller: Regan Printing House: cloth ..... 1 25  
 If I Were a Man: Harrison Robertson: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 75  
 Lover or Friend: Rosa Nouchette Carey: Macmillan Co., cloth..... 1 00  
 Picciolo: Joseph X. B. Saintine: translated and edited by Abby L. Alger: Ginn & Co., cloth..... 40  
 Pickey: Orville Elder: Laird & Lee, cloth, illus.. 50  
 Ragged Lady: W. Dean Howells: ill. by A. I. Keller: Harper, cloth..... 1 75  
 Red, White and Blue Boys: Ruth Louise Sheldon: Chettenham Press, cloth ..... 1 25  
 She of the West: Baily Millard: N. Y. Continental Pub. Co., cloth..... 1 00  
 Short Rations: G. Williston Fish: Harper, cloth.... 1 25  
 Strong Hearts: George W. Cable: Chas. Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 25  
 Swallow: H. Rider Haggard: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth, illus..... 1 50  
 Taurua, or Written in the Book of Fate: Emily S. Loud: Editor Publishing Co., cloth..... 1 00  
 The Altar of Life: May Bateman: Lippincott Co., cloth, \$1.00; paper..... 50  
 The Child of Pleasure; from the Italian, by Georgina Harding; the verses translated with an intro-

- duction by Arthur Symons: Gabriel d'Annunzio: G. H. Richmond & Son, cloth..... 1 50  
 The Heart of Denise: S. Levett Yeats: Longmans, Green & Co. cloth..... 1 25  
 The Knight of the Golden Chain: R. D. Chetwode: Appleton, cloth, \$1.00; paper..... 50  
 The Man at the Wheel: J. Henton Carter: Carter & Bro., cloth..... 1 25  
 The Rapin: Henry De Vere Stackpole: Henry Holt & Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 The Scapegoat; a romance and a parable; new rev. ed.: T. H. Hall Caine: Appleton, cloth..... 1 50  
 The Two Standards: W. Barry: Century Co., cloth.. 1 50  
 The Wire Cutters: M. E. M. Davis: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth..... 1 50  
 Through the Turf Smoke: Seumas McManus: Doubleday & McClure Co., cloth..... 75  
 Wedlock: John Strange Winter: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth..... 75  
 Young Miatley: Henry Seton Merriman: A. Machel & Co., cloth..... 1 25

#### Financial and Legal.

- A Treatise on the Modern Law of Municipal Securities: Bayard T. Hainer: Bowen-Merrill Co., sheepskin ..... 6 00  
 Encyclopædia of Pleading and Practice under the Codes and Practice Acts, at Common Law, in Equity and in Criminal Cases: W. M. McKinney, editor: Thompson Co..... 6 00  
 Experiences in the Supreme Court of the United States: A. H. Garland: Byrne & Co., cloth..... 1 00  
 History of English Law: Pollock; edited by Sir F. and F. W. Mailland, 2d ed. Little, Brown & Co., cloth ..... 9 00  
 The Law of Negotiable and Non-Negotiable Instruments in Pennsylvania: Albert S. Bolles: Johnson & Co., sheepskin..... 6 00  
 The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation; 2d ed. rev. and enl.: E. Robert Anderson Seligman: Macmillan Co., cloth..... 3 00  
 Value, Price and Distribution: C. W. Macfarlane: Lippincott Co., cloth..... 2 50  
 United States Internal Revenue Laws Now in Force: Mark Ash and W. Ash: Baker, Voorhis & Co., O. sheepskin..... 5 00  
 War Revenue Law of 1898 Explained: J. M. Gould: Little, Brown & Co..... 1 25  
 What is Capital? Ferdinand Lasalle: International Publishing Co., paper.....

#### Historic, National and Political.

- A Pictorial History of the World's Great Nation From the Earliest Dates to the Present Time; new ed.: Charlotte Mary Yonge: Selmar Hess, cloth, \$20; half morocco..... 25 00  
 European History, an Outline of Its Development: G. Burton Adams: Macmillan Co., half leather... 1 40  
 History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages; tr. from the 4th German ed., by Annie Hamilton: V. 6, in 2 parts: Ferdinand Gregorovius: Macmillan Co., cloth..... 3 00  
 Inquiries Into the Tactics of the Future, Developed from Modern Military History; from the 4th German ed., by C. Reichmann: Fritz Hoenig: Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co., cloth..... 2 00  
 Our Nation's Peril; Social Ideas and Social Progress: L. G. Janes: James H. West.....  
 Raiders and Rebels in South Africa: Elsa Goodwin Green: Ill., cloth..... 1 50  
 Roman Africa: Gaston Boissier: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 1 75  
 The American Revolution, 1766-1776: Sir G. Otto Trevelyan: Longmans, Green & Co., 1899, cloth.. 3 00  
 The Fight for Santiago: the story of the soldier in

- the Cuban campaign from Tampa to the surrender: Stephen Bonsal: Doubleday & McClure Co..... 2 50  
 The Imperial Republic: James C. Fernald: Funk & Wagnalls Co., cloth..... 75  
 The Maine; an account of her destruction in Havana harbor; the personal narrative of Captain C. D. Sigsbee: C. Dwight Sigsbee: The Century Co., cloth ..... 1 50  
 The Philippine Islands: Ramon Reyes Lala: Continenta. Pub. Co., cloth..... 2 50  
 The Story of Our Flag, Colonial and National; with historical sketch of the Quakeress Betsey Ross: Addie Guthrie Weaver: A. G. Weaver, cloth..... 1 00  
 Two Native Narratives of the Indian Mutiny; tr. and edited by C. T. Metcalf: New Amsterdam Book Co ..... 3 75

#### Medical and Surgical.

- A Treatise on Fractures and Dislocations: L. A. Stimson, M.D.: Lea Bros. & Co., cloth..... 5 00  
 Clinical Manual of Mental Diseases: A. Campbell Clark, M.D.: W. Wood & Co., cloth..... 3 50  
 Glaucoma: its Symptoms, Varieties, Pathology and Treatment; illus. from micro-photographs: Alex- W. Stirling, M.D.: Jones H. Parker, cloth..... 1 50  
 Gout: its Pathology and Treatment: Arthur P. Luff: W. Wood & Co., cloth..... 1 75  
 Railway Surgery; a handbook on the management of injuries: Clinton B. Herrick, M.D.: W. Wood & Co., cloth..... 2 00  
 The History and Technique of the Vaginal Radical Operation; tr. by B. L. Eastman, M.D., and Arthur E. Giles, M.D.: Leopold Landau, M.D.: W. Wood & Co., cloth..... 2 00  
 Vaccination: its Natural History and Pathology; being the Milroy lectures for 1898: S. Monckton Copeman: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 2 00

#### Poetry of the Month.

- Along the Trail: Richard Hovey: Small, Maynard & Co., cloth..... 1 50  
 English Meditative Lyrics: Theodore W. Hunt: Eaton & Mains, cloth, illus..... 1 00  
 If Tam O'Shanter'd Had a Wheel: Grace Duffie Boylan: E. R. Herrick & Co., cloth..... 1 25  
 Poems: Richard Realf: Funk & Wagnalls Co., cloth. 2 50  
 Sicilian Idyls and Other Verses; trans. from the Greek by Jane M. Sedgwick: Copeland & Day, cl. 1 25  
 Tent of the Plains: Shannon Birch: E. R. Herrick & Co., cloth..... 1 00  
 The Loom of Life: William Harper Rider: Burrows Bros. Co., cloth.....  
 The Song of the Wave and Other Poems: G. Cabot Lodge: Scribner's Sons, cloth..... 1 50  
 When Cupid Calls: Tom Hall: E. R. Herrick & Co., cloth, illus..... 1 50  
 Whittier; arranged by Anna M. Lucy: Brown & Co. 2 00

#### Sociologic Questions.

- Housing of the Working People in Yonkers: E. L. Bogart: Macmillan Co..... 50  
 Socialism and Slavery: H. M. Hyndman: International Pub. Co., paper..... 5  
 State Purchase of Railways in Switzerland: Horace Micheli: trans. by J. Cummings: Macmillan Co., paper ..... 50  
 The City Wilderness; a Settlement Study: Edited by Rob. A. Woods: Vol. I.: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo., cloth..... 1 50  
 The Growth of Great Cities in Area and Population; a Study in Municipal Statistics: Edmund Janes James: American Acad. of Political and Social Science, paper..... 25  
 The Relation Between Economics and Politics, by Arthur T. Hadley: The Macmillan Co., paper.... 50  
 Social Settlements: C. R. Henderson: Lenthion & Co., cloth..... 50



## OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over until next month.

471. *The White Man's Burden*. Hearing recently a discussion, at which there was a difference of opinion as to the author's meaning, and wishing to be correctly informed, I write to beg an expression from you. The subject discussed was Mr. Kipling's poem, *The White Man's Burden*, published in the February number of McClure's. By telling us so graphically what will be the consequences of our taking up *The White Man's Burden*, was it, in your opinion, Mr. Kipling's intention to warn us against it? Or does he mean that it is a duty that has devolved upon our nation, and that it is incumbent upon us to take up *The White Man's Burden*, regardless of the consequences?—Subscriber, Demopolis, Ala.

[We incline to the latter opinion, or rather to the opinion that Kipling intended to convey the inevitableness of the assumption of this "burden," irrespective of the question of duty or of that other question, whether or not contact with us has been a boon to the savage.]

472. Can you furnish me any information as to a poem (a parody) which had some vogue over twenty years ago, I think. It began with:

"He wore a handsome chasuble  
The day when first we met—"

and was supposed to express the sentiments of a Puseyite or Ritualistic maiden with regard to a favorite minister. In the concluding stanza, this lady disclaims any ability to settle the dogmatic questions at issue but concludes thus:

"His [creed] can't be wrong that's symbolized  
By such becoming clothes."

—Wm. E. Starr, Baltimore, Md.

473. Kindly advise where, or in what books, except the *Idylls of the King*, I may find personal sketches of Guenivere, Elaine, Enid, Minnehaha. Also kindly inform whether or not Maud Muller and Alice, in *Ben Bolt*, were taken from life, or were the fruits of the authors' imagination.—P. B. C., Columbus, Ga.

[Brief sketches of these characters may be found in *Brewer's Reader's Handbook*, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Whether or not Whittier's heroine was "drawn from life," we cannot say. That the "Sweet Alice" of Dr. English's song was, seems probable. An interesting article concerning the origin of *Ben Bolt*, copied from *Harper's Weekly* into *Current Literature* for October, 1894, contains the following anent the subject: "In 1843 N. P. Willis and George P. Morris revived in another shape the *New York Mirror*. Willis, who knew Dr. Thomas Dunn English, then a young author, wrote to him requesting aid in their enterprise by a contribution, suggesting a sea song. English good-naturedly endeavored to comply with this request, but after laboring some time became satisfied, as he grimly said, that the mantle of Dibdin had not fallen on his shoulders, and abandoned the attempt. But the name suggested reminiscences, some real, others imaginary, and he drifted into four and a half stanzas of the present song. At that point the muse refused to go any farther, and in despair the writer filled the

vacuum by appending the first four lines of the rejected sea song."]

474. Can you tell me the author of the poem, a few lines of which cling to childhood's memory, and run something like this:

"A bark has left St. Helen's Isle,  
A prince is at the helm;  
She bears an exiled emperor  
Back to his ancient realm."

Where can it be found in full? Is it published in any collection of poems, or is it to be found published alone? It must have been printed first about the time of the return of Napoleon's body to France, not far from 1840.—D. E. Miller, Hallowell, Maine.

475. *Lew Wallace*: Will you please give me in your *Talks with Correspondents* a short sketch of the life of Lew Wallace, or the date and place of his birth?—Nellie Cazier, Toana, Nevada.

[Lewis Wallace, author of *Ben Hur*, *A Prince of India*, etc., was born in Brookville, Franklin County, Indiana, in 1827. *Current Literature*, in September, 1890, and again in September, 1893, printed a sketch of his life and work. Back numbers can be had at this office.]

### ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

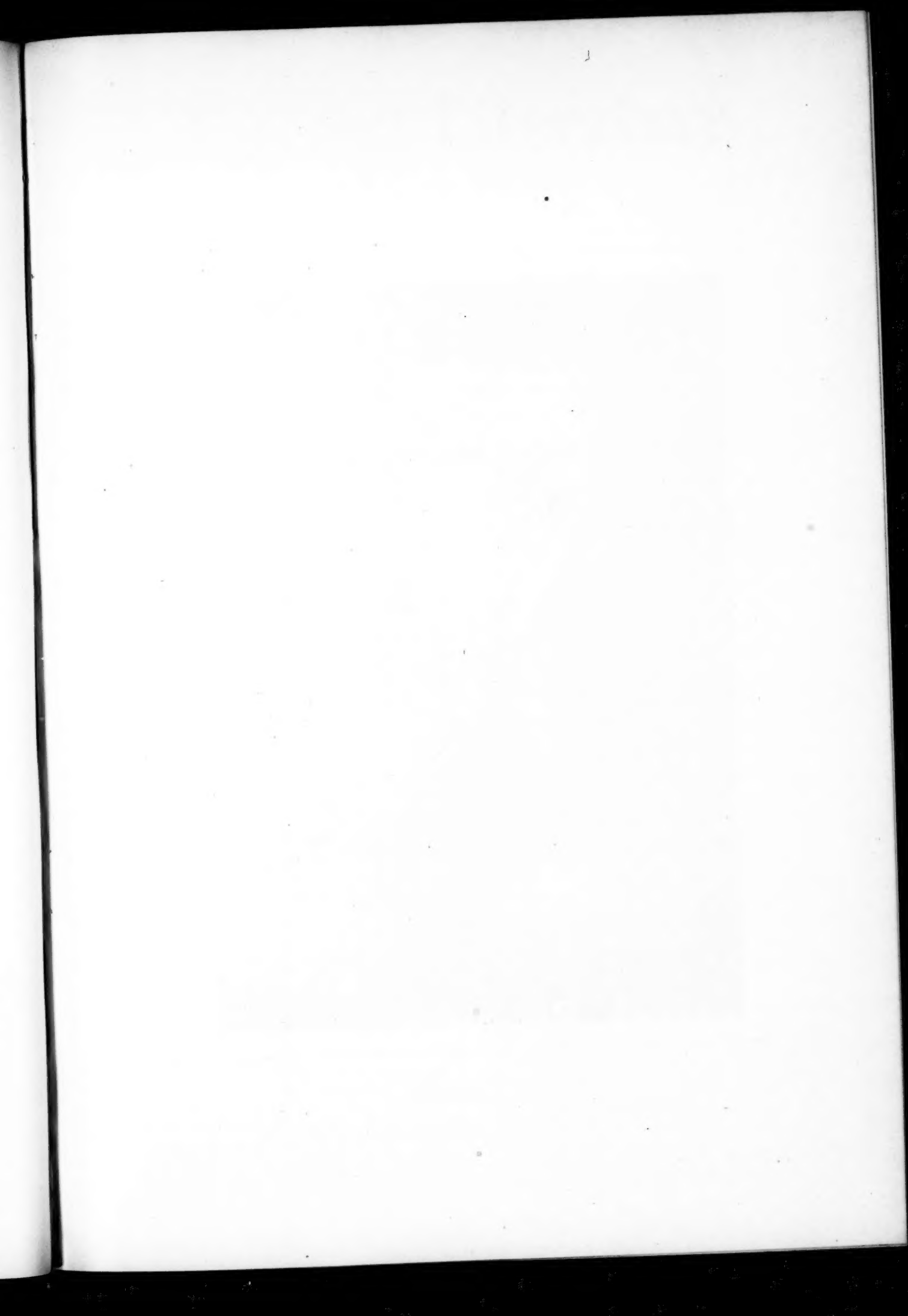
456. *The Irishman's Dream*: The humorous poem asked for by Mrs. C. Willard, Allegany, N. Y., in the February *Current Literature*, I find under the title of *Kelley's Dream* in No. 35, *Standard Comic Recitations*, published by M. J. Ivers & Co., 379 Pearl street, New York City. The author's name is given as J. W. Kelley.—H. S., Hoboken, N. J.

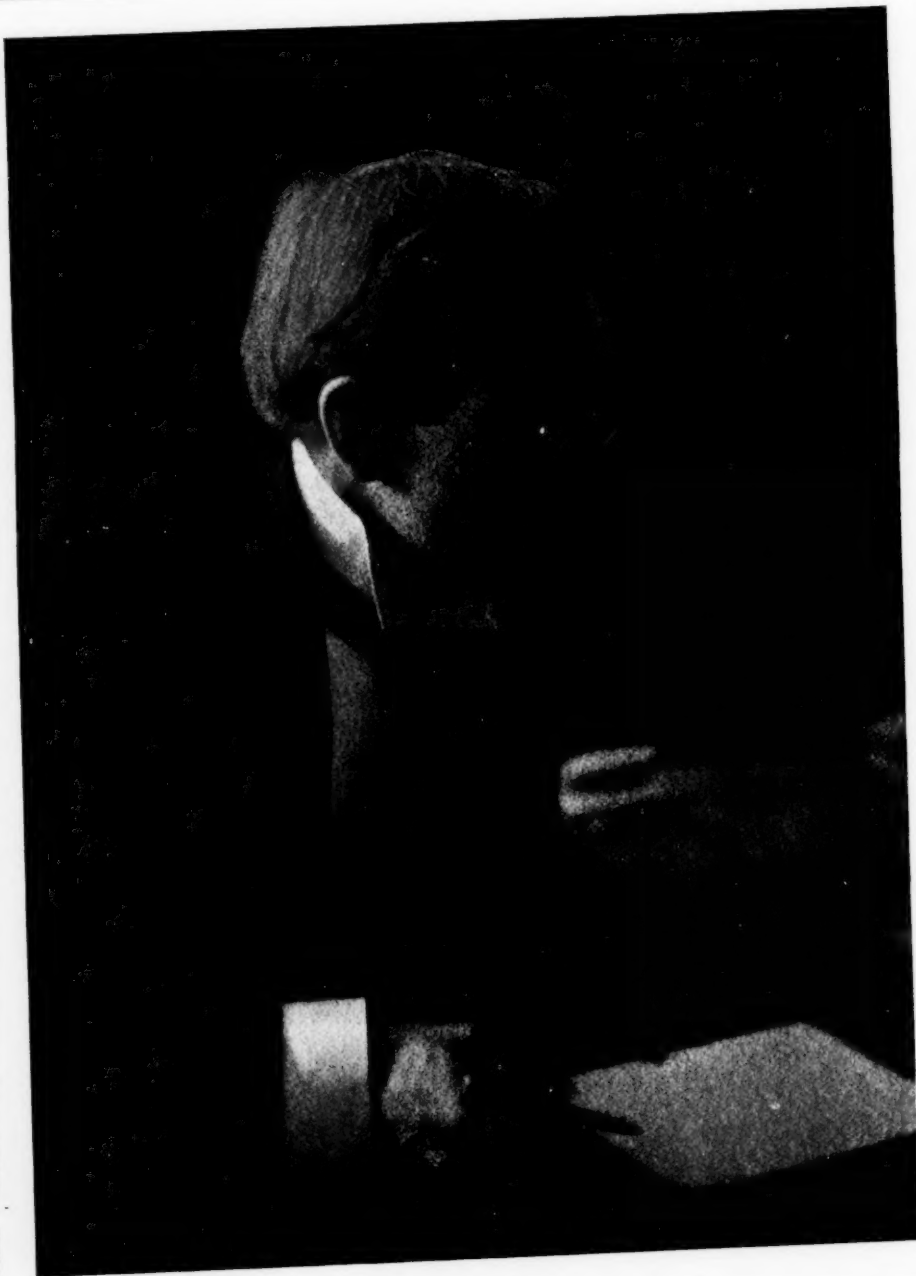
459. *John and Peter and Robert and Paul again*:

[Copies of this poem, called in one instance *Chemistry of Character*, in the other, *Universal Brotherhood*, concerning which correspondence has been printed in our February and March numbers, are received from W. H. Wright, Miltonvale, Kansas, and Elizabeth W. Reed, North Adams, Mass., and are held for M. L. Creighton, of San Francisco, the original querist. The poem has twice appeared in *Current Literature*, in *Treasure Trove*, August, 1890, and again in the same department, in December, 1896.]

460. *Bookbinding and Designing*: I see among the *Open Questions* in the February number of your magazine, the inquiry concerning bookbinding and designing. May I give you the information that *The Elephant Bindery*, established by Miss Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff, and left, at her death, to two of her former pupils, is carried on by them at No. 115 East 56th street, New York. At this bindery women can learn bookbinding as a craft, from the first stages of taking a book apart and mending it, on through the forwarding, to the final decoration of the completed whole. The designing of covers is also taught here. I have taken the liberty of enclosing a note to the person who made the inquiry in your paper. Would you kindly address and forward it, and oblige.—F. Foote, New York City.

[The letter is held for lack of the address. As we said last month, with regard to another letter sent in answer to this query, our correspondent's full name not being entrusted to us, we are unable to do more than await an intimation of her pleasure in the matter.]





CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS

(See American Poets of To-Day, pages 408-409.)